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## MAGAZINE

MARCH  
1917

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Published monthly by THE McCALL COMPANY,  
McCall Building, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

#### BRANCH OFFICES:

418-424 South Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 34 to 40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.  
160 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal. 82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada

ALLAN H. RICHARDSON, President and Treasurer W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Secretary  
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Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, August 5, 1897  
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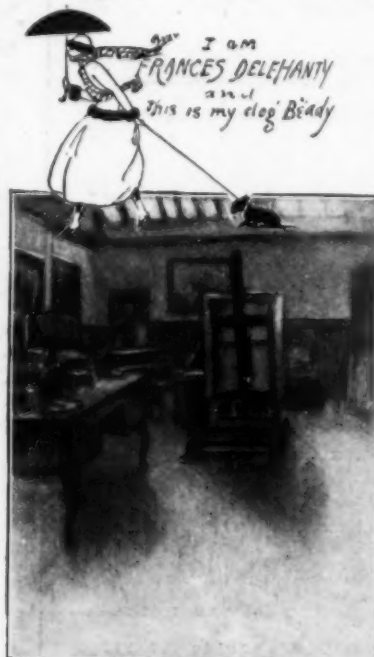
H. R. BALLINGER



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As for Mr. Ballinger, the excellence of his work is beyond question, but, personally, we like him because he makes such nice heroines. Haven't you noticed them, too?

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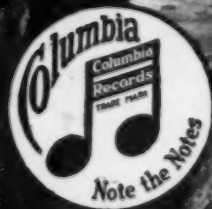
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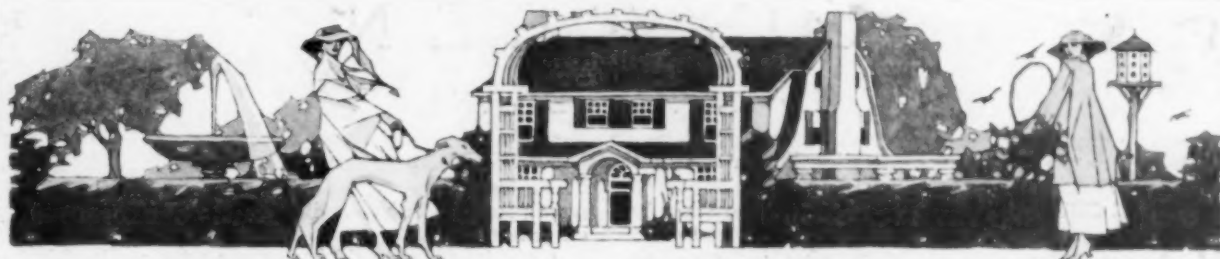
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MARCH

# McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1917

**A**LL of us probably have some thing or other that we consciously or unconsciously go to for encouragement and rest and a new dose of self-respect whenever we get too uncomfortable to continue living with ourselves. I have a friend who has made for herself a most unusual, though very satisfying, prop. She tells me that when she was a child she was taught concretely that there were two sides to every object and every action, a side of beauty and a side, if not of ugliness, at least of lesser beauty; and that to live her life in the sanest, most complete, most efficient way she must train herself always to see the beauty. Now, grown-up that she is, that seeking for beauty is an inseparable part of herself. She cannot live with ugliness in any form. Where other people accept ugliness in some part of their environment or lives as a matter of course, she will not compromise. And the result of such self-discipline is only natural. Her taste is not blunted; she can always recognize, and then reach out for the most beautiful.

**C**ONCRETELY, one of her hobbies is beautiful paintings. "They are such a comfort," she declares. "When I'm lonely for some special quality of beauty, of humanness, of tenderness that I cannot find in any of the friends near me—and everybody certainly has that experience—then I go to one of my pictures. And it never fails to give me what I need. Moreover, it always makes me grow bigger than I am."

## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES By the EDITOR

Of course, she is right. We all of us ought to surround ourselves with beautiful things—achievements of other people who know how to express beauty in some form or other—but I have accepted her and her theories rather unthinkingly, as we accept most of the idiosyncrasies of our friends, until the last few weeks.

**D**URING that time I have been spending a great many hours among paintings, in galleries where every other picture was a masterpiece—this because of our desire to reproduce some of the most beautiful in McCALL'S—and I've come to know for myself the essential truth of her philosophy. I found that after an hour spent looking at two or three great paintings they endowed me temporarily with some of their own qualities, some of the qualities that made them achievements.

It is that way with all beautiful things if one will only live with them.

Everyone has something to give us if we are in the proper mood to receive it, and especially is that true of the great artists and writers of the ages. Try the experiment for yourself of coming into daily contact with an achievement in any form of beauty—a picture, a poem, a statue—and then note the growing up to that beauty that you will soon discover in yourself. Only be sure that the shrine to which you choose to give your homage is really a thing of beauty, and a vital influence to you.

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FIND COUPON ON PAGE 112 OF THIS ISSUE

# SIXTEEN

By MARY LERNER

Illustrated by FREDERIC ANDERSON

ANNE GREGORY did not know what to do about her youngest daughter. Harriet and Esther had passed safely through studious, colorless girlhoods, and emerged—now twenty-two and twenty-four, respectively—irreproachable and efficient school-teachers, quite in the best Gregory tradition. They wrote to their mother twice a week, came home dutifully for the long vacation, and wore their hats two seasons. Their smooth brown braids, their clear, cool complexions, the virginal straightness of their austere figures, clothed in straight, austere garments, were all good guarantees of their dependableness. Their father would have been proud of them.

But Drusilla! What would Horace have thought of Dru? Anne was almost glad he had not lived to see the day.

Dru had flamed into beauty at thirteen. At sixteen, small, slight, yet sturdily curved, she pinned up the sun-shot cluster of her tawny curls, perched herself on perilous heels, flecked with pink powder her piquant bit of a nose (no Gregory nose, that!), and held out her hands to life.

Anne actually blushed at the glances that followed her daughter. Girls looked at her resentfully, boys critically, other mothers speculatively. When Betty Norman's mother spoke of including Dru in the select dancing-class of which she was social arbiter, Anne felt called on to defend her family's reputation for studiousness and serious effort.

"The Gregorys have never been dancers," she said, stifening to all her slender height. "I doubt if Drusilla—"

"Betty says there's no better dancer in the Senior class. At recess Dru's simply overwhelmed with partners. All the boys—"

Anne valiantly covered her retreat from strange territory. "A passing phase, I'm sure. Drusilla has no real interest in parties, or"—painfully—"boys."

Mrs. Norman laughed. "Every normal girl is interested in boys at sixteen. Properly directed, that interest leads to happy marriages. Every mother hopes to see her daughter marry."

Anne's tremulous embarrassment made her imperious. "I doubt if any of my girls will ever marry. The young men of to-day—all the young people, indeed—"

MRS. NORMAN, smiling tolerantly, was going on to say something about mothers adapting themselves to changing conditions, and keeping the reins in their own hands, when the screen door snapped, and Dru, her wild-rose color high, her brown eyes alight, stood before them. Anne had a breathless moment. Had the girl heard, she wondered? How much had she heard?

Impossible to say, for Dru met the occasion with her usual little air of graceful composure and social experience, different, indeed, from the family abruptness and shyness. Before Betty's mother left, Dru had arranged to join the dancing-class.

The next day, the girl announced that she did not want to go to college and be a school-teacher.

"But all college women do not teach," objected her mother, in surprise.

"Well, I don't want to go," Dru replied, unconvinced.

Very soon, Alan Roberts began to walk home from school with her, to call her up, to sit about the veranda, evenings. He took her to the baseball games and the school dances. It seemed to Anne she could not turn around without falling over him. Not that she had anything against Alan personally—though he was nineteen and still in high school—for he was of good family, and a nice boy, well set up and clear eyed; but ordinary, given to athletics, movies, and baseball statistics. Different, indeed,

from poor Horace! She disapproved of the affair merely on principle.

Ordinarily, she would have made short work of it, but something Betty Norman's mother had said about adapting one's self to changing conditions, and keeping the reins in one's own hands, kept recurring to her. Something, too, in her girl's manner made her hesitate, something she did not understand. If only her older daughters were home! She was sure that their formidable presence would chill the gay effrontery of the undesired caller, and bring Drusilla to her senses.

Helplessly, she wondered what girls were coming to, allowing their admirers such freedom of intercourse—not that she admitted, for a moment, that upstart Alan's right to admire anybody. She herself had never been alone in Horace's company till after they were engaged to be married; and Horace had been a dignified and dependable forty. But that, she supposed, with a sigh, was the "new generation."

Dru, indeed, seemed willing and eager to see the boy at any hour. If he were absent a day, she called him up. Her lessons suffered, her sleeping hours suffered, her maidenly reserve evidently gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile, the girl's clothes became a serious problem. Scorning the kindly offices of the virtuous Miss Udell, she bundled out of sight the demure fruits of her respectable needle, always bunchy in the wrong places, and, by some odd coincidence, skimmed in just the wrong places, too. She insisted on buying her things ready-made, blossoming before Anne's distressed eyes into the shortest of bouffant skirts, the lowest of necks, the most diaphanous of blouses.

BUT haven't you anything—anything simpler for young girls?" she would inquire of the salesgirl in the shops.

"Simpler, Madam?"

"Quieter, plainer."

"Nothing, Madam. This little apricot taffeta—"

"Oh, Mother, it's sweet. Betty has a pink one just like it."

Anne always weakened. After all, what could she do? Estrange her youngest, just when the girl's need of her was greatest? Perhaps by yielding in the less important things—She understood Mrs. Norman's veiled phrases now. This newest generation would suit itself, with or without approval. One could only stand by and hope to be of some assistance, praying another year might bring maturity, and balance.

If only she could be prevailed on to go to college; though, to be sure, Dru's later reports cast doubts on her ability to enter that year. Not to be ready for college at sixteen—this was a new experience for a Gregory!

Spring ripened rapidly that year, deliciously. Never had the apple blossoms seemed so fragrant, the moonlit nights so full of a sweet unrest. Strangely uneasy, Anne resented the soft enticements of the season, Dru's budding beauty, young Alan's eager, boyish charm. She longed for the calm companionship of her older daughters, the well-ordered monotony of their studious days.

All the while, she had new causes for anxiety. Dru became suddenly demonstrative, caressing. She would catch her irresponsive mother in strong young arms and leave her gasping, breathless. A dozen times a day, she would plant on her cheek a vehement kiss that stung like a little blow. Embarrassed, Anne always drew away. Then the girl began to pet children. Small babies, formerly her pet aversion, became her chief delight. Given opportunity, she would now sit all day and play with a child, tossing it up, or cuddling it with knowing arms, or letting it tangle



her wonderful coiffure, copied from the film favorite of the moment.

She read trashy novels, too, based on sensational popular movies. Anne, shudderingly committing to the fire several which she found under her daughter's mattress, had to admit they were worse than trashy. How could a girl of hers, tenderly, prayerfully reared—enjoy them? She had never even known such things were printed.

With sharpened eyes, Anne regarded her daughter. But Drusilla looked just the same as ever—fresh as an April dawn, with infantile curving mouth, and level gaze. How charge such a creature with unworthy pursuits? Anne's

flushed watching for the postman, much scrambling to catch the last mail. What on earth could they find to say to each other—so incessantly? Time and time again, Anne stood, breathless and irresolute, before the growing packet of letters tossed into Dru's ribbon drawer. The perusal of one of those boyishly scrawled missives would tell her so much more than months of watching—and praying. But she could not bring herself to touch them.

At any rate, Anne was determined Alan should not stay so late. The very next time he prolonged his call on the shadowy veranda, whence the much-tried mother, mindful of the prerogatives of the newest generation, had shyly



"OH, MY DEAR!" CRIED ANNE, TREMBLING BETWEEN LAUGHTER AND TEARS. "I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T BEEN A GOOD MOTHER TO YOU!"

flaming resentment cooled, and a trembling fear possessed her. Was she doing the right thing by her girl? Dru needed different handling from her sisters. She must be doubly careful, now, to make no wrong move, lest she fatally antagonize her. She must gain her confidence, win her by gifts, and tenderness, and little favors.

Alas! Her tenderness was cold and awkwardly inarticulate, all her gifts were the wrong gifts. Her idea of a good time spelled boredom to Drusilla.

Though they saw each other daily, the two young people conducted a voluminous correspondence, entailing much

taken her leave at an early hour, she would speak her mind. There must be a limit somewhere, she reminded herself, trying to resume her old-time austerity. Till ten-thirty she would sit in the lamp-lit study, not a second later. Then she would send Alan home. Her older daughters would be here in a day or two now; she shuddered to think of facing them with present conditions. She must regain at least a semblance of authority, for Harriet, in her quick intolerance, might say things that would precipitate a crisis. She could not bear to think what that crisis might be.

The very next evening brought Anne's opportunity.

Ten-thirty. Ten-forty. Ten-forty-five. Anne, trembling, rose from her chair. The night was languorously warm, and redolent of summer. The soft air, blowing in under the heavy curtains, was like a caress. For a long time, there had been no audible word from the veranda, though earlier in the evening, Anne had fancied, from the sound of their voices, that they were quarreling. If only they would quarrel—disastrously!

Her heart beating nervously, searching vainly for words chosen hours ago, she went quietly through the darkened hall. If only he would go before she reached the door! Dru would surely understand her mother's appearance as a remonstrance, and she would not need to speak.

The blood flooded angrily to Anne's face. What a cowardly attitude for a mother! One would think she was afraid of this sixteen-year-old child of hers, this philandering dullard of a boy! No wonder they were taking advantage of her.

She advanced manfully, planting her broad-soled, flat-heeled shoes with decision. How foolish she had been, hesitating. Why, the mere sound of her approach would send that youngster on his way!

But the culprits did not even hear her heavy footfalls. On the steps in front of her, almost within reach, two white figures stood, oblivious. Fascinated, she watched them. Dru's hand was on

Alan's arm, and her face was lifted toward him. His face was a little turned away. For a moment, they stood motionless. Suddenly, Alan bent toward Dru, and they looked at each other. Then they kissed. Anne almost felt that Dru's kiss was first. Then the boy wheeled and hurried down the path.

Shocked, breathless, her knees shaking under her, Anne had but a minute in which to retreat. She slipped inside the parlor door and hid ignominiously behind the flowing draperies. Smothered in their folds, her face burning, tears of mortification and impotence stinging her lids, she heard Dru's firm footstep in the hall, her even voice calling, "Mother!" at the study door; then the snap of the electric switch, and the light, swift tapping of little shoes on the stair. Dru thought that her mother, tiring of her conventional vigil, had gone to bed, and Anne was shrinkingly glad of the respite. By to-morrow, she would have marshalled her forces. To-night she had nothing to say.

During the long watches of that night, however, a new realization of the inscrutable ways of Nature came to Anne, her methods and purposes. Out of her own dim and decorous girlhood, remembrance of the smile of a certain youth came to flout her. He had not been of her "set," and, rigorously repressing the small flutterings of her well-disciplined heart, she had bent over her books until Professor Gregory came to claim her with his academic wooing. Then she had bent over his books the rest of her youth. She had not felt any lack, for her children had come to demand her attention. Her children! How very happy she had been with them, especially while they were still small and helpless! They had not remained helpless long, however, she recalled, with regret. They had been amazingly precocious and self-reliant. Self-contained, too. But while they were very little, and Horace had been so

busy with his big book—it seemed a long time since they had been so little.

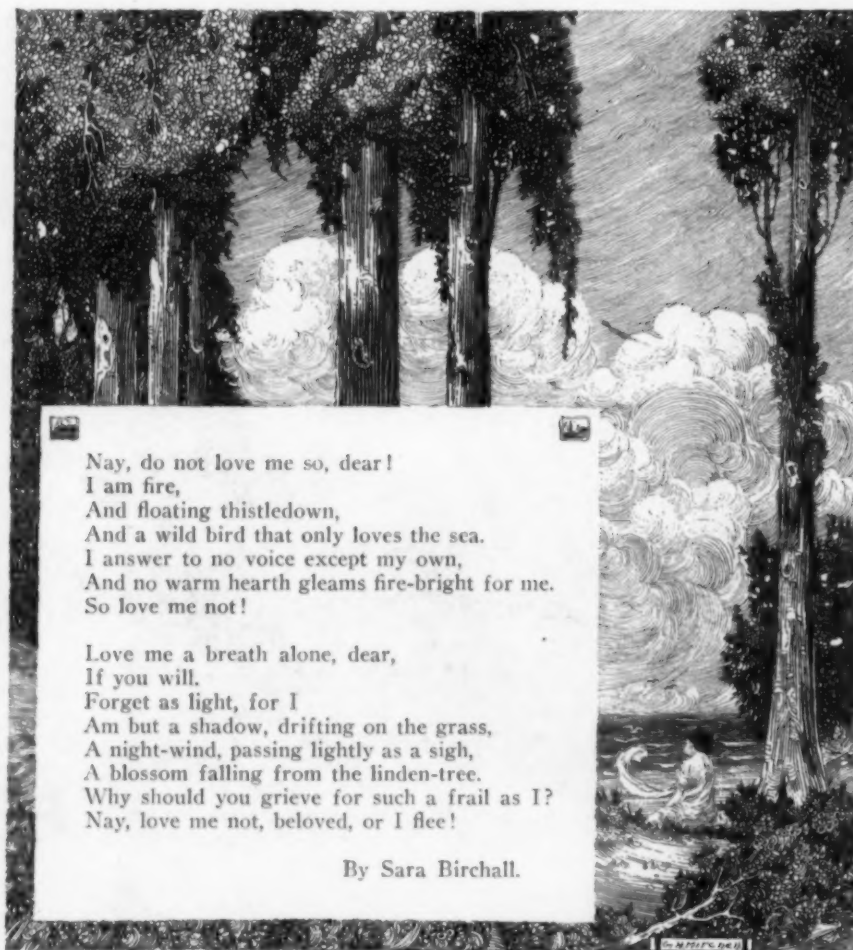
Then, suddenly, there descended on her the conviction that if there were to be any other small children in that house, ever, they would have to be Dru's. Her other daughters would surely never marry. If she were to enjoy grandchildren, they must come to her through Dru—Dru, the beautiful, the spirited, the adventurous. It took daring women to be mothers. Bearing a child was the supreme adventure. Those cold, cloistered daughters of hers, timorous, incurious,

self-centered, were always "taking in" things—more knowledge, more propriety, were even parsimonious, grudging. Dru would not grudge herself. She was one of the Givers, open-handed, beneficent, destined to be a giver of life. Anne's heart warmed passionately toward her youngest daughter.

At breakfast, the face Dru turned to her mother's shy advances was calmly sweet and self-contained, despite the stirring experiences through which she was passing. What poise! Or had the girl no realization of the strange road she was traveling? Meanwhile, the talk was all of the evening's reception and dance, Dru's dress, Dru's flowers—

The early mail brought letters from both her absent daughters, announcing their return for that same afternoon. "So soon?" thought Anne impatiently. "They will be horribly in the way." She dreaded their methodical

[Continued on page 99]



Nay, do not love me so, dear!  
I am fire,  
And floating thistledown,  
And a wild bird that only loves the sea.  
I answer to no voice except my own,  
And no warm hearth gleams fire-bright for me.  
So love me not!

Love me a breath alone, dear,  
If you will.  
Forget as light, for I  
Am but a shadow, drifting on the grass,  
A night-wind, passing lightly as a sigh,  
A blossom falling from the linden-tree.  
Why should you grieve for such a frail as I?  
Nay, love me not, beloved, or I flee!

By Sara Birchall.

# THE NAMELESS MAN

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.**—A nameless man accepts Colonel Calhoun's ten thousand dollar wager, in California, to go to Washington and reveal a Japanese Cabal which the latter believes is existent. On the eastbound train, after a delay in Atlanta, Dwight Tilghman is found dead. Julian Barclay, Dr. Shively, and Professor Norcross, fellow travelers, are the only passengers on the scene when the discovery is made. Barclay's first impulse is to find his brandy, and remembering he had lent the flask to Tilghman after the latter's tussle with a Jap, in the morning, goes to look for it, but it has apparently entirely disappeared. Upon examination, Dr. Shively finds that Tilghman has been murdered by a dose of oxalic acid dissolved in brandy. In view of the encounter of the morning, every one's mind immediately reverts to Yoshido Ito, the victor. The Japanese is called and proves he had been in the library at Atlanta during the delay. The conductor wires the librarian for corroboration, the answer received apparently exempts Ito, and he is permitted to leave. While waiting for the news, Barclay goes into the diner with the Japanese, and, at the table, the latter traces on the cloth a chrysanthemum design which is an exact duplication of the pattern on Barclay's missing flask. Before retiring that night, Barclay finds in his pocket the miniature of a beautiful girl. In the midst of his wonderment, Professor Norcross proves to him that, in view of the difference between Atlanta time, which is Central, and Eastern time, by which they are going, Ito's alibi is false, and that, without doubt, he is the guilty party. Unknown to each other, Norcross and Barclay are bound for the same home in Washington, the former on a visit, and the latter by a special arrangement, to keep up his legal residence there. Their prospective hosts, the Ogdens, have living with them a young cousin, Ethel Ogden, in whom James Patterson, a representative from California, has an absorbing interest. Julian Barclay is amazed when he arrives to find Ethel is the original of the miniature.

## CHAPTER VI

**M**IDNIGHT was fast approaching, but the reception at the Japanese Embassy showed no signs of diminished attendance or lack of enjoyment among the guests. Diplomatic and official Washington was present to do honor to the Mikado's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ogden and their guests were among the late arrivals, and Ethel Ogden received a warm welcome from Maru Takasaki, who hastened to greet her, and, with an air of great pride, presented her to his wife and also to Mr. Saito who, Madame Takasaki explained, had only arrived that morning.

"You speak Japanese, Mees Ogden?" inquired Saito.

Ethel recalled a phrase she had picked up in looking over a Japanese-Italian phrase book, meaning, "Not yet," and in a spirit of mischief, she responded: "*Mada-mada*," then dimly wondered at the alteration in her companion's manner. But Julian Barclay's abrupt arrival gave her no time to question Saito.

"Won't you go into supper with me, Miss Ogden?" demanded Barclay eagerly.

"Thanks but I cannot." Ethel's eyes sparkled at Barclay's apparent disappointment. "But perhaps—"

"Yes?" eagerly, as she stopped tantalizingly.

"There is to be dancing, and after supper—"

"You'll dance with me?" eager anticipation in his voice.

"If you are good." Ethel turned to include Mr. Saito in their conversation, but he had moved over to the Japanese Ambassador's side and was talking eagerly to him and Maru Takasaki. They turned, simultaneously, and looked at Ethel, and she was surprised by the concentration of their gaze. Angered by their staring, she turned abruptly to Barclay. "I promised to go out to supper with Professor Norcross. Have you seen him?"

"Not since we reached here," moodily. "He monopolized you shamefully all this evening. Can't think what you see in the old fogey."

"Why, he is most entertaining," protested Ethel. "He has traveled all over the globe, and in the most interesting places. And he isn't old, not over—"

"Sixty!" Barclay snapped. "Not a day younger."

"Nonsense!" indignantly. "I don't believe he is forty-five. It's those glasses he wears which give him such a venerable air; if you examine his face you will find it quite young—"

"I'll take your word for it; can't waste time examining his face." Barclay's gaze never left Ethel. "Don't move, Miss Ogden," he entreated. "Against that background of old silk hangings you would make a lovely miniature."

"Flatterer!" Ethel's eyes sank under his ardent look. "I'll never achieve a miniature; they are too expensive."

"Do you mean to say that your family or friends have never had your miniature painted?" asked Barclay incredulously, and his hand felt the small gold miniature case tucked securely inside a concealed pocket of his dress suit. If the miniature had fascinated him, its living prototype had bewitched him, he admitted with secret rage; but he could no more tear himself away from Ethel's vicinity than the proverbial moth can ignore the candle. "Never had your miniature painted?" he repeated.

"Never." Ethel laughed faintly at his persistent vehemence. "Awfully short-sighted of them to overlook such a thing of beauty," she mocked. Like most really beautiful women, Ethel rarely thought of it. But she was aware of a charm, all her own, for it had smoothed life for her since childhood. Her blue eyes, which met every gaze with frank interest, were made for laughter, but in moments of stress their glance deepened, and she was rarely deceived by specious flattery, or the equally treacherous frankness which often covers deceit. Her pale golden hair was her crowning beauty which, with the unconscious grace of her every movement, made her presence felt wherever she appeared. "Here comes Professor Norcross," she announced, after a pause, glancing down the room.

"Then I'm going," ejaculated Barclay. "Don't forget those dances, Miss Ogden." And he disappeared behind the portieres as the professor pushed his way through the throng and joined Ethel.

"Curious, morose sort of chap, Barclay," observed Norcross. "What made him leave you so suddenly? I ask," he hastened to explain, seeing her surprise at the question, "because I have a feeling that Barclay is avoiding me."

"Why should you think that?" parried Ethel. She had observed Barclay's distraught manner and lapses into silence whenever the professor appeared, and the situation was commencing to pique her curiosity. "Not getting an immediate reply to her question, she changed the subject. "Suppose we go out to supper," she suggested, and Norcross accompanied her across the room.

**T**HEIR progress had been attentively watched by the Ambassador who, exchanging greetings with his guests, imperceptibly followed Ethel and reached her side just as the professor left to get her an ice.

"Ah, Miss Ogden," he said. "Why have you never confided to me that you speak Japanese, when instructing my wife in English?"

"But I don't speak Japanese," protested Ethel, somewhat bewildered. Her charming personality had won her a friendly footing in their household, and the regard of both the Ambassador and his wife.

"But, Miss Ogden, you answered Mr. Saito in Japanese," answered the Ambassador, regarding her steadily.

Ethel laughed. "I picked up the phrase '*Mada-mada*' in one of your text-books," she explained.

"But that is very clever." And the Ambassador looked at her with a new respect.



"Frankly, your Excellency," Ethel's love of fun got the better of her, "I am a very clever woman," and she laughed at his serious reception of her jesting. "But no one has discovered it until now. I thank you for the compliment."

The Ambassador bowed gravely and started to speak, but the arrival of a cabinet officer caused him to turn away hastily, and Ethel welcomed Professor Norcross and the cooling ice he brought, with unaffected pleasure.

"I think the Japanese are the most inquisitive, suspicious people I've ever encountered," she confided to him. "They pursue the same idea for hours and hours. I'll never be able to convince Mr. Saito that my knowledge of Japanese is limited to three or four words. Now, if I was an accomplished linguist like Mr. Barclay—gracious, I wonder what the Ambassador would say if he knew Mr. Barclay speaks Japanese."

Norcross laid down his spoon on his empty plate. "You heard him then, speak Japanese?"

"Yes, just as we were entering the house. Have you known Mr. Barclay for a long time?"

"No. I never met him until two nights ago on the train coming to Washington," replied Norcross, handing Ethel a glass of lemonade, and surrendering his empty plate to a servant.

IT was quite a coincidence that you should both be traveling together toward the same house, and never realize it until you met there," commented Ethel. The crush was thinning out, and in the comparative silence, strains of music floated to them from the ballroom, and her foot unconsciously beat time. Norcross caught the direction her eyes were straying, and spoke rather quickly.

"You dance, Miss Ogden?"

"With me," broke in Barclay just back of them, and Norcross colored at the curttness of his tone.

"I have promised this dance to Mr. Barclay," explained Ethel hurriedly, half resentful of Barclay's air of proprietorship.

"Then will you not give me the next?" asked Norcross.

"Surely." And smiling a gay farewell, Ethel laid her hand on Barclay's arm. They walked in the direction of the ballroom. Norcross watched them out of sight, then strolled over to the buffet and got himself a cup of coffee.

Ethel was one of the best dancers in Washington, and, to her delight, found Barclay equally proficient. At the end of the dance, when the orchestra played an encore, she agreed with enthusiasm to Barclay's request that they continue, and Barclay, his eyes seldom straying from his beautiful companion, forgetful of all vexing problems, danced as he had never danced before.

Ethel's absorption in the dance made her oblivious of the presence of a tall, burly man who stood by Mrs. Ogden, and answered the latter's remarks haphazardly. Her companion's distraught manner was not lost on Mrs. Ogden, and she smiled to herself as she caught the direction of his gaze.

"Ethel looks very lovely to-night, doesn't she, Mr. Patterson," she remarked.

"Yes, very," and the emphasis on the adjective satisfied her match-making mind; Representative Patterson most certainly wore his heart on his sleeve, and gossip for once was right; he was undoubtedly in love with Ethel. "Who is the man she is dancing with?" he questioned a moment later. "His face appears familiar, but I cannot place him."

"My cousin, Julian Barclay," Mrs. Ogden made room for Patterson on the settee she was sharing with another dowager. "He has just returned from Panama, and I haven't seen him for years. He has taken a great fancy to Ethel," with a sidelong glance at Patterson. Mrs. Ogden had decided to hurry Fate. "We have such a jolly house-party, now that Julian and Professor Norcross have joined us."

"Norcross, the naturalist?" Mrs. Ogden nodded. "He is a clever man. But I am puzzled by your cousin; I feel sure that I have met him somewhere." Patterson's heavy eyebrows met in a frown. "And he is the type of man not easily forgotten."

"I'll introduce you to him, and then you can compare notes," volunteered Mrs. Ogden, catching Ethel's eye, and beckoning to her.

"Cousin Jane seems to want us," said Ethel, and Barclay looked in the direction indicated. Ethel's hand was still on his arm, and she felt the muscles stiffen. She looked up, startled, to learn nothing from his face.

"Won't you give me another dance?" he asked.

"Perhaps—later," and they made their way down the room. "Good evening, Jim," she exclaimed, stopping by her cousin. Her extended hand was eagerly clasped as Patterson welcomed her.

"Mr. Patterson—my cousin, Mr. Barclay," chimed in Mrs. Ogden, and releasing Ethel's hand reluctantly, Patterson turned to greet Barclay.

"Haven't we met before?" he asked. His gray eyes scanned Barclay intently.

"It may be." Barclay's cheery smile was almost boyish. "Were you in Chicago two years ago?"

"N-no," thoughtfully. "I think not."

"You two can reminisce later on," interrupted Mrs. Ogden hastily. "At present, Julian, I wish to introduce you to Miss Van Alstyne," and before Barclay could protest, he found himself before an extremely pretty girl who accepted his request for a dance almost before it was spoken.

Patterson watched Barclay depart with a thoughtful frown, and then turned to Ethel.

"Suppose we sit out this dance," he suggested. "I want to talk to you, to have you all to myself," and Ethel read in his expression the heart hunger and longing he did not strive to conceal from her.

She had twice refused Jim Patterson, but he had declined to accept dismissal, pleading that his great love for her must eventually bring in return a like affection. His dogged persistence had won her respect and liking, and she had, with a determination almost fierce, nearly convinced herself that her liking was becoming something warmer; but now—Ethel closed her eyes as if in pain.

"I wish to dance," she announced, and Patterson, angered by her imperious tone, of which, to do her justice, she was totally unconscious, placed his arm about her waist and swung her into the dancing throng.

But as Ethel kept step to the music her heart was in hot revolt. What influence was at work to upset her resolution? Why could she not marry Jim Patterson? He was generous, chivalrous; surely to accept his offer of marriage was to insure not only her future happiness, but the welfare of her invalid father, and delicate mother? Other girls married to secure the ease of mind and comfort which money could bring. She had not wantonly encouraged Jim Patterson; two refusals could not be construed as leading him on to a flirtation. He knew she did not love him, but their tastes coincided, and surely her liking for him would bridge the matrimonial chasm as well as love? A word—one little word—

PATTERSON, who had been dancing in silence, drew Ethel closer to avoid collision with another couple, and the nearness of her presence broke down his anger.

"Give me my answer, Ethel," he whispered in her ear. "Say I have a chance."

A loud burst of laughter near them drowned her reply, and as Patterson bent nearer, she faltered, recovered herself, and stammered brokenly:

"I can't, Jim; it's just impossible."

In bitter disappointment, Patterson straightened up, and thereby missed the look exchanged between Ethel and Julian Barclay, whom the dance had brought close to them. Ethel's heart was beating with suffocating rapidity as she passed down the room. What witchery lurked in Julian Barclay's dark eyes to alter her preordained destiny?

Barclay surrendered Miss Van Alstyne to her next partner with a thankful heart, and outward regret and, avoiding Mrs. Ogden, made his way out of the ballroom. He was in no mood for talking; he wished to think—and dream—of Ethel Ogden. Why had she looked at him so

strangely when chance brought them together in the dance? Was it deep calling to deep? With difficulty he curbed his desire to rush to her. Madness and matrimony both commence with the same letter, he reminded himself bitterly, and in honor he must banish all thought of Ethel Ogden and settle his mind to solving the problems confronting him. Not the least of these problems was the miniature.

tal, Barclay, with Dr. Shively and Professor Norcross, had made a deposition of the events relating to Dwight Tilghman's death. Barclay had been the last to be heard by the coroner and the notary, and when he left the Union Station, Shively was in deep conversation with Dr. Leonard McLane who had just arrived, and Barclay forebore to interrupt them. Norcross was nowhere in sight.



"GIVE ME MY ANSWER, ETHEL," PATTERSON WHISPERED IN HER EAR. "SAY I HAVE A CHANCE"

Ethel had denied having had one painted, but it might have been done from a photograph without her knowledge—the real mystery lay in why her miniature had been placed in his pocket, by whom, and how?

On the arrival of the Washington, New Orleans, and San Francisco Express that morning at the National Capi-

tal, Barclay had given his Washington address to the coroner, but had not mentioned it to either Shively or Norcross, and his astonishment at finding Norcross also a guest at the Ogdens' was as great as the Professor's surprise at seeing him so soon again. Beyond exchanging a few words with him, Barclay gave his entire attention to

extracting information about Ethel from his cousin, Mrs. Ogden. The unexpected discovery of the identity of the unknown girl of the miniature acted as a spur to his keen desire to penetrate the riddle of Dwight Tilghman's murder, and the disappearance of his silver flask; but what bearing his involuntary acquisition of the miniature had upon these two events he could not conceive.

Refusing a glass of punch, Barclay wandered through the dining-room, which was becoming crowded again with the ceasing of the dancing, and as his eyes traveled about the room, he encountered the fixed stare of a Japanese standing by one of the doorways.

"Ito, by all that's wonderful!" ejaculated Barclay under his breath, and plunged forward. But two stout dowagers stepped in his way and delayed him, and by the time he had elbowed his way to the door, the Japanese was not in sight.

Barclay paused in perplexity. "It surely was Ito," he muttered. "And yet the Japs look so alike I can't swear"—he paused to scan several Japanese who stood talking near him. Ito certainly was not in that group, and turning, Barclay walked down the hall. He found a room opening off it half way along, and, on impulse, pulled back the portieres and entered.

The room, empty except for himself, was obviously a "den" or library; handsome bookcases lined the walls, comfortable lounging chairs, and a few small tables stood about, while on the hearth a wood fire burned cheerily, and the light from the electric lamps was reflected back from handsome silver ornaments lying on the desk in the center of the room.

Barclay, realizing the room was not open for guests, started to retreat, when he caught sight of a silver flask lying among the desk ornaments, and, moved by curiosity, he picked it up and examined the intricate scroll work by aid of the drop-light. The design was identical with the chrysanthemum pattern on his flask. In every way, style, and size, the two flasks were mates, if not the same.

Barclay started as the bare possibility occurred to him, and broke into a profuse perspiration. Pshaw! he was mad! He had last seen his flask in the possession of Dwight Tilghman on the express train—it was beyond all probability to find it on the desk of the Japanese Ambassador! Beyond probability, yes; but not beyond possibility—had he not seen Ito in the dining-room? And evidence went to prove that Ito had poisoned Tilghman. If he had placed that poison in Barclay's flask, what could be more likely than his leaving such incriminating evidence where it might never be found and traced?

Barclay held the flask up to the light and tilted it. A little liquid remained in it, and he came to a quick decision.

On entering the room, Barclay had failed to note that at its far corner it opened into a conservatory; and as he pocketed the flask, he never saw the red glow of a cigar among the leaves of the tropical plants.

## CHAPTER VII

TWO weeks had glided by, and Julian Barclay was no nearer solving the mystery surrounding the death of Dwight Tilghman than the day the crime was committed. He had turned in despair to a more fascinating enigma—Ethel Ogden; and too late he realized that she was becoming all in all to him, and his stifled conscience gave him little peace when away from her bewitching presence. Ethel, to the secret indignation of her cousin, Mrs. Ogden, did not discourage his attentions, closing her eyes to the future, and to James Patterson's growing fury.

"You must talk to her, Jane," declared Walter Ogden, as Ethel, bidding them a laughing good-by, left the house to give her Tuesday morning lesson to Maru Takasaki. "This flirtation can not keep up. Ethel is treating Jim Patterson shamefully, if, as you have given me to understand,"—shooting a keen look at her from under his shaggy eyebrows—"Ethel has virtually accepted him." He paused. "I can't understand this sort of thing in a girl like Ethel."

Mrs. Ogden flushed; she was prone to exaggeration, and with her to wish a thing was often to state its materialization.

"I am greatly surprised at Ethel," she replied, carefully avoiding a direct answer. "She must realize the desirability of the match. Aside from Mr. Patterson's agreeable personality—why, every mother with marriagable daughters has angled for him—he is madly in love with Ethel, I know that."

"Then, if such is the case, there is certainly no excuse for Ethel playing Barclay against him." Ogden dug his pen viciously into the inkstand. "It's a great pity, Jane, that you ever invited Barclay here; wasn't there some old scandal—" and he puckered his forehead in thought.

MERCY, that's long since lived down and forgotten," exclaimed Mrs. Ogden cheerily, but she had paled, and her husband observed it in silence. "I've never had an opportunity to return the Barclays' kindness to me when I most needed assistance—before I met you, dear," kissing him affectionately. "This is the first hospitality I've ever shown Julian."

"That is not your fault," said Ogden impatiently. "Julian, apparently, had chosen to ignore his relatives, until his letter to you last month, out of a clear sky, and you are certainly under no obligation to assist his idle flirtation with my cousin, Ethel. I advise your giving him a hint that he terminate his visit."

"Walter!" But Mrs. Ogden's scandalized expression was lost on her husband, who was busy casting up a long array of figures. "I shall do nothing so inhospitable. No, Ethel must work out her own salvation. I"—primly—"never interfere in other people's affairs."

Ogden smiled, not unkindly. "Then send Ethel to me, or, better still, I'll talk to Barclay."

"You must not put all the blame on Julian," protested Mrs. Ogden, quick to resent another's disapproval of her cousin, although secretly displeased with him. She was longing for the éclat which a fashionable wedding would give her in Washington society, and had already planned to ask Ethel and Representative Patterson to hold their wedding in her house. And now her own cousin had come along and threatened, by his inconsiderate flirtation, to upset her social campaign. "By the way, Walter," moving nearer her husband and lowering her voice, "has it not struck you that Professor Norcross is very much interested in Ethel, too?"

"Norcross?" Ogden leaned back and indulged in a dry chuckle. "My dear Jane, your imagination is working overtime. That dry-as-dust scientist!"

"Well, he married once!"

Ogden chuckled again. "Jane, romancing is your forte. If you are not careful," shaking an admonitory finger at his wife, "you may imagine I have fallen a victim to Ethel's charms. Now, run along, and leave me to my accounts. How often must I tell you that I cannot be interrupted by trivialities."

"Why, you commenced the argument," protested Mrs. Ogden; but ten years of married life had taught her the uselessness of combating her husband's wishes, and she reluctantly withdrew. But Ogden did not at once resume the perusal of his business affairs.

"What was it I heard about Julian Barclay," he muttered. "For a chatter-box, Jane is marvelously close-mouthed where her relatives are concerned."

Two blocks away, Ethel Ogden was indulging in bitter reflections, in which Jim Patterson and Julian Barclay largely figured—much to the detriment of the English lesson. But Maru Takasaki came of a patient race, and, neither by word nor sign, betrayed his knowledge of Ethel's inattention, or the flight of time.

"Tell me of your impressions of the mobilization of our fleet in Hampton Roads," Ethel said finally, awakening from her day-dreams.

"Grand, majestic," replied Takasaki. "Such a harbor! I see you there, for a glimpse, at the hotel?"



"Yes. My cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ogden, Professor Norcross, Mr. Barclay and I made up a party and went down to Old Point Comfort. I have an idea," Ethel examined her pencil with care, "that Mr. Barclay must have spent much time in Japan."

"So?" was Takasaki's only comment.

**H**AVE you ever met him in the East?" asked Ethel, choosing directness as the only method of getting an answer from the Japanese.

Takasaki pondered her question. "I think not," he answered. "Mr. James Patterson, yes; he came with a party from your Congress."

"Mr. Patterson, oh, yes, he is very much interested in the Eastern question," Ethel pulled herself up short; Jim Patterson's interest in the Japanese was far from complimentary, and his endeavors had been to assist legislation for their exclusion from the country. To discuss him and his opinions would be a ticklish subject, in the present

and, to her consternation, his name invariably cropped up in her conversations if he was not present.

A discreet tap sounded on the door, and, at Takasaki's command, a man servant stepped into the drawing-room.

"Mr. Barclay call for Miss Ogden," he announced.

Ethel colored hotly as she rose in some haste. "You make these lessons so agreeable, Mr. Takasaki," she said, "that I never realize when the time is up. It is so gratifying, too, to watch your progress."

"You so kind." The Japanese bowed low over her hand. "Why not wait and permit that Mr. Barclay be entertained. My wife, she better, and be down in a little second." Turning to the servant he gave a rapid order in his native tongue, and, bowing, the Japanese servant withdrew, to return almost immediately with Julian Barclay.

Ethel watched the greeting between the two men, but learned nothing from Barclay's suavely polite manner, and Takasaki's changeless expression; if they had met before there was no indication of it in words or behavior.



"FOR THE MAN"—TAKASAKI PAUSED—"IT SIGNIFIES BETRAYAL AND DEATH"

company. "Well, what did you think of our battleships?" she queried, anxious to get away from dangerous ground.

"Wonderful." The Japanese raised his hands in a characteristic gesture. "You say Mr. Barclay travel much in Nippon?"

"Well, I believe so." Ethel gathered up her belongings preparatory to leaving. "But he has never told me much about his travels. It just occurred to me that perhaps you had met him before coming to Washington."

Takasaki shook his head. "You forget I in Diplomatic Service," he said, speaking more quickly than usual, and dropping his precise and formal English. "I seldom in Nippon."

"True." Ethel concealed her disappointment. She was gradually awakening to the realization that Julian Barclay was absorbing her thoughts to the exclusion of all else,

"Mees Ogden tells that you visit in Nippon," said Takasaki, and Ethel again colored warmly; what must Barclay think of her for discussing him with the Japanese?

"I stopped there en route to the Philippines some years ago," said Barclay. "I was greatly interested in your embroideries, tapestries, and works of art."

"Ah, yes. Many Americans buy our art work, and we are left without."

"But in your progressive land there must be skilled workmen who duplicate the curios and sell them to tourists as originals, are there not?" questioned Barclay.

"Don't tell me that Yankee ingenuity abides in the land of the chrysanthemum," protested Ethel.

Takasaki smiled broadly. "There live deceivers in every land; but it is not possible for the antiques to be copied."

[Continued on page 104]

# THE CHURCH THAT WAKED UP

By MONTANYE PERRY

THE Country Preacher turned, before he locked the door of the little church, and surveyed the empty pews.

"You're quite sure every one is out?" his wife said, peering past him anxiously.

"I am. The vast audience has streamed past me. I shook hands with each of the thirty-one worshipers!"

"That's two more than they had across the street. I hurried out here to count. Twenty-nine, including the Baxter's twin babies."

"Thirty-one and twenty-nine are sixty!" His voice was what his wife called "growly." "Sixty persons in this whole community who go to church on a fine Sunday. Last night, that little motion-picture theater over the grocery-store had more than two hundred packed into it, breathing bad air and looking at the cheapest, trashiest sort of films! If the people want a picture-show, why don't they have a good one? Surely our townsfolk aren't so poor."

"The village isn't large enough to support a good one," she answered soothingly. When The Country Preacher's voice grew as growly as this, it meant that he was very much discouraged. "We'll have a good crowd at the Sunday-School picnic," she prophesied, trying to cheer him.

"I'm not so sure. Every one is talking about how the mosquitoes will spoil it, as they did last year. Why don't the people do something about that swamp? Enlightened communities get rid of mosquitoes, and of swamps, too!"

"There are so few people," she ventured—he seemed to expect some kind of answer!

"I know! We can't support a library, or a recreation center, or even a good lecture course, because there are so few of us! We can't undertake any improvements, because there are not enough of us! And, every year, the best of us—our young blood and young brains and young energy—go marching off to the city, where there are people enough to get together and accomplish something. Being a pastor in a dead community is the worst job in the world."

THE Country Preacher voiced what many of his colleagues think, in their moments of discouragement. After all, preachers are human beings. And whatever one's work, one wishes to be in the thick of things and feel the glow of accomplishment.

Scattered all over our country are small communities, each centering in a tiny village with a post-office, a store or two, a schoolhouse, and two churches. Somehow, one

church in a community almost always means another one! And in these towns children are born, grow up, and then rush off to lend their eager young blood, and brains, and hearts, to building up the big city's enterprises, while in the little village, industry, achievement, social progress, all stand still for want of motive power.

It is a sort of endless chain: the village is dead because the young folk refuse to stay there; the young folk refuse to stay there because the village is dead.

But not all rural communities are like that. Locust Valley, a little town on Long Island, in New York State, for instance, awoke to its responsibility before it was too late.

A FEW years ago, Locust Valley was just an average country neighborhood, with three hundred families scattered over a rather wide territory. There was a fairly good public school, two churches whose average attendance

totaled less than five per cent. of the entire population, an unattractive little railway station, and a number of very thriving saloons.

Also, Locust Valley had some of the worst roads in the state, stretches of swamps with their attendant mosquitoes and malaria, and an invading army of the tent caterpillar.

Through the inconveniences he had suffered, one citizen finally became desperate about the bad roads. He called in a number of his neighbors and, together, they formed a committee

which vowed not to disband until Locust Valley had at least one decent, macadamized highway. Patience, persistency, and politics, at last brought property owners and county and state authorities into agreement, and, very soon, a fair white road stretched through the Valley, a memorial of the work of this first committee.

Traditionally, the reward of good work is more work. Before the committee had time to catch its breath and congratulate itself, the women made their demand.

"Before you disband, get a kindergarten for our public school. We are entitled to it, why shouldn't we have it?"

When the kindergarten was an established thing, another citizen spoke up.

"It is time something was done for Locust Valley," he declared. "It is not only our own church that is dying, or the neighboring church, but the whole community. Our new road and our kindergarten show what can be done when a few workers get together. The whole community should be organized, without delay, to work for the common good.



BOTH GROWN-UPS AND CHILDREN COME TO THE SOCIAL AFFAIRS

What we need is a leader whose sole business it is to make the plans, direct our energies, and use the fragments of time which we can give, to the best advantage."

"But how can we get such a man?" came the question. "We can't pay him a salary."

WE pay our pastor a salary," said the citizen with a vision. "Our present pastor is leaving for a larger field. Why can't we bring here a man who is willing to become the head of this church and the leader of a neighborhood association? All our pastors leave us for larger fields. Maybe, if we furnish a good man with a man-sized job, we shall be able to keep him with us."

So came the Reverend E. Fred Eastman to Locust Valley.

Mr. Eastman is a young man, with keen and steady eyes, and a peculiarly winning smile which he does not use so often as to spoil its effectiveness. He looked at Locust Valley: at its poor roads and its one good one, its swamps, its mosquitoes, its caterpillars, its anemic churches, its thriving saloons, its three hundred families. Then he took a second look at the saloons. But instead of discouragement, he had a vision.



THE OLD BARN WHICH WAS LOCUST VALLEY'S FIRST SOCIAL CENTER

"What you folks need first of all is a place for recreation," he said.

"We are organizing for improvement, not for amusement!" said a number of voices. "We have no money to spend on a recreation center," chorused others. Apparently, Mr. Eastman heard none of them. Literally and figuratively, he rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

AN old barn stood near the center of the Valley. His first step was to get permission to use it, the second was to assemble the younger folk to help clean it up and work a few wonders in the way of stairs and partitions; the last was to call on every one of the three hundred families to help furnish the "neighborhood center."

It was surprising how every one of the three hundred families had something they could spare. From practically every home came some small gift—a chair, a table, a book, a game, a few dishes. The old barn promptly took on an aspect which was far from barn-like.

From the very first, the work of the center was self-supporting. It was simply an association of neighbors,

meeting for pleasant and profitable afternoons or evenings in the good, old-fashioned way of our grandparents. The carpentry-class built the equipment for the gymnasium. They borrowed tools, begged the aid of a professional carpenter or two for a few evenings, and built book-racks which they sold for money enough to buy some tools of their own. When the girls wanted a cooking-class and a sewing-circle, they brought materials and coaxed a competent mother and a dressmaker to teach them.

Dancing-classes, gymnastics, amateur plays, musical clubs, debates, practical lectures on social and civic ques-



THE GLEE-CLUB GOES TOBOGGANING

tions filled the evenings. And all this time three things were happening. Mr. Eastman was getting acquainted with his people, their resources and their needs; the church attendance was growing by leaps and bounds; the saloons were beginning to complain of poor business.

GRADUALLY, larger undertakings got under way. Committees were appointed and groups were formed to handle specific kinds of work. At the right season, great



THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE AS IT IS TO-DAY

bunches of tent caterpillars were burned from the trees along every roadside, while property owners who did not take it upon themselves to attend to this task on their own lands, received polite requests to allow the committee to do it. It was a larger task to drain the swamps and stagnant pools, to clear out the streams which fed them, to build firm banks, fill in low places, but everything was accomplished, and well, even to the shallow but clear and beautiful lake which replaced the mosquitoes' best breeding grounds.

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# FROM THE WORLD'S GALLERIES

## THE MASTERPIECES MODERN PAINTING HAS ACHIEVED

By WALLACE HILL

MODERN painting, of which Carl Marr's popular picture "Gossip" on the opposite page is representative, is distinctly individual in character. Modern means of communication, and modern methods of reproduction, have placed the art of all the world, throughout the ages, at the feet of every artist. Consequently, our art to-day is international, a brilliant admixture of many schools, a versatile art which portrays its greatness equally in landscape, seascape, portraiture, and decoration.

For centuries, art had been more or less uniform, following out, almost invariably, national traditions. At first, the schools of painting were local, being Florentine, Umbrian, Venetian, but in the eighteenth century they became national, and were spoken of as the French School, the English School, the Spanish School, and so forth. Toward the second half of the nineteenth century, however, the French School rose to supremacy, and gave the predominant tone to all the work of the art world. But here, again, the restlessness and transitions of the era were evident. There was no unity; and Classicists, Romanticists, Idealists, Impressionists, all revealed themselves, and were taken unquestionably under the wing of this school.

The influence of the great French Academy has been a vital one in the history of art, and all the tendencies of modern painting have either originated or reached their very highest acme in France. Just as England held the sceptral brush in the eighteenth century, Holland and Flanders in the seventeenth, and Italy in the sixteenth, so France did in the nineteenth century—the beginning of the history of modern art.

Nevertheless, despite the successes of the national school of France, and the fact that the history of modern painting is, undeniably, in great part, the history of painting in France, it will not be very long, perhaps even before the end of the twentieth century, when there will be a rivalry of style and individuality in painting, rather than a national rivalry.

But, immediately, we must again turn to France in appreciation, for it was there that the big achievement of modern art—the painting of the modern landscape—had its real birth, when the Barbizon School first originated. It consisted of a group of artists who settled at Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and produced not only faithful pictures of their surroundings, but for the first time treated animals in relation to their surroundings.

IT was this art of the century, replacing the stiffly arranged Italian "landscape," with a temple or a pillar stuck fast in the foreground or to the right or left, which comes closer than any other kind toward equaling the greatest art of the past. The names of Millet, Rousseau, Troyon and Corot, stand out preeminently as the great Barbizon painters. They, and the other followers of this art-cult added a deeper study of nature, and a natural light. Corot's landscapes were of a lyrical nature; Rousseau was the rugged naturalist; Troyon, however, added cattle to his landscape; while Millet, called an idyllic realist, chose to interpret the man in his relation to nature, and has the distinction of being the greatest interpreter of the French peasant. The Barbizon painters were self-taught. It is also an interesting fact that the biggest landscape painters were almost invariably, men of the north latitudes, Holland, Denmark, France, England, America.

The Impressionists, the successors of the Barbizon school, sprang up about 1875. Impressionism has been called "a sort of pictorial stenography" because it gave

only the details which were apparent at a rapid glance, and neglected composition and even color, making the treatment of light all-important, and the relation of one object to another of more consequence than the object itself. Degas and Manet are representative Impressionists.

Presently, England stepped into the foreground of achievement in art when the Preraphaelite movement was inaugurated there—a movement coincident with the invention of photography. In direct contrast to the Impressionists, the painters in this new group attempted to abandon all the conventions of art and to substitute the more or less accurate portrayal of things as they actually existed. This influence of photography, however, was a very unsatisfactory one, since it leaned toward eliminating imagination in art, and, had it been allowed full sway, would have, undoubtedly, brought art down to the commonplace.

Only during the last quarter of the nineteenth century did America come forth with any really serious contribution to the art of the world. And the earliest painters, despite the French influence, were English in training. The names of Stuart, Copley, West, stand out as old acquaintances.

Toward the middle of the seventies, however, there was a great awakening in modern American art, and at the International Exposition in Paris in 1900 it took a place second only to the French school.

IN the painting of landscape and seascape, America is most distinctly itself, and the least influenced by Europe. Thomas Cole, who founded the Hudson River School, made up of artists who painted the scenes about the American Rhine, first established our individuality in this direction. Later on, at the time of the gold boom in California, artists began to flock to the coast, and, out of this movement, grew the Rocky Mountain School, of which Church, Moran, Bierstadt and Hill are worthy representatives, with their portraits of the great canyons of the West, and the mountain peaks of the Rockies. The fame of our painters of landscape, through the century, of whatever school, however, is far-reaching.

The names of American artists of achievement, in every branch, spell legion. D. W. Troyon, Horatio Walker, George Innes, are but a mere snatch of a long list of American landscape geniuses; the name of Winslow Homer, trained in America, stands out as a painter of marines; Homer D. Martin was the first of impressionists; Thayer, Brush, and Chase, take their places in America as figure painters; the decorations of John La Farge and Sargent are noteworthy; while the names of Whistler, Inman, Parrish, are all indicative of what is best in modern American painting.

The restlessness of city life, the tumult, and the reality, had its normal effect upon American art, and the painting of every-day street scenes is one of its oldest branches. In this direction, Childe Hassam, Francis Guy, Louis C. Tiffany, Mielatz, and Samuel Colman, among others, have achieved for us. When Louis C. Tiffany came back to New York, after years abroad, his most successful work was nothing more than a picture of an up-town grocer's shop and garden.

Story-telling painting, which is termed "genre" in the art world, has ever been popular. William Sidney Mount was the first American to specialize in this branch of art; but soon, after his apparent successes, he had a long list of followers, and in the sixties, this type of production reached the heights. Some of the renowned paintings

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"GOSSIP"

Painting by Carl Marr



**T**he night has a  
thousand eyes.  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of a  
whole world dies  
With the dying sun.

**T**he mind has a  
thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a  
whole life dies  
When love is done.

*Francis William Bourdillon*



# LATCHSTRINGS AJAR

By KATHARINE KINGSLEY CROSBY

Illustrated by CARTON MOOREPARK

THE minute she laid eyes on it, Jean knew that she had always wanted a little blue house. She had never realized, before, that houses could be blue, but she must have had an inner longing for one all the time, because the sight of this one satisfied her instantly. It was well set, for one thing, with a lilac bush near one corner by the big door-stone, a group of elderly apple trees on either side, and a two-acre mowing spread out behind, toward purple, woody hills. Then its green shutters had weathered to the hue of old copper, its roof to a velvety blackness, and its square old chimney to the mellowest of reds; while the rest matched the soft blue of the September sky.

"Now if you put geraniums in both your windows," Jean told it, leaning over the picket fence, "and had some smoke coming out of your chimney—"

But the vision was too entrancing. She must see what the house was like inside. The village postmaster said he had the key, and leave to sell, but "the folks who own it want cash," he warned her. It was part of the old Saunders place next door above, on the same side. Mary Guptil had lived there alone for a long time after her people died, till one day she married a Scotchman named Saunders, and went over to Europe to live. That was years ago.

"How much cash do you suppose they want?"

"They was askin' four hundred for it," he admitted, with some reluctance, "but I guess likely they're hard up on account of the war," he added hopefully, "and I dunno but they might shade the price a little."

Jean tried not to look elated. "Well, I would like to see the inside, anyhow," she said staidly, and took the key to Paradise.

PARADISE consisted of two rooms and a loft that was almost an attic. One room ran across the front, and the other was a small ell at the back, where one might cook. The chimney stood out into the main room, and showed what a real fireplace was like. Jean piled in some bits of wood and lighted them. As soon as they caught, she rushed out into the yard to watch the smoke come out of the chimney. "It's awfully becoming to you!" she praised, but added, with one of those lapses into practicality of which she was inordinately proud, "but pretty is as pretty does—let's see how you draw."

It drew beautifully; so she felt free to sit down on the floor by the fire and consider how she was going to buy the little blue house and have it for her own forever. It would take half the money she had saved up for a rainy

day. But this was a rainy day. The doctor had told her to stop work and get out into the country. This, her first free morning, she had taken an out-going trolley to the end of the line, and then walked.

"It is one thing to get into the country," Jean pondered, "but it is quite another to stay in it. How on earth can I earn a living out here?" She had already decided, without quite knowing it, to buy that little blue house. As she sat there on the floor nursing her knee, and staring with puckered brow into the fire, the spirit of the house was all the while looking her over and finding that it liked her. And, presently, it leaned down and whispered something in her ear, at great length.

Jean thought she was having a wonderful inspiration. She sat up straight, kindling with the rapturous possibilities as they were opened before her.

WHY, of course, the very thing!" she cried, and jumped to her feet. "Now mind, you behave till I come back," she charged the little house, and went forth to interview the postmaster.

In a week the place hardly knew itself. First of all, the Blue House had its dirty little insides all scoured and scrubbed till they shone with cleanness. Then its broad-planked floors were painted yellow, its walls a soft gray, and its beams and wainscot stained the softest sort

of brown. There were cheese-cloth curtains at the windows, and pots of scarlet geraniums on the sills. On one side of the hearth stood an old winged armchair covered with bright calico; on the other, a high-backed rocker cushioned identically. Here and there, spindly chairs were grouped about small, red-clothed tables. Autumn leaves banked the mantel. A canary sang in a sunny window. A big St. Bernard, who posed as the Official Chaperon, slept in the warmth of a blazing fire. Jean surveyed the result of her efforts with great contentment.

"I knew you had the makings of a home, Blue House," she nodded.

Over the gate she swung a long sign, painted in white on an old gray board, so that all who passed might read: "Come, sit by the fire!" And underneath that another, "Good brown bread and jam."

Because the road was a much traveled turnpike, reaching east and west among the hills, and linking cities with its lean and hungry length, Jean found her tables promptly filled, and had to call in the postmaster's daughter to help out on occasions. When the winter afternoons grew short, she hung a lantern on her sign to show that she kept open house till supper time.



But when she had cleared away her own supper, and fed Mrs. Goat, by whose kindness the establishment was supplied with milk, buttermilk and cheese, and Larry O'Leery, her dog, the evenings were very long. They were as long as the afternoons were short. The village was scattering, and there were no neighbors this side of the post office. Jean often wished that someone lived in the ramshackle old house next door, the only building left on the Saunders place. If no one was ever to live in it, she wished it would finish tumbling down and stop spoiling the view. Jean tried bravely not to get lonesome those long evenings, for was she not making a good living, and growing stronger all the time; and, above all, was she not the sole owner and possessor of her precious, wee Blue House?

Early one still black evening in March, she sat mending stockings and thinking how very, very happy she ought to be. It was Grange night, and for a while she heard the teams rattling in from outlying farms, and the jolly voices of the young folks and their elders as they passed. Then very soon they had all gone, and it was quiet again. Jean decided that she must join the Grange. It would mean a lively evening once a fortnight, and a chance to know her neighbors. Moreover, the Blue House had two whole acres of mowing-and-tillage, and so had the makings of a farm. At this point in her soliloquy the sound of steps on the path outside reminded the embryo farmer that she had forgotten to bring in the lantern at six o'clock, according to custom. Some belated motorist was wanting to come and sit by her fire, and maybe have a sup of something hot. But they were the steps of some one who was pretty tired, by the sound of them, for they were very slow, and dragged. Jean changed her mind about telling whoever it was that she had closed for the day. Instead, almost before the rather hesitating knock, she had cried, "Come in!" and gone to open the door. Old Larry stretched himself and rose with her to receive their guest.

A young man stood on the door-stone outside. He was thin and shabby enough in his loose-hanging tweeds, but when Jean had had a good look at his lean, honest face, and his eyes that tried so hard to twinkle merrily and not show for a minute how he really felt, she held the door wide open and said again, "Come in!"

Larry, too, approved. He sniffed inquiringly at the stranger's hand, gave him a polite examination, and finally went back to his place by the fire.

"My name is Jock Saunders," said the young man, as he entered, "and I am going to live in the house next door."

Before he reached the big chair to which Jean motioned him, she had learned more than that about him. There was something wrong with one foot, and he limped badly. For all that, he carried himself like a soldier, Jean decided.

"You've been in France!" she cried.

HE chuckled at her good guess. "Yes, and they did for me, too. Nothing left for me but to try my hand at farming. No chance at home; so I came over here. Mother used to tell me a lot about the old place, and I think she always hoped I would come back here to live some time. Quite a walk from the station, though. I was jolly glad to see your sign."

Jean regarded him compassionately. You could see that he was cold, and very, very tired, and you could guess that he was homesick. "You just stay here and get warm, while I go make you some coffee," she ordered, whisking out into the kitchen before he could protest.

He was fairly nodding with drowsiness from the warmth and comfort of the fire when she came back, but he got to his feet at once and took the cup from her with a brave show of being very wide awake indeed. When the good drink had thoroughly roused him, they fell to talking, he leaning forward in the big chair to pet the dog, while she sat cosily mending in the rocker across the fire. He told her briefly of his life in barrack and trench, with always a twist of humor for anything that hinted of hardship, and she explained, in turn, how she had come to buy Blue House and swing her sign above its gate.

"When you see what is left of your house, you will be ever so sorry that you sold me this one," she warned him.

"That will hardly be," he grinned, "for, without the money that you paid me for it, I should still be 'round under foot in the old country. How could I be sorry that I'm here?"

"Well, you just wait till you see your house! It's nothing but a wreck. Some night," she prophesied, "it will fall down over your ears!"

"Oh, well, I'll not be minding that," he assured her, twinkling; "you ken I have slept in the open before this." He set down his cup and rose to go. "Maybe if I weren't a tongue-tied Scotsman, I could tell you a bit of what it means, one's first night in a new country, to be made welcome like this at the hearth of a friend," he said.

Jean flushed with pleasure. "I'm glad I left the lantern out," she told him. And later, staring pensively at the fire, "I'm really awfully glad I left it out."

FOR a whole month after that, she saw next to nothing of her new neighbor. She heard the sound of his hammer at work making some part of the old house weather-tight, and she amused herself guessing about the sort of housekeeping he might be doing for himself without a woman to set things right now and then. But, at any rate, he seemed to know something about farming. In spite of the strange soil and the tricky New England spring, he was going about things in the right way. The postmaster said that young Saunders knew his business.

They happened to join the Grange on the same night, and "rode the goat" together. When the mystic rites were over, he took her down to supper. Their talk on that festive occasion ran mostly to the subject of baked beans, which Jock considered a great novelty.

But the more or less apochryphal goat of the Patrons of Husbandry was destined to play a lesser part in their acquaintance than that very real and enterprising mammal, Mrs. Nancy Goat. This worthy creature lived in a lean-to behind the Blue House, and supplied the raw material for some of the dainties with which her mistress fed the passing world. When spring came on, she began to weary of her prison walls and monotonous diet, and to pine for freedom, and the open road, and a change in diet.

One blissful blue-and-gold morning, when the smell of wet earth steaming in the sunlight was too much for any one's self control, Mrs. Nancy Goat calmly ate her hitching rope and set forth in quest of a larger life.

Some hours later, there was a knock at the front door. Answering it, Jean found young Saunders standing, eyes a-twinkle, holding by her broken tether the errant Mrs. Nancy Goat. She was a picture of modest contentment, blameless and unabashed in spite of the fact that from her jaws waggled the yet unchewed remnants of a shirt.

"Oh, Nancy!" cried Jean, aghast, "how could you?"

"She thought it would be good for her digestion," Jock explained. "She wanted a spring tonic, you ken."

"But she ought to realize," Jean said severely, "that you can't make sassafrass tea from a shirt!"

"Maybe this will be a lesson to her. Come on, Missis, the lean-to waits." But Nancy was perfectly willing to let it wait. She generously surrendered the remains of her prize, but stopped there. It took considerable time and strategy, and some force (Jock pulling and Jean pushing) to persuade her to meet with their desires.

"Now," panted Jean, when, hot and tired, but triumphant, they had at last got Nancy safely penned, "come and sit down while I see what can be done for the shirt."

"Nothing can, and you'll not think of wasting time on it."

"I will, too. You needn't come, though, if you don't want to."

"I do want to," he admitted, with some reluctance, and came.

The roads were heavy with spring mud, so Jean had no guests that morning. She settled herself in a sunny window and went to work, leaving the burden of conversation to her visitor. But he had become strangely silent. Glum

was the word Jean fitted to him till, remembering that he was a Scotchman, she changed it to dour. The twinkle was gone from his eyes, his mouth was grimly set. But she needn't have been critical, for she was wholly to blame.

You see, she had rosy cheeks, and smooth brown hair, and her downcast eyes were prettily lashed. Sitting there demurely in her bright window, with the flowers for a background for her sky-blue frock with its white collar and cuffs, she was all atune with the spring outside. No man could gaze on such a picture unaffected, especially if he is already \* \* \*. But Jock Saunders was a modest chap at best, and the combination of a run-out farm, a game foot, and precious small capital, is one to give black moments. It came to him suddenly that he must either tell this girl he loved her, or get up and go. So he said quickly:

difference—and rudeness—go at that. Instead, perhaps to her own surprise, she sat down and cried. Actually cried!

**BUT** understand, it wasn't that he had hurt her feelings. Oh, no. It was the way he limped across the field, and the way he went into the yawning door of the black old tumble-down house; and the way she knew he must be getting his lonesome, skimpy dinner, with the dishes to wash afterward. And it was the way Nancy had spoiled what might have been the only good shirt he had; and it was—and it was because she was sure there was a girl in Scotland he was missing and mourning for now, in the springtime of the year. The sight of her had brought it back to him. She could see the longing in his eyes for that girl at home in



"BUT, JEANIE, IF YOU'RE CARING FOR ALL THAT, DEAR—"

"The shirt will do now. I must be getting back to work."

Jean looked up, astonished at his tone. Then, without a word, she fastened her thread, broke it off, and gave him the garment. He took it and departed, without so much as a thank you, limping off across lots with it over his arm. Jean watched him go. Then she did something ever so foolish. A young woman of her independent spirit should have shrugged her shoulders, laughed, and let his in-

Scotland. So, for all these excellent reasons, and perhaps one or two others besides, Jean cried.

But it didn't last very long. She dried her eyes and powdered her nose, and said, almost as if she meant it, "Well, I hope he sends for her soon!"

The spring was a lively one at the little Blue House. The tables were filled most of the time, and ravenous motorists kept Jean and the postmaster's daughter busy

[Continued on page 107]



# INNER GRACE

By LILLIAN K. SABINE

Illustrated by W. C. NIMS

**L**AURA BROOKS passed down the thronging sidewalks of the Drive with a thrilling sense of having attained. About her lay a happy world—a world of ivy-colored walls still crisp with summer rains; of children tumbling on grassy slopes; a world in which sailboats drifted slowly on the near-by river, and farther off New Jersey hills slept in the June sunshine. The day was warm; and many passers-by lounged on the benches beside the walk, watching the scene, but Laura Brooks did not slacken her pace.

To her, reveling in the first intoxication of success, the world about was unreal, external. As she looked far down to the line of rowboats lying near the shore, she was conscious only that she had scaled the heights; and the sensation delighted her.

Scaled—that was not the word, for she had crawled, inch by inch, on her hands and knees to this alluring cliff men call success. Only those women who have faced the fight among New York presses know how cruel the struggle can be. First, those months of knocking at closed doors; then a wearisome period of being "tried out," when she wrote unceasingly without pay; later, years of hack work—and over her always the stern hand with the hideous blue pencil. Occasionally she made her way into the magazines with a story; but her checks were small and did not lessen appreciably the worry of finance. This had been with her, always, relentlessly pursuing, dogging her best moments—until an hour ago. But now the news of her agent had changed everything. She was a playwright with a future.

**Y**OU will have an advance royalty of five hundred dollars, Miss Brooks," the well-groomed play-broker had said, "and early in October, after the opening, you should get enough to—well," he smiled reassuringly, "to pay you for your work."

The girl laid an eager hand on the crisp white contract. "I hardly dare think of it," she said. "I've always felt that if the play once got on it couldn't fail."

J. Franklin Kelley, play-agent, laughed. "It's a heart-breaking business," he said, "this writing of plays, worse than Wall Street or Monte Carlo, by half, because no one has the ghost of an idea what will get over, whether anything will get over. This looks like a winner. It has a good theme, sparkling lines, real comedy. And yet—well, the truth is I can't be too hopeful. I've played the game so long. However, you've a good manager. He'll give you a splendid cast and all the chance in the world. You have a big opportunity. You've worked hard, and you've won out. I congratulate you."

He had shaken her by the hand with genuine friendliness. Perhaps he was thinking of other plays and other



royalties in which he would share; perhaps something in the girl's earnest eyes made him glad success had come at last.

With his congratulations still loud in her ears, Laura Brooks sped up Fifth Avenue, the happiest figure in that happy throng. She had never once in all these miserable years doubted her own powers; she did not question the outcome of this first dramatic venture. It had been

accepted by one of the shrewdest managers in New York, and a contract for ten per cent. of all royalties lay in her bag. She paused long enough to take the paper once more in her fingers. Yes, it had all come about as she had planned. This was the moment she had waited for, worked for, slaved for. It was her hour,

and she would revel in it to the full. She smiled half pittingly at the luxurious limousines and their smug owners. Little they knew what the fight all meant, the joy of the chase; little they knew the flush of success and the high pulse, and the stirring sense of life in one's veins. Oh, it was all so gloriously worth while.

The old days, tense with petty economy, were over. So many times the offer of help had died on her lips, checked by the vision of her poverty. It had seemed that her soul was shrinking within her. Now it could expand; she would be recklessly, gloriously generous.

**AS** she turned into the cross street toward the dingy "walk-up" that had housed her during these years of struggle, she felt an impulse to cry out for sheer joy. She had loved life even with its sharp battle; now it would be fuller, freer, better.

Laura Brooks was alone in New York; she was almost alone everywhere. Her aunt back in the little Illinois town would be delighted with her success. She would write by return post to say how proud she was of her niece. There would be a labored encomium in the town paper and scores of letters. The dramatist smiled as she thought of them. Hundreds of prophets would rise up and proclaim themselves. Conventional notes, conventional calls, all the outward and visible signs of joyous congratulation—these would be hers. Beyond that—only a few friends in her isolated life would really understand.

Reaching the little flat on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, Laura ran up two flights of stairs with joy in every step.

"It's too hot to run, dearie," said the good little German landlady, who was puffing her way slowly, as Laura reached the landing.

"Oh, it's not too hot for anything, Mrs. Marx," the girl responded joyously. "I've sold my play."

With her arms full of delicatessen products and berry-boxes, Mrs. Marx struggled to be enthusiastic.

"Ain't that fine?" she said, and the girl knew that the little woman was glad.

"I'd like for you to read your play some night. Ben 'ud maybe like to hear it, too," she added by way of compliment, the approval of her liege, a burly plumber, seeming all-desirable.

Laura took the woman's hand gratefully; her heart warmed to this little soul whose friendship never failed.

How much kindness there was surrounding her, and yet how little appreciation of what this all meant, the climbing of the literary hill, attaining a great desire. Then Laura remembered that it was Wednesday, and on Wednesday the poet came—and she was glad.

She always called him her Poet; but he was wholly unlike a picture of Emerson or Longfellow or Sir Walter Scott. His shoulders were too broad, and his mouth too big and his laugh too hearty to suggest poetry. Daytimes he taught in a boys' school down in the heart of the city; and nights he wrote verses and reviewed books. He knew New York from the Battery to the Bronx, every interesting corner and crevice; and yet the spirit commonly ascribed to the big commercial city had passed him by. He was more like a vagabond prince than a worldly New Yorker, for he seemed never to think of barter and exchange. With apparently no shadow of regret, he had refused to leave the school where he was teaching, when a larger salary had been offered him. "The youngsters need me here," he said; "that's reason enough." And with the same medieval spirit, he had spurned the offer of a big daily which promised to pay liberally for a column a day. "I can't write to order like that," he said. "Besides—whatever small ability I have I'd like to keep above the clink of cold coin. That spoils too many writers in this age. I guess a few verses now and then are my limit." So John Gray continued to write and teach and be poor.

Laura Brooks and he had met three years before when she was working on the beauty column of the Daily and he was turning off an occasional review. It was Bingham, the city editor, who had introduced them, after an inquiry from Gray.

"She doesn't belong here, somehow," he had said, as he watched her reading proof in a far corner of the room. "I hate to see a woman like that in a place like this."

Bingham took one foot from the table and stamped it on the floor noisily.

"What's the matter with this place?" he inquired.

"It's all right for those of us who belong," Gray replied, "you and I and Miss Garvey. She's one of our inky-fingered tribe. She'd as lief do the police court as an epic." He was studying the slender hands of the girl marking corrections on the long, soiled strip of copy.

"And where does this woman belong?" asked Bingham curiously.

"In a garden gathering flowers," replied the poet.

GATHERING news pays better," said the city editor dryly—and he smiled, a queer, sordid smile which one sees often around Times Square.

And yet the poet's observation was true. It was, indeed, easier to picture this girl in a garden gathering flowers than there in the noisy print-shop, where the air was full of smoke, and dust, and clicking typewriters, and rattling presses. And though she had lived long years with these surroundings, she seemed no part of them. She had elbowed her way through office doors and fought for a place to earn her living as men did. Yet the iron had never entered her blood. She had kept the low voice and the air of quiet gentleness which suggests home, and shelter, and affection, though she had none of these.

John Gray, the poet, rescued her frequently from the toiling world of stenographers and sad-eyed scribes in which she lived. It was great fun for the hard-working copy-maker and the man who knew no leisure, to speculate on distant El Dorados and the Utopias of his dreams. When she dined alone, she ate where there was the incessant noise of dishes, and where slovenly waiters shrieked

their orders in strident voices, worlds away from dramas and sonnets. John Gray had given her glimpses of another New York, a city of wonderful restaurants, of softly-lighted roof gardens, of theaters and operas, of laughing women and well-mannered men. Often over their coffee they speculated happily on what the future held. Sometimes they talked earnestly of style, and writing, and all the canons of their art.

"It seems to me," the poet said, "the big stumbling-block nowadays is—lack of feeling."

"You think," she asked in one of these evening chats,

"The sorrow of the singer  
Marks the sweetness of the strain?"

"Absolutely," he replied. "We must write from the inside out. My life ought to have something worth writing, for it has held wonderful things—the friendships of boys, and men and women, and hard work—and happy memories like this. I think I've lived every day," he concluded.

I'VE had to make money out of my writing," the girl answered apologetically. "Working for the Beauty Column isn't always inspiring." There was something about this poet that made one ashamed of pot-boilers. "But I wish," she added wistfully, "I wish I could always do my best."

The poet looked serious. "I wish you didn't have to work for money," he said.

At that she laughed. It was all so strange sitting in this flower-hung roof garden surrounded by the luxuries of an overfed civilization, talking to—St. Francis! The incongruity amused her.

"Why not return to the wilderness and goats' milk?" she asked.

"I've half a mind to," he replied, "but I'm afraid my friends would never visit me. And—I'm wretchedly dependent on friends."

It was the week following this little visit that the interview with her agent took place; and dreams of affluence and ease and comfort left little time for thoughts of wild goats and primitive civilization.

The evening of this great day the poet called early.

"We can't stay indoors a minute to-night," he said, as he stanchly refused an invitation to be seated in Mrs. Marx's stuffy little parlor. "It's so beautiful by the river. We're going to sit there, and watch the boats and the lights, the stars and the people."

"You spoiled that poetic speech by adding people," she said. "It's quite like you."

"I can't forget them in this cramped little island," he returned.

It was truly a night to dream in—a night of stars reflected in the water, and trees black against the sky. Hundreds wandered along the Drive with a delicious sense of going somewhere, nowhere. In the winter every self-respecting citizen feels an obligation to sleep—or at least to seek his bed. But in summer, when the nights are hot, nature frees us from all such bonds, and turns the most sedate into midnight revelers. All New York seemed poured out of doors that night. Those who owned cars bowled toward the open country in quiet comfort; the rest strolled in the parks or sat by the river.

John Gray chose a seat close to the shore, where the water lapped with restful cadence. The sky was soft with pink and blue, and the lights in boats along the river were just appearing.

"Scenes like this ought not to be spoiled," Laura began, "but I've simply got to tell you something."

John Gray stopped waving his joss-stick and looked at her eager face. Her buoyancy was unmistakable.

"What's up?" he asked.

"I've a secret."

"Good—and of course you'll not be mean enough to keep it."

"No. It's almost too good to be true. John Gray, what do you think? One of my dreams has come true. I've sold the play!"

The poet took both her hands and shook them joyously in unpoetic fashion.

"Bully," he said. "I'm so proud of you."

"You may not be so proud when the first night is over," she laughed—for across her path no shadows lengthened; and in such moments one can always laugh.

"Who's the producer?"

"Bernstein—isn't it splendid?"

"It's great," he said with enthusiasm.

"Bernstein will give me a fine cast and a splendid production—every chance in the world."

"Think of it," the man continued, "Soon you'll be a rich lady, and your old friends will have to stop calling you Laura."

"If you had some other names," he added, "it wouldn't matter. But Laura—why, that's a name to make a man want to write verses whether he was inclined that way or not. It suggests springtime and green hillsides—"

"Why haven't you written verses then?" she questioned.

"I have," he said quite seriously. For a moment he seemed a real poet, and then the next instant he was himself again, with his queer, deep laugh that was miles away from lyric flight.

"You've no idea what bad lines have been scribbled because of your name. Now if you had been Bridget—"

"And yet she was the muse of poetry once, poor old girl."

And then they fell to talking of plays and players, of casts and miscasts, and of the great To-morrow. And when he parted from the newly-crowned playwright, he was not as exuberant as she.

"I don't suppose," he said, "our friendship will ever be quite the same again. To me—money always spoils things."

"How do you know?" she asked, with laughing eyes.

"I don't," he flung back at her. "I'm just trying to bring you to earth."

"You can't do it. Why, I believe I'm almost the happiest person in the world."

[Continued on page 112]



"ALL THE WHILE I WAS DREAMING OF A PLAY, YOU WERE WRITING WHAT REALLY COUNTED"



# YOWLS

By FREDERICK WHITE

## I.

ONE night, when the moon was a-shining,  
Aloft in a blumptuous sky,  
The creatures came out, after dining,  
To talk of the Wherefore and Why.

## II.

The Bingle was sitting and blinking,  
And wondering what he could say,  
And the effort of intricate thinking,  
Affected his head right away.

## III.

A cat put this problem: "If singing  
Is merely a question of sound,  
Why is it successful in bringing,  
Extraneous matter around?"

## IV.

Like a flash from the darkness, the Bingle  
Saw truth, understanding, and right,  
And with fingers and toes all a-tingle,  
He "Yowled" in excess of delight.

## V.

In an instant, extraneous matter,  
Fell swiftly from far and from near,  
Causing kittens and creatures to scatter,  
And spoiling the meeting, I fear.

## VI.

And the moral! "Don't be in a hurry,  
To blame every yowl on the cat;  
Life is too full of music to worry—  
And it may be a Bingle, at that!"

FRED'K WHITE



# THE THORNY PATH

By A TRAVELER

Illustrated by FRANCES DELEHANTY

**A**MONG my neighbors, I am known as an "advanced" woman. When I first heard myself spoken of as such, I resented it. After a while, the title distinctly annoyed me, but later on it became rather a source of amusement. But I have had to do all

the laughing over it alone, since the members of my immediate family have gotten to the point where they absolutely disapprove of me. I am being criticised, inside my home circle and out, simply because I decided to do as I liked about some of the small things of life instead of following in the footsteps of every one else.

Almost all of our fashions and small conventions started, not because of some right in themselves but because some one started the fad. High collars came into fashion because a queen had a goiter and wanted to hide it. Her court ladies promptly covered their necks, and then all the women in the world, almost, whether their necks were pretty or not, immediately covered theirs, too. The marriage-ring itself is a survival of the primitive custom whereby a man chained the woman who happened to please him, roughly hauled her home with a ring around her neck, and then fought those of her relatives who came to claim her. If he survived, the woman was his.

My revolt began when I heard that story of the history of the wedding-ring. I decided to leave mine off. The association of ideas did not please me. I had been married because I wanted to get married, and I proposed to have no symbol with such a history about me. I had no idea of the tempest I should stir up by taking mine off. I was a woman with grown children, and when I took off my wedding-ring I hardly thought of any possible bearing such an action might have on other people. But before I had the ring off a day I became aware of the fact that other people thought a good deal about it. I went to a club meeting that afternoon. After the meeting, one of the women, eying my hand curiously, said:

"Mrs. B—, I see you haven't your wedding-ring on. Did you lose it?" I barely knew the woman, and I certainly had no intention of giving her my reason; so I answered:

"No, I did not lose it."

She leaned toward me breathlessly. "You're not thinking of getting a divorce, are you?" That made me a little angry, and before I thought, I answered quickly:

"I am not. I took off my wedding-ring because I happened to discover its history. It is the survival of an iron ring used to chain a woman to her husband or his threshold. I didn't like the idea, that was all."

"Oh!" said my questioner, quite bewildered. I had a momentary sense of triumph; but it was only momentary. In a few minutes, I heard my explanation repeated in several quarters, and curious glances were being sent in my direction from women in various parts of the room. Before I left, I knew I was a marked character. I had done something quite out of the prescribed way.

In the next three days my family came to me, one by one, to talk about the incident of the wedding-ring. The

very first one to appear was my husband, and I tried to explain my position to him.

"Now," I concluded, "if you want to wear a ring as a sign of mutual bondage, I am willing to replace mine. Otherwise, the ring stays off."

"Wear a ring!" exclaimed my husband. "I never wore a ring in my life. I detest the things. I guess not. As long as it's only the story that's worrying you, I guess I won't concern myself."

Not more than a day after that first interview, came my oldest daughter, eighteen. "Mother," she said, "the talk that's going about town is simply awful—about your taking off your wedding-ring, I mean; something about being chained to your husband. What is it all about?"

I told her. She was interested, but not impressed.

"I think you might have kept it on, after all these years," she said, wrinkling her pretty forehead. "After all, what does it matter? And I think a ring is rather nice. I know if I were a married woman"—here she drew herself up with a great air of virtue—"I should be glad to wear one. And, Mother, it's horrid to do things that get you talked about."

We are told, you know, that it is the young who are radical and progressive. Well, in my experience, I have found no slave to convention equal to the young boy or girl starting out in life. Mabel was a good example.

"Well, my dear," I replied as gently as I could, "you wear your wedding-ring if you like. And since, as you say, it doesn't really matter, I cannot understand why so much fuss should be made about it."

It had not seemed very serious, at first, but as the objections came to me from every one, and the talk and gossip grew, that little act of mine

took on greater proportions, and began to matter more and more. I really believe, now, that if this little affair had gone by unnoticed, or without comment from the onlookers, I should have remained satisfied to leave the ring off for the rest of my life, and then do nothing further to disturb the peace of my community. But thinking about this one custom brought up another, and soon I found myself counting and recounting all the other senseless things I had been doing all my life



OUR CUSTOMS WERE MADE FOR US BY SOME ILL-CONSIDERED FAD OF OUR ANCESTORS

without thinking, just because everyone else did them.

First of all, my table-setting and my house-management were governed, not by what I thought clean and decent, but by a standard set by some unknown who, in the dark ages, had decreed at what side of the plate the knives and forks should be placed, and where the napkins should be. Things were "proper" a certain way, and if one did not know, and follow the prescribed rule, one was a rank outsider in our little world. I wondered who had decided that the knife should be on one side and the fork on the other. To stimulate my bubbling revolt, I read in a maga-

zine of the new position of the butter knives. Think of it! And yet, as promptly as Mabel had read this bit of advice, our butter knives were promptly put in the new position. I found dozens of instances like that. Many of them were, like butter knives, too unimportant to become radical about, especially since I was not concerned with altering family habits.

After my thinking spell, however, I did feel a very keen desire to alter a number of my own habits. Gloves were my first attack. A glove, in any but the coldest weather, is an annoyance to me. I like to feel the air on my hands; so I determined to discard my gloves. This simple act caused a second sensation. Mabel came into my room one morning when we were going to church, to look me over. I had left my gloves in the bureau drawer. It was May, and warm.

"Where are your gloves, Mother?" she asked.

"I don't need them, it is so warm," I answered.

"Mother!" cried Mabel. "You're not going to church without gloves?"

"I certainly am," I said.

"But think how badly it looks," pleaded Mabel. I looked at my hands. They are a source of pride to me. I have kept them in good shape despite work.

"I think it looks very well," I said. Mabel tossed her head and ran out of the room. She brought her father and brother back with her.

"I wish you would persuade Mother to wear gloves," she said. "I can't bear to think of how people will talk." (You will have perceived by this time that in our community everyone wears gloves.)

Father and Mark stood there, Mark annoyed, as he is more or less of a dandy at this stage of his career, and Father amused.

"What's the matter," he asked, "more chains around your neck?"

"I begin to believe I have been hemmed in by chains, invisible until now," I answered soberly enough. "Mabel, I am going without gloves hereafter, except when I think it cold enough to make them comfortable. If you object, sit alone in church."

But although I thus definitely settled the matter, I sat in church with a feeling of guilt. I knew the gossip that would follow when the habit became known. I knew that I would be doubly condemned, and I was torn between a desire to end it all and do as others did, without ever questioning a thing, and an equally intense desire to keep on examining the absurdities I had been catering to all these years, and to do as I pleased forevermore. I was conscious, all the time, that I had been doing things I did not want to do, simply because they were customary. I confess I heard little of the sermon, but when I left the church the battle had been waged and won. I was going to fight it out.

I had not intended saying anything about the absence of my gloves, any more than I had intended speaking of the taking off of my wedding-ring, but as I left the church a neighbor, Mrs. Walters, joined me. She looked at my bare hands. Her own were squeezed into new brown kid.

"Did you leave your gloves in church, Mrs. B—?" she asked.

"No," I replied, "I did not wear any. You're quite an observant person."

"I forgot mine, almost," she said, "but I went back for them." I wish I could give you an idea of how she said it, as if going back for the gloves was a virtuous act.

"I did not forget mine," I said. "It is warm for gloves," Mrs. Walters looked at me in amazement.

"Why, you've always worn gloves all summer!" she said.

"Yes," I said, "but this year I have decided not to wear gloves unless I need them. They annoy me." For one moment Mrs. Walters looked at me. Then her mouth opened.

"But think how it looks," she said. I held out my hands.

"Oh, they look pretty well," I said. At that moment, Father joined us; and as soon as she could, Mrs. Walters left.

But the next morning the town fairly buzzed with my new act, and during the week following I was interviewed by several curious women (and a few men) as to these two advances—the discarding of my wedding-ring and my gloves. I had no idea people would ever talk to anyone about such personal matters. But they displayed no hesitation. My stepping outside the beaten track seemed to have given them the right to say anything to me. One woman asked me what the moral effect of not wearing a wedding-ring was going to have on our young people. I told her I had not even considered it, which was the truth, and she promptly read me quite a sermon. She said that, led by my example, young women would take off their rings, and then could flirt with men without being discovered, with dire results. I replied, calmly, that men had that privilege now. She gave me just one look, convinced, I suppose, that I was not only on a thorny but a downward path.

Her visit amused me, and gave me new food for thought. Here was I, presumably a thinking human being, with the right to decide for myself my course of action. And yet, I was denied this, not because of right or wrong, but simply because I did not want to do some harmless little thing that most people did. I made up my mind, then and there, that the next six months I would live my life as honestly as I could, doing things I wanted to do, instead of those always set by a ridiculous convention. In that time, I had many experiences, each time jarring the nerves of my community."

[Continued on page 88]



"DID YOU LEAVE YOUR GLOVES IN CHURCH, MRS. B—?" SHE ASKED



# THE YEAR-'ROUND HAT

By EVELYN TOBEY, Head of the Millinery Department of Columbia University

Illustrated by MARGUERITE and NATALIE GOUBERT

THE exclusive shops are already beginning to display straw hats, but the popular trend is toward the satin sections—where the lure of that never-failing standby, the all-year-'round satin hat is so irresistible.

These first windy days of spring, the small hat, whether it be mushroom or turban, is most popular. It is extremely interesting to note its prominence on the Avenue of Fashion. Quite the best-gowned woman I saw during my stroll the other afternoon, wore one of the new stove-pipe models (Fig. 2), which is as high, and quite as formal in tone as Grandfather's opera hat. It must be worn straight up and down, with never a tilt to the right or left, and its trimming, stiff and straight as the hat itself, reaches 'way up above the crown.

Under a new process, ordinary ostrich feathers are dipped in an acid which removes the little barbs but leaves the flues waving on the quill like the fine hairs of the luxurious but forbidden aigrette. This new kind of feather-fancy has an added virtue. It costs only about one-twentieth as much as the aigrette. I must not forget to tell about the little cockade which covers the bottom of the fancy. It is as precise as the old-time coachman's, with each pleat exactly in place, and the ends and loops of the little bow sewed taut against the crown.

At a society fashion show recently, three-fourths of the hats on view were of satin, and every one of the small shapes had some sort of a brim.

This is a very good idea, since the tight turban, made in shiny satin, would be more or less trying to the average face.

One of my favorites, the mushroom (Fig. 1), was an excellent windy-day hat—a March hat which would not feel itself out of place, even in midsummer. It was made of heavy satin, in a rich African brown, and was worn by a young society matron with very slender shoulders. The brim of the model was about two inches wide and faced with a deep Copenhagen blue. The crown of this attractive bonnet was surmounted by a bow made of a circle of the brown silk, lined with blue, one edge being bound with very

narrow brown grosgrain ribbon. The circle was fastened on the crown just as you see it in the illustration, to form a graceful, broad effect at the top of the hat. This hat could be made up in any color and the brim lined with a lighter tone of the same color or with some harmonious color. Rich old-blue and a soft taupe are an excellent combination.

Another one of my favorite models, this spring, is shown in Fig. 3. With the veil it answers all the requirements of a dressy hat, or without the veil it plays its part well as a work-day one. It may be worn a little awry without losing any of its chic. It is made of a deep purple satin, and is decidedly Oriental-looking. Around the top of the crown it has a sort of Turkish fez drapery which is striking, and, across the front, a tarnished gold braid ornament—tarnished gold is now being featured prominently for millinery trimmings—finished with groups of tiny buttons. The gold against the purple, the drapery and the novel ornament, all help to distinguish this hat. A taupe veil, the upper half em-



broidered with a fine vine made of tarnished gold thread which covers the whole hat and flows out gracefully from the face, adds an exquisite finishing touch.

The large mushroom hat (Fig. 4) is made of blue satin, which is one of the most effective colors for the satin hat. This particular shape has a real swing to it, with the graceful curve of the brim till it widens out at the sides. The fruit trimming is still being featured everywhere, and the motifs arranged in rather stiff, though authentic fashion around the side crown of our model, are made of bright blue, apricot, purple, and brick-red satin, while the leaves are made of bright green ribbon.

The particular value in these hats lies in their adaptability to any season. Satin is always appropriate.

*Editor's Note.*—Mrs. Tobey is prepared to send you directions for making and trimming Figs. 1 and 3, for covering and trimming Fig. 2, and for fashioning the fruit trimming on Fig. 4, if you will enclose a stamped envelope with your request.

# FASHION HINTS FROM PARIS

MANY NEW DEPARTURES IN SLIP-ON FROCKS, BLOUSES, AND LINGERIE

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

CHÈRE AMIE:—

On one of my recent rambles in search of new adventures in the land of fashions, I came upon the scene you see pictured below. Against the background of the big white clouds on a blue sky and with the sleek race horses a short distance away, there she stood—a Parisienne gowned to perfection as you might most naturally expect she would be. I need not tell you that her gown represents the very last word in fashions! It is just one of those simple "slip-on" affairs, but yet so different from all those that have gone before, that it deserves honorable mention. The deep flounce forming a heading of its own, adds an entirely new note in this style of frock. Then, the gown is beltless, or rather pretty nearly so, since the tiny belts at the front and back which are not visible in the illustration, are only mere apologies for belts. The lines of the dress show that our designers are still getting their ideas from the medieval, and, for the present, the indications are that they will continue to do so; unless, of course, they are planning to give us some big surprises for spring. For the moment, at least, the gown which clings continues to be first in favor, though there have been rumors of the coming of the barrel skirts with rounded lines over the hips. It is quite safe to stick to the skirts with the narrower lines, however, for it is almost certain, now, that these will become even more in vogue as spring draws near.

We are faithfully addicted to our slip-on dresses for the present, at any rate, and not only our more elaborate costumes, but even our tailor-made ones are sometimes created in this style. While I was watching the morning promenade in the Bois the other day, I saw a wonderfully chic costume with a slip-over coat of blue gabardine, and a plaid skirt of almost invisible green, black, and blue. The coat had an opening at the left side which was embroidered in cross-stitch in red, green, white and yellow. The cuffs and two squares in the front of the belt were embroidered in the same way. The skirt was cut very circular, with most of the fulness at the sides, and with the plaid running diagonally. Another striking costume I noticed was of dark, bottle-green serge. The coat had a pleated peplum with long panel pockets at the sides. These panel pockets are a late development, and their long lines add height and grace to the figure.

Blouses are becoming more and more interesting, and the Parisienne takes pride in designing and making them herself. They are mostly of the "slip-on" or smock variety, made with peplums and narrow belts. A great deal of hand-work, simple or elaborate, is seen on these blouses. Seams joined by feather-stitching, colored silk embroidery in loose stitches, and here and there a touch of smocking or hand hemstitching are some of the interesting points noted in these dainty blouses. Crêpe de Chine and Georgette, in white, pale lavender, rose, and pink are the favorite materials and colors. A finely pleated blouse of crêpe de Chine with pleated pockets and cuffs, worn over a plain under-blouse, is one of the earliest spring models. Many of these blouses are made with linings of their own, so that one need not trouble to think of special underwear to wear with them.

By the way, lingerie has taken many surprising turns of late. It has broken away from the traditional fine linen and delicate laces, and now appears be-ribboned and be-ruffled in colored silks, chiffons of Persian and Paisley designs, and crêpe de Chine. Also colored embroidery, smocking, and even bead-work seem to have definitely invaded the lingerie field.

One of the very latest fads is black underwear. Black crêpe de Chine nightgowns and pajamas are embroidered in white or pale pink, or else white underwear has touches of black. Filet lace and Cluny add to the beauty of many dainty pieces of pale-colored lingerie. To indulge in the new lingerie, one must have a very deep purse for, here, there seems to be no thought of economy. It is well, however, to practise some self-sacrifice in such frivolous things as the new lingerie, for these are still serious times with us.

In my next letter I expect to have stirring news about the spring styles for you; so be sure to keep on the lookout until then.

Votre dévouée,

*Christine D.*

Paris, France.



THE LATEST ONE-PIECE DRESS ACQUIRES A DEEP FLOUNCE  
SEE ALSO PAGE 32

# SIGNS THAT SPRING IS ON ITS WAY



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 48



# WHAT THE EVENING BRINGS FORTH



Bodice 7637  
Skirt 7635

Dress 7609



7637



7635



7609



7559-7629



Waist 7559  
Skirt 7629

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 48



7648



7636

Blouse 7591  
Skirt 7619

Dress 7648



Dress 7636



7591



7619

Transfer Design No. 797

FASHION FAVORS  
THE STRAIGHT AND  
CLINGING EFFECTS

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 48



7643



7655



Dress 7643



Coat 7654



7654



Coat Suit 7655

BELTS, PLEATS AND  
POCKETS DENOTE  
THE LATEST MODES

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 46



# DESCRIPTIONS OF PATTERNS

## Descriptions for page 37

**NO. 7620, MISSES' DRESS, IN TWO LENGTHS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents).**—Size 16 requires,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch material,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch material for the collar and 2 yards ribbon for sash. Width,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

**COSTUME NOS. 7641-7639, medium size, 38-inch length, requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch material for collar. Transfer Design No. 802 (15 cents).**

**No. 7641, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch for collar.

**No. 7639, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (20 cents).**—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

**No. 7621, LADIES' BOX-PLEATED OVERDRESS, INSTEP OR TUNIC LENGTH. TWO-PIECE FOUNDATION SKIRT, LENGTHENED BY ONE-PIECE FLOUNCE, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 50-inch material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch for sleeves. Width,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer No. 799 (15 cents).

**No. 7625, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS, FOUR-GORED SKIRT, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 45-inch material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 45-inch for collar. Width,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

## Descriptions for page 38

**No. 7633, LADIES' ONE-PIECE BOX-PLEATED DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 40-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 27-inch material for the collar. Width,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

**No. 7537, LADIES' DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards 40-inch figured material,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 45-inch plain material, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 40-inch for collar and cuffs. Width,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards.

**No. 7623, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 40-inch material for waist and back of collar, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 27-inch for front of collar and cuffs.

**No. 7647, LADIES' SIX-GORED SKIRT; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (20 cents).** Size 26 requires, 38-inch length,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44-inch material. Width of skirt,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

**No. 7649, LADIES' WAIST, IN TWO STYLES. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch material for front and lower section of back of waist,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 40-inch material for upper waist and sleeves, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch material for collar and cuffs.

**No. 7613, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT, SIDE CLOSING; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (20 cents).**—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44-inch material. Skirt's width is 3 yards.

## Descriptions for page 39

**No. 7487, LADIES' WAIST, WITH OR WITHOUT VEST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).**—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch material.

**No. 7617, LADIES' OVERDRESS, TO BE WORN OVER A WAIST; THREE-PIECE SKIRT, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54-inch material. Width,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 104 for motifs (10 cents).

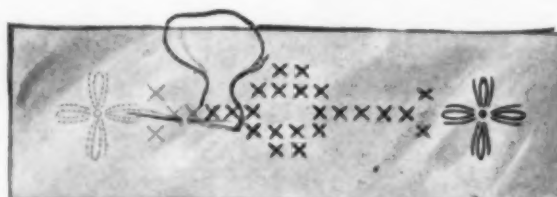
**No. 7601, LADIES' DRESS, SEMI-FITTED, STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, round length,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 50-inch material. Width of skirt,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

**No. 7615, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards 32-inch striped and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards same width plain material. Width, 3 yards.

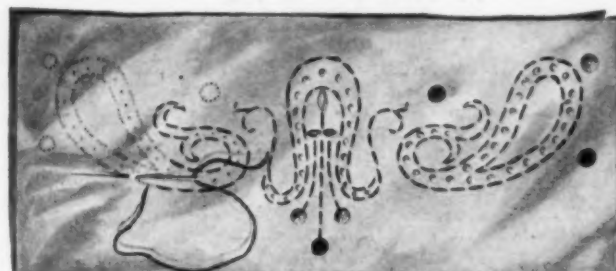
**COSTUME NOS. 7651-7607, medium size requires, 38-inch length,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 27-inch material for collar and cuffs.**

**No. 7651, LADIES' COAT, IN 30-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch material,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 27-inch contrasting fabric.

**No. 7607, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (20 cents).**—Size 26 requires 38-inch length,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 50-inch material. Width of skirt,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.



DETAIL OF TRANSFER DESIGN NO. 799. THE NEW CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY SHOWN ON DRESS 7621 OPPOSITE. SEE ALSO PAGE 50



DETAIL OF TRANSFER DESIGN NO. 802. THE FASHIONABLE PAISLEY BANDING AND MOTIFS ILLUSTRATED ON OPPOSITE PAGE. SEE ALSO PAGE 50



7620



7641



7639



7621



7625



7487



7607



THE LATEST OFFERINGS IN DESIGNS AND MATERIALS

For other views and descriptions, see page 36

# THE NEWEST OF NEW FASHIONS



ORIENTAL DESIGNS AND BALLOON DOTS THE LATEST IN FABRICS

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 36



# INFORMAL FROCKS AND A SUIT



POCKETS AND BELTS INSIST ON SHOWING THEIR IMPORTANCE

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 36



Blouse 7645  
Skirt 7038

Dress 7499

Dress 7511  
Transfer Design No. 792 for Bag

**C**OSTUME Nos. 7645-7038, medium size, requires, skirt in 38-inch length, 3 yards 45-inch striped material, and 2 yards 44-inch plain material for blouse.

NO. 7645, LADIES' SPORTS BLOUSE; TWO STYLES OF BACK. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, with pleated back,  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36-inch material, and 1 yard 27-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and belt.

NO. 7038, LADIES' TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 45-inch striped material. Width, 3 yards.

NO. 7499, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS, STRAIGHT SKIRT, PLEATED OR GATHERED; ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44-inch material, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 18-inch for collar and pocket facings. Width of skirt, 3 yards. The sleeves are attached to a lining.

NO. 7511, LADIES' ONE-PIECE PLEATED DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 6 yards 45-inch material, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch contrasting for collar and belt. Width,  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 792 for bag (15 cents).



7645



7038



7499



7511



**NO. 7491, LADIES' DRESS, ONE-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT, PLEATED OR GATHERED, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—**Size 36 requires, instep length,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch material for jumper, skirt and belt, and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch material for sleeves, collar, and sides of waist. Width of skirt,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

**NO. 7505, LADIES' ONE-PIECE BOX-PLEATED DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—**Size 36 requires, instep length,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44-inch material, and 1 yard 36-inch material for collar and facing for cuffs and pockets. The width at the lower edge is  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

**NO. 7605, LADIES' WAIST, TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).—**Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch material. The large collar and smart cuffs are attractive features which make this waist particularly desirable. The design is suitable for cr pe de Chine, pongee, or tub silk.

**NO. 7627, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (20 cents).—**Size 26 requires, for three-piece skirt, in 42-inch length,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch material. Lower edge measures  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. An excellent skirt made in serge or gabardine. Transfer Design No. 797 on small view (15 cents).



7491



7505



7605

7627  
Transfer Design No. 797



# FOR THE WARDROBE OF THE YOUNGER SET



Dress 7546  
Transfer Design  
No. 792 for Bag

**NO. 7546, MISSES' BOX-PLEATED DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 yards 54-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 18-inch material for collar. Width,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 792 (15 cents).**

**NO. 7576, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 50-inch material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch trimming. Width, 3 yards.**

**NO. 7638, MISSES' PLEATED DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 50-inch material and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch trimming. Width,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.**

**NO. 7588, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; WITH OR WITHOUT TWO-PIECE TUNIC; STRAIGHT SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch plain material,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch figured material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 40-inch material for collar. Width of skirt,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.**



7546



7576



7638



7588

## SHOWING ONE-PIECE AND TIE-ON EFFECTS



Dress 7616

Dress 7620  
Transfer Design No. 339

Dress 7522

Coat Suit 7632

**NO. 7616, MISSES' DRESS OR OVERDRESS WITH FOUNDATION SKIRT, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 50-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 40-inch figured material for sleeves. Width,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards. The foundation skirt used with overdress is lengthened by a circular flounce.**



7616



7620

**No. 7620, MISSES' DRESS IN TWO LENGTHS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44-inch material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 27-inch for collar. Width,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer No. 336 (10 cents).**

**No. 7522, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards 40-inch material, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 36-inch trimming. Width, 3 yards.**

**No. 7632, MISSES' COAT SUIT, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 yards 48-inch material;  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch for collar.**



7522



7632

No. 7642, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; LENGTHENED BY STRAIGHT PLEATED OR GATHERED FLOUNCE; IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents). Size 16 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch material,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flouncing, and  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards  $10\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flouncing. Width,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 6484, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS, STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 14 requires  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 40-inch material for waist,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 34-inch flouncing for skirt and 1 yard 15-inch flouncing for sleeves.



underbodice and foundation skirt. Width of foundation skirt,  $13\frac{1}{4}$  yards. This charming dress may be worn with or without a guimpe. The one-piece straight skirt, in shorter length, is attached in puffed effect to a one-piece foundation, or may hang free in longer length.

No. 7574, MISSES' GRECIAN DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; WAIST GATHERED OR DRAPED; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch material, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard same width material for underbody and short sleeves. Width of skirt, 3 yards. A simple and effective party gown for the very young girl is developed in figured crêpe de Chine and net. It may be worn with or without the sleeves.





**NO. 7644, GIRL'S DRESS, LENGTHENED BY STRAIGHT PLEATED OR GATHERED FLOUNCE. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—**Size 14 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard same width contrasting material for the collar. What better style than this to solve the aspirations of the big little girl for more grown-up frocks? This dress is just like mother's, except in its length. The sleeves of the dress are attached to a guimpe.



Dress 7644



Jumper Dress 7502



Middy Dress 7626



Coat Suit 7634



7626



7634

**NO. 7502, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE, DRESS TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD; TWO-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—**Size 12 requires 2 yards 45-inch material for skirt, jumper and pockets and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch material for guimpe, and trimming. Paisley is invading even the realm of children's clothes and makes effective trimming.

**NO. 7626, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS, STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—**Size 12 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch material for skirt and trimming and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch material for blouse. Two shades of linen are combined to make this attractive sports frock for the girl. Plain and striped galatea might also be used.

**NO. 7634, GIRL'S COAT SUIT, COAT WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE AND STRAPS. ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT WITH SUSPENDERS. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—**Size 14 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch contrasting for collar. All-important is the girl's spring suit, and the illustration shows an unusually up-to-date design which will be suitable for school or to wear shopping with mother.



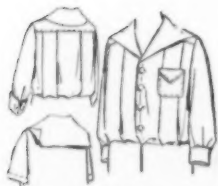
7644



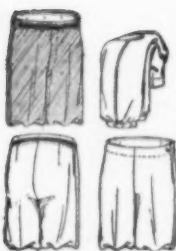
7502

# SUITS FOR VERY MANLY YOUNG MEN

For School or Playtime



7618



6330



7614



Blouse 7618  
Trousers 6330



Suit 7614



7630

Transfer Design No. 318



7624



7612

**NO. 7618, BOY'S BOX-PLEATED BLOUSE, TWO STYLES OF BACK.** PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 2 TO 10 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch striped madras, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. A boyish blouse is here illustrated with box pleats front and back. It is a pleasing variation from the plain blouses and is not difficult to make.

**NO. 6330, BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS, FRONT OR SIDE CLOSING.** PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 2 TO 14 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 8 requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 44-inch material. A well designed pattern for the small boy's trousers is a boon to the busy mother. Illustrated is a model which can be developed in serge, corduroy or khaki, which materials may be depended upon to render excellent service.

**NO. 7614, BOY'S BOX-PLEATED SUIT. TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE.** PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 2 TO 8 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44-inch heavy linen, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch white linen for the collar. Box-pleated suits in semi-Norfolk effect are all the rage for boys. They are made of serge for early spring, or linen if they are to be worn later.

**NO. 7630, CHILD'S DRESS.** PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 MONTHS TO 6 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch material and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 27-inch material for the contrasting trimming. With body and sleeve in one and a panel effect front and back this dress is unusual and easy to make. Transfer Design No. 318 for scallops on small view (10 cents). For other view see opposite page.



7646

## How To Get McCall Patterns

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to

### THE McCALL COMPANY

New York, N. Y.,  
McCall Building,  
236-246 West 37th St.

Chicago, Ill.  
418-424 So. 5th Ave.

Boston, Mass.,  
34-40 Chauncy Street.

San Francisco, Cal.  
140 Second Street.

Atlanta, Ga.,  
82 North Pryor Street.

Toronto, Canada,  
70 Bond Street.



7628

# SMALL GIRLS AND SMART CLOTHES

Showing Newest Designs

**NO. 7624,**  
CHILD'S EM-  
PIRE DRESS,  
STRAIGHT PLEATED  
SKIRT. PATTERN  
IN 5 SIZES; 2 TO 10  
YEARS (15 cents).  
—Size 8 requires  
 $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch  
material, and  $\frac{3}{8}$   
yard 27-inch ma-  
terial for contrast-  
ing collar, cuffs, and  
belt. In dainty  
lawn with contrast-  
ing trimming  
comes a little dress  
with an individual  
touch which will  
please a discrim-  
inating mother.

**No. 7646,**  
CHILD'S PLEATED  
COAT. PATTERN IN  
5 SIZES; 2 TO 10  
YEARS (15 cents).  
Size 8 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$   
yards 54-inch ma-  
terial, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard  
27-inch material  
for the collar. Serge  
is here combin-  
ed with silk  
poplin having a  
Paisley design, and  
together they  
make an unusual  
and stunning coat  
for the little girl.

**No. 7612, GIRL'S  
DRESS.** PATTERN  
IN 5 SIZES; 4 TO 12  
YEARS (15 cents).  
—Size 12 requires  
 $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 45-inch  
linen, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard  
contrasting linen  
the same width  
for the collar. The  
embroidery on the  
pockets and cuffs  
may be developed  
in colored mercer-  
ized cotton. Transfer  
Design  
No. 796 (10 cents)  
is used. The linen  
collar is machine  
hemstitched.

**No. 7628, GIRL'S  
DRESS; STRAIGHT,  
BOX - PLEATED  
SKIRT. PATTERN IN  
6 SIZES; 4 TO 14  
YEARS (15 cents).**  
Size 10 requires 3  
yards 36-inch ma-  
terial, and 1 yard  
27-inch for the  
collar and belt.  
With a yoke so  
deep that it is al-  
most a baby waist,  
this design is espe-  
cially becoming to  
girls.



For other views of models illustrated, see page 46



# DESCRIPTIONS OF PATTERNS

## Descriptions for page 32

**NO. 7640, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS, ONE-PIECE TUCKED SKIRT IN INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires 6½ yards 36-inch figured material, ¾ yard plain material, same width, for girdle and cuffs, and ½ yard 40-inch material for vest, collar and cuff tabs. Skirt's width, 2¾ yards. A model of unusual charm which is particularly well adapted to development in foulard, pongee or soft taffeta.

**NO. 7631, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE WITH GUIMPE. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material, ¾ yard 27-inch material for collar and ½ yard 18-inch material for the vest. A cleverly designed model for the new peplum overblouse is here illustrated. It is developed in pongee and trimmed with colored silk embroidery worked from Transfer Design No. 798 (10 cents).

**NO. 7271, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).**—Size 26 requires, for two-piece skirt, 38-inch length, 2¾ yards 44-inch material. At the lower edge the skirt's width is 2½ yards. The design for this skirt is simple but it is particularly smart in cut and line. It is plain across the front and slightly gathered at the back.

**NO. 7653, LADIES' CHEMISE DRESS, STRAIGHT LOWER SECTION, PLEATED OR GATHERED; ROUND OR SHORTER LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, shorter length, 2 yards 40-inch brocaded material, 2¾ yards 54-inch plain material, and ½ yard 36-inch material for the collar. The width around the lower edge of the gathered flounce is 3½ yards. Quite like the frocks of the middle ages is this dress, both in design and development.

## Descriptions for page 33

**COSTUME NOS. 7637-7635, medium size, requires 39-inch length, 5½ yards 36-inch brocaded taffeta, ¾ yard ribbon for straps and 2¼ yards 36-inch silk for the foundation.** With its simple bodice, and a skirt which is looped under, this dress has an air of distinction pleasing to the up-to-date woman. Many of the new evening gowns show skirts with this effect.

**NO. 7637, LADIES' BODICE. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires with sleeve bands and shoulder straps, 1¾ yards 36-inch material. This is an excellent model for the waist of an evening dress. In the small view is shown another style of sleeve which is also in the latest mode.

**NO. 7635, LADIES' ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT; LOWER EDGE ATTACHED TO ONE-PIECE FOUNDATION IN PUFFED EFFECT, IN 39-INCH LENGTH; OR HANGING FREE IN 42- OR 39-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (20 cents).**—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, 3¾ yards 36-inch material and 2¼ yards 36-inch lining for foundation skirt. Width of foundation, 1¾ yards and lower edge of skirt, 2¾ yards.

**NO. 7609, LADIES' DRESS, WITH OR WITHOUT SIDE DRAPERY, STRAIGHT SKIRT IN ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¼ yards 40-inch material, 2 yards 27-inch material for flowing sleeves and 4 yards 4-inch banding. The width at lower edge is 3½ yards. The skirt may be gathered, or pleated by hand or machine in one and one-half inch pleats. Satin, taffeta or crepe de Chine with chiffon sleeves would make a charming evening gown. The red shades are now greatly used.

**NO. 7559, LADIES' GRECIAN WAIST, BODY AND SLEEVE IN ONE. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).**—Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch chiffon, and 1¾ yards 3½-inch trimming. Since waists of absolute simplicity are the vogue, this design is particularly smart for the bodice of an evening dress, made entirely of Georgette or chiffon and combined with a skirt of soft satin or taffeta. Grecian effects are very up to date.

**NO. 7629, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, IN 38-INCH LENGTH, WITH LOOSE PANELS DRAPED UNDER LOWER EDGE OF SKIRT, OR IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH WITH PANELS HANGING FREE. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (20 cents).**—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires 5½ yards 40-inch material, and ½ yard 18-inch material for yoke. Width, 2½ yards. A new model with panels at either side, draped loosely and attached under the skirt.

## Descriptions for page 34

**NO. 7648, LADIES' BOX-PLEATED DRESS, STRAIGHT LOWER EDGE, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¾ yards 50-inch material, and 1¼ yards 27-inch material for collar and belt. Width at the lower edge is 3 yards. Independent of trimming, save small groups of buttons on the sleeves, this dress relies on its smart lines and stylish design to make its mark in the world. The box-pleated section hangs from a very deep yoke. Note the new cut of the sleeves.

**NO. 7591, LADIES' BLOUSE. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 45-inch figured material, and ¾ yard 36-inch plain material for the collar and facings. This smart design is exquisitely developed in printed chiffon cloth, trimmed with plain chiffon cloth. A gathered or pleated peplum, to be worn on the outside of the skirt, is an addition which may be made and will not detract from the style of this blouse.

**NO. 7619, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT; 42 OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (20 cents).** Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3¾ yards 50-inch material. The skirt measures 3 yards around the lower edge. Side panels and double belts which cross each other are features which make this skirt strictly up to date. A design of this type is suited to serge, gabardine, poplin, or satin. Transfer Design No. 797 used on small view (15 cents).

**NO. 7636, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS, WITH SIDE GORES, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¾ yards 45-inch linen, and ½ yard 45-inch contrasting for collar. The width is 3¾ yards. Belts of all descriptions are the rage. This model has two belts, one on either side, to hold the fulness within bounds. These belts are of the same material as the dress, which is developed in heavy linen. The shape of the collar and cuffs is distinctly new.

## Descriptions for page 35

**NO. 7654, LADIES' COAT, IN 43½-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 34 TO 36; MEDIUM, 38 TO 40; LARGE, 42 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).**—Medium size requires 4¼ yards 54-inch material, and 1¼ yards 36-inch material for collar, cuffs and facing. For the lining of the yoke, sleeves and cuffs, 2 yards of 36-inch material will be needed. One of the very fashionable spring-weight velours would develop this design into a stunning coat.

**NO. 7643, LADIES' BLOUSE DRESS, TWO-PIECE SKIRT ATTACHED TO YOKE FOUNDATION; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, 3¾ yards 36-inch plain material and 2¼ yards 45-inch striped material. Skirt's width, 2¾ yards. For early spring sports there is no design more practical and striking. Striped materials are very fashionable and are often to be seen combined with plain material. Materials with large dots are also considered good style.

**NO. 7655, LADIES' COAT SUIT, COAT IN 29½-INCH LENGTH, TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (20 cents).**—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, 4½ yards 54-inch material and 1¼ yards 36-inch material for the collar, facing and belt. Lower edge of skirt, 2½ yards. In Norfolk effect comes this new spring model. Tweed and serge are excellent materials for this design which combines style and service. Jersey cloth and rajah silk are also very fashionable for spring.

## NEW LINGERIE FOR SPRING



7652  
Transfer Design No. 577



7652

**No. 7120, LADIES' CORSET COVER.** PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (10 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards of 13-inch flouncing for the upper part and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 36-inch material for the lower part, with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yards edging and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards beading. An unusual design for a corset cover with embroidery flouncing reversed from the usual mode of using it.

**No. 7530, LADIES' OPEN OR CLOSED DRAWERS.** PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22 TO 36 WAIST (10 cents).—Size 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 28-inch flouncing. The drawer pattern, with a straight lower edge, suitable for developing in embroidered flouncing, is very practical as demonstrated in this design. Although embroidery is used, the model is also good for cambric or nainsook.



7120-7530



7120



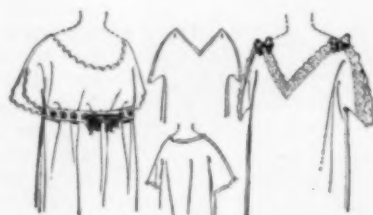
7530



7170  
Transfer Design No. 318

**No. 7170, LADIES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE.** PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 TO 34; MEDIUM, 36 TO 38; LARGE, 40 TO 42 BUST (10 cents).—Medium size requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch material and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yards beading. This charming chemise with V neck and Empire effect is extremely simple and practical for the woman desiring dainty lingerie. Transfer Design No. 318 (10 cents) for scallops.

**No. 7652, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE OR CAMISOLE.** PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 TO 34; MEDIUM, 36 TO 38; LARGE, 40 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Medium size requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch material and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard same width contrasting material for band. The delicate sprays of embroidery are worked from Transfer Design No. 577 (10 cents).



6955  
Transfer Design No. 632

**No. 6955, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE NIGHTGOWN.** PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 32 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch nainsook. This is a design which is particularly charming and comfortable for summer and may be made inexpressibly dainty by the addition of lace, ribbon or hand embroidery. The embroidery used is from Transfer Design No. 632 (10 cents). Batiste, dimity, nainsook and longcloth are materials which are most generally used for lingerie, but crêpe de Chine and even Georgette crêpe are also popular, daintily trimmed and hand embroidered.

**No. 7650, CHILD'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT OR BLOOMERS ATTACHED TO UNDERBODY.** PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 6 MONTHS TO 3 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 2 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch material and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards lace edging. This is an excellent garment for the very small child, made of nainsook, longcloth or dimity. Transfer No. 646 (10 cents).



7650  
Transfer Design No. 646

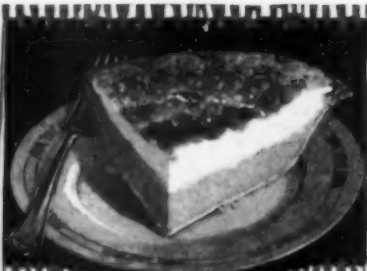


7650



6355

**No. 6355, LADIES' THREE-PIECE PETTICOAT IN TWO LENGTHS; HABIT OR GATHERED BACK, WITH OR WITHOUT CIRCULAR OR STRAIGHT GATHERED FLOUNCE.** PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 37-inch length,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch material and 5 yards of lace; for skirt with circular flounce, either length,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27-inch material; for skirt with straight flounce, 41-inch length,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 45-inch nainsook and 3 yards 18-inch embroidery flouncing. The skirt with straight flounce is 3 yards wide; with circular flounce,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards.



## Lemon Pie de Luxe

Compare the recipe (printed below) with yours and see which pie you like best. Get the family's verdict, too.

California *Sunkist* Lemons have most to do with the quality of this lemon pie.

## Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

In order to keep lemons most satisfactorily, leave the wrappers on the fruit. This prevents the air from shrinking the skin.

### Sunkist Lemon Pie

1 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup flour, pinch of salt, juice of one Sunkist lemon, grated rind, 3 egg yolks, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon butter. Mix sugar, flour and salt, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook until flour thickens, then add butter, egg yolks, rind and juice of one lemon.

Turn into a pieplate, or preferably a pan that is perforated or made of wire and lined with flaky pastry which has been baked until a golden brown. Make a meringue of three egg whites and add one half cup of powdered sugar, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, cover pie with meringue and bake in a moderate oven until brown. Allow to cool before serving.

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An illustrated book containing 200 Orange and Lemon recipes by authors of the famous Boston Cook Book sent without charge to housewives who answer this advertisement. Send for copy now, giving your dealer's name and address.

Also please state your greatest single use of lemons.

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A Co-operative, Non-Profit Organization  
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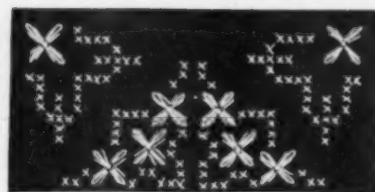
Dept. M40, Los Angeles, Cal.  
"Lemons for Usefulness"



# THE POPULAR FANCY-WORK

Designed by HELEN THOMAS

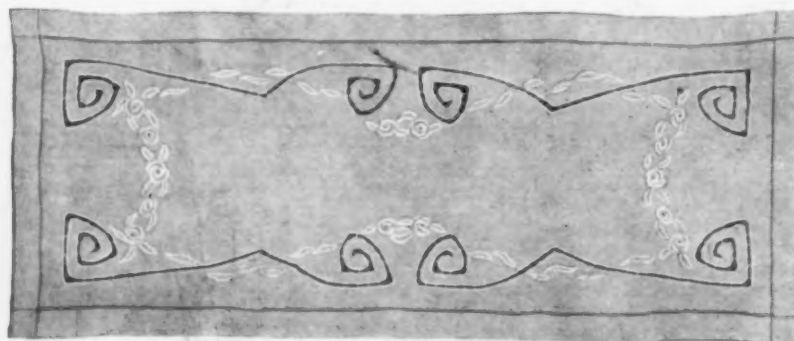
No. 799—Cross-Stitch Design for Motifs and Banding, suitable for Embroidering Dresses. This is a new style of embroidery, and may be worked in fine wool or chenille, medium-weight embroidery cotton, silk twist, or fine gold or silver thread. The flowers are worked by taking a long stitch over each line, and finished in the center with a French knot. The



799—CROSS-STITCH DESIGN FOR MOTIFS AND BANDING

No. 802—Paisley Design for Motifs and Banding. This is the latest idea for dress embroideries. It is exceptionally pretty worked in two colors, such as brown and green. It

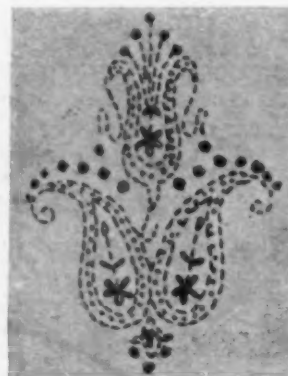
consists of 8 motifs, 6 3/4 inches high and 5 1/4 inches wide; and 3 yards of banding, 2 1/2 inches wide. The little circles should be filled solid in the satin-stitch; the flowers done in



800—DESIGN FOR SCARF OR TABLE-RUNNER

pattern includes 8 corners, a large and a small motif, and 3 yards of banding, 1 1/4 inches wide. Use a yellow pattern for stamping dark material. Transfer design, 15 cents.

No. 800—Design for Scarf or Table-Runner. Measures 39 1/2 by 13 inches. Simplicity of style marks this unusually handsome scarf, which should be worked in the satin-stitch and Venetian ladder-work, with a few eyelets, on white linen. Price, 15 cents. Makes a lovely dining-room set, when used with Centerpiece Design No. 769 and Doilies Design No. 770. Price, 10 cents each. Cotton is suitable to use.



802—PAISLEY DESIGN FOR MOTIFS AND BANDING

the lazy-daisy-stitch; the dots in seed-stitch; and the rest in either darning, outline-, or chain-stitch.

Full embroidery directions are provided with the pattern. Use a yellow transfer pattern for stamping dark material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 801—Design for Towel and Scarf-Ends (illustrated on page 51). Pattern contains 2 designs measuring 17 by 5 3/4 inches. Medallion measures 6 1/4 by 3 1/2 inches. In place of the filet, initials, 2 1/2 inches high may be substituted, stamped

from Transfer Design No. 394. Price, 10 cents. Filet pattern is given with this

[Concluded on page 51]



# THE POPULAR FANCY-WORK

[Continued from page 50]

design. Embroidery is done in the satin- and the eyelet-stitch. The transfer design is 15 cents.

No. 804—Design for Pillow and Table-Runner. This

design is worked in satin-stitch with cotton or silk. Pattern gives designs for stamping a pillow-top and both ends of a



801—DESIGN FOR TOWEL OR SCARF ENDS

A medium-weight embroidery cotton or silk floss is used, and the work is done in the satin-stitch, buttonhole, couching or outline. Price, 10 cents.

*Editor's Note.*—McCall Kaumagraph patterns can be transferred to material with a hot iron in less than a minute.

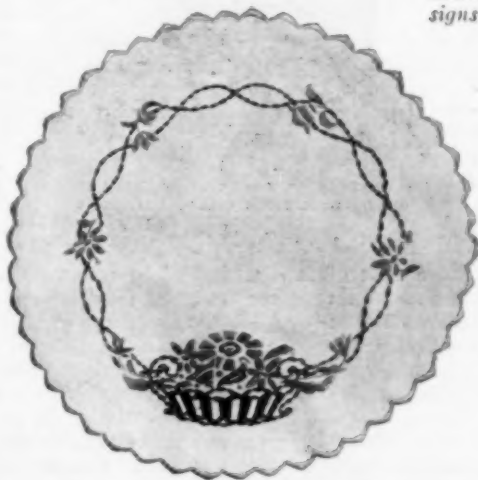
Obtained at McCall Pattern Agencies or postpaid from McCall Company on receipt of 10 or 15 cents. Stamped material not supplied. McCall's Book of Embroidery,



804—DESIGN FOR PILLOW AND TABLE-RUNNER

table-runner. The basket measures 8 inches wide, and 6½ inches high and matches design No. 803 for the Centerpiece. (Price, 10 cents each.)

No. 803—Design for 23½-Inch Centerpiece, in new conventional style. This makes a charming set used with Design No. 804. It is striking developed in natural colored linen with cotton, in rich contrasting colors. Basket is black. Full embroidery and color directions provided with pattern.



803—DESIGN FOR 23½-INCH CENTERPIECE

illustrating over 500 designs and containing lessons on embroidery stitches, includes free coupon good for any 10-cent McCall Kaumagraph transfer pattern; or with 5 cents extra, good for any 15-cent transfer pattern. Price in U. S., 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.



## Bachelor Breakfasts

Teach in a delightful way the time-saving convenience and strengthening value of Grape-Nuts.

A morning dish of Grape-Nuts with cream, as the cereal part of the meal (with perhaps some fruit and a cup of Instant Postum) contain all the elements for nourishment needed until lunch time.

Grape-Nuts — containing as it does all the rich nutriment of whole wheat and barley, including their vital mineral elements for perfect upkeep of body, brain and nerve — has often proved more sustaining than meals requiring more time and work to prepare. Wonderfully delicious!

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## Grape-Nuts

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# R&G CORSETS

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A new, splendid low bust model for the average figure. Daintily finished and just the corset you should buy for your new Spring gowns. Priced at \$3.00.

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## A COAT SUIT FOR SPRING

LESSON 73—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

TO be thinking of spring clothes while the March winds are howling around the chimney corners is not as unreasonable as it would seem at first. When you think about it, it is really an excellent plan to settle down to sew by a warm fireside, for before you know it, spring will burst upon you unawares and find you unprepared. A coat suit is one of the first items you ought to have ready for spring. After having spent the winter enveloped in heavy coats and dresses, the change to a light two-piece suit is just what most of us are longing for.

Now, isn't the model No. 7655 just your idea of what a smart spring suit should be? The coat is one of those becoming hip-length models with a deep yoke and box pleats front and back. The box pleats are not stitched but just pressed to position, and you will see, as you go along, how easy they are to handle. Then, the cuffs, pockets, and the large collar are just as up to date as possible. The coat is 29½ inches long, one of the most fashionable lengths for spring.

You can make the skirt in two or three pieces, as you prefer. Fig. 5 shows other views of the skirt. The two-piece style is plain across the front and has seams only at the sides. The back is slightly gathered and the attractive belt that goes with it gives it a lot of style. Fig. 1 shows the three-piece skirt. The pattern allows for 42- or 38-inch length without a hem, but you may, of course, vary this to suit yourself and your height. The correct length of skirts this spring is from four to six inches from the floor. They are longer than they were last season. This model measures 2½ yards around the lower edge.

**MATERIALS AND PATTERN.**—Size 36 requires for suit with three-piece skirt in 38-inch length, 6¼ yards of 36-inch material, and ¾ of a yard of 36-inch material for the collar and cuffs. The lining requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch silk. The pattern may be obtained in 5 sizes, from 34 to 42-inch bust measure. Price, 20 cents.

The suit illustrated in Fig. 1 is of rajah, one of the fashionable silks for suits

this year. It is to be had in a variety of colors—blue, green, rose, citron, gray, or oyster-white. If the suit is in one of these colors, white collar and cuffs may be worn. If the suit is white, collar and cuffs may be of any bright color in contrast.

If you want a suit of wool instead of silk, use dark blue serge, gabardine, broadcloth, whipcord, or one of the new novelty twills or knitted fabrics. The model is suitable for both wool and silk materials.

You will have no trouble in cutting out the material if the directions which the pattern envelope gives are carefully followed out. Study these directions before cutting, and as you cut each piece, be sure to mark the working perforations with tailor's tacks before you remove the pattern.

**THE LINING.**—Only the yokes and the sleeves of the coat need be lined with the main lining.

The collar, cuffs, pockets, and belt must be lined before they are sewed on. The lining for each of these pieces is cut just like the pattern. Stitch around the edges with right sides facing, leaving one edge free to turn right side out, and then press carefully. If the suit is of silk, use any lining silk for the lining; if of wool, use satin. Cut the lining for the sleeves

[Concluded on page 53]



FIG. 1—NO. 7655, COAT SUIT OF RAJAH SILK WITH CONTRASTING COLLAR AND CUFFS

# A COAT SUIT FOR SPRING

[Continued from page 52]

like the pattern and the pieces for the yoke according to the envelope directions.

**THE COAT.**—Make the box-pleated sections of the coat by creasing along the single crosses and bringing the creases to the single small circles. At the center back, the creases on each side will meet at the center. Baste the box pleats along the edges and press them with a thin piece of muslin over the material. In wool materials, use a dampened cloth and a rather hot iron. Do not remove the basting threads until the coat is completed and you have given it a final pressing.

Fold under the yokes at the lower edges, at the single circles, and lap edges over the box-pleated sections, with notches together and centers and edges even. Then stitch on the

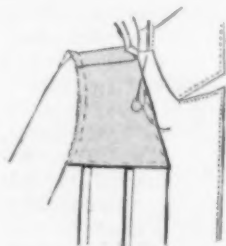


FIG. 3—SHOWING THE YOE LINING BASTED OVER FACING AND COLLAR

stitch along the outer edges (Figs. 3 and 4), leaving the neck-edge free for the collar to be sewed on. The facing may be lined with a soft piece of muslin. At the point where the yoke and the pleated sections are joined, make a tiny slash in the facing, so that from that point down, the free edge of the facing may be placed beneath the edge of the box pleat. Turn under or bind this edge of facing and tack under pleat. The yoke lining will be felled down over the upper part of the facing.

For sewing on the collar and the yoke lining (Fig. 3), line the collar and sew to the neck-edge with notches together; then fell the free edge of the facing over the seam. Over this the lining is basted and neatly felled.

Sew the pockets to the sides of the coat with lower edges even, side

edges along double small circles, and large circles toward the front. Turn up the lower edge of the coat  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch, bind, and stitch to position. Where the facing and the fronts make two thicknesses at the lower edge, each should be turned under separately and stitched together with the turned under edges on the inside and the folded ends exactly even.



FIG. 2—THE TOP OF THE SLEEVE LINING IS SEWED IN LAST OF ALL

**THE SLEEVES AND CUFFS.**—The sleeves are sewed in last of all. Line the cuff pieces and finish the edges with stitching as illustrated in Fig. 1. Arrange the two sections together with rounded end of straps lapped over the back edge of the cuffs, and the other end under the front

edge. Place the cuff on the upper side of the sleeve and sew the side edges in the seams that join the two sections of the sleeve. Sew up the sleeve lining separately; slip it into the sleeve, with opened seams facing; and hem the lower edges together. Small circles mark where the lower edge of the sleeve is to be turned under. Sew the sleeves into the armholes as directed on pattern envelope but leave the top of the lining free (Fig. 2). The lining is then pinned to position around the armhole and felled by hand.



FIG. 4—THE COAT FINISHED ON THE INSIDE

**THE SKIRT.**—In the three-piece skirt, the edge of the right front is folded under at the single small circles, lapped over left front and stitched  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch from folded edge below the single cross. In the two-piece skirt leave an opening at the left side for a placket. Gather the back gore and sew to inside belt.



FIG. 5—OTHER VIEWS OF NO. 7655

**Editor's Note.**—Write to Mrs. Whitney concerning any difficulty you may have in selecting designs or materials for your wardrobe, and she will be glad to assist you if you will enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for her reply.

## "Am I Really Fair to My Husband?"



Courtesy of McCall's Magazine

"Now that there is a way I can save half or more on all my clothes—now that I can easily learn at home in spare time to plan and make them myself at merely the cost of materials—am I fair to him if I don't do it? Just think how it would help us to cut the cost of living—how much we could save—how many other things we could have!"

This is the thought that has prompted thousands of women to mark and mail the coupon in this advertisement. Now they are taking real delight in their new accomplishment; they are better dressed than ever; they are enjoying comforts they never knew before; and the savings account is growing faster, because, through the simple and practical home-study courses in Dressmaking and Millinery offered by the

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Chicago - Toronto - London

## FOR YOUR EMBROIDERY NEEDLE

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

10608—Dressing Sacque. This charming and dainty garment is to be worked in French knots and buttonhole-embroidery. The design may be had stamped on linen-finished lawn or crêpe voile for 50 cents. Embroidery cotton, to work, costs 15 cents extra; embroidery silk, to work, costs 35 cents extra. Five yards of lace edging to be put under the scallops at the neck, sleeves, at the bottom, and up both front edges may be had for 45 cents extra. This finishing touch of lace is very effective; if one prefers, however, to leave the buttonholed edges untrimmed, the sacque is equally pretty. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. The material, embroidery cotton to work, and lace may be had free for five 50-cent subscriptions; or the material, with embroidery silk to work, and lace may be had free for six 50-cent subscriptions.

10608A—Breakfast cap to match Sacque No. 10608. The design stamped on linen-finished lawn or crêpe voile, including a sufficient amount of embroidery cotton to work, may be had for 25 cents. Embroidery silk, to work, and lace for the scalloped edging of the cap, may be had for 35 cents extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. The material for

the cap, including lace for edges, may be had free for three fifty-cent subscriptions. The entire combination of dressing sacque and breakfast cap, to match, in linen-finished lawn or crêpe voile, including a sufficient amount of embroidery silk, to work, and enough lace to trim the edges may be had for eight 50-cent subscriptions.

10612—Baby's Laundry Bag. Baby dresses, petticoats, and slips are usually so sheer and delicate in texture, that they should be sorted out from the family washing and given special care. To facilitate this, a separate laundry bag for the baby should be kept in the nursery. No. 10612 is an extremely ornamental one for this purpose, worked in French knots, and eyelet- and outline-embroidery. Stamped on white crash, it may be had for 35 cents.

Sufficient embroidery cotton to work is 15 cents extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. The entire outfit, including perforated pattern, embroidery cotton, and material, may be had free for three 50-cent subscriptions.

10610—Baby's Bib (illustrated on page 55). Embroidered bibs are nothing new, but this one has an especially simple yet attractive design. It is worked only



10608—DRESSING SACQUE  
10608A—BREAKFAST CAP TO MATCH SACQUE



10612—BABY'S LAUNDRY BAG

[Con. on page 55]

# FOR YOUR EMBROIDERY NEEDLE

[Continued from page 54]

in the outline-stitch. The design, stamped on linen huck or plain white linen, including a sufficient amount of embroidery cotton to work, and enough braid for the edges, may be had for 25 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. If perforated pattern is desired for stamping other material, it may be had with the rest of the outfit for two 50-cent subscriptions.

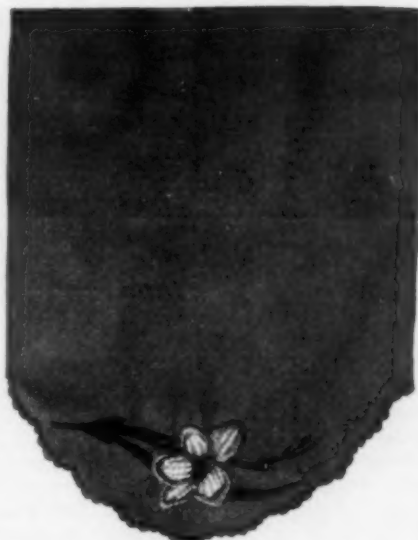
10611 — Baby's Booties. Embroidered booties in white or in colors for a baby outfit are becoming more popular than the crocheted varieties this year, and they may be made of any kind of material, to suit the season and the occasion. The pair, here illustrated, are worked in the solid- and the buttonhole-embroidery. The design stamped on piqué or mercerized poplin, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, may be had for 35 cents. A sufficient amount of embroidery silk, to work, may be had for 15 cents extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. The design stamped on cream-



10610—BABY'S BIB



10611—BABY'S BOOTIES



10609—HEAD-REST

white cashmere, including the cotton and the silk, may be had free for two 50-cent subscriptions.

10609 — Head-Rest. Something extremely novel and useful is a head-rest to throw over a fancy pillow or the back of a chair. The one shown here is a straight piece of linen, rounded and scalloped at one end. The design stamped on écreu linen, including a sufficient amount of embroidery cotton, to work, may be had for 35 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. All free for two 50-cent subscriptions.

*Editor's Note.*—Owing to the impossibility of importing foreign dyes into this country, on account of the war, we cannot guarantee fast colors in embroidery silks or cottons. New fancy-work book with lessons on stitches will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Perforated pattern of any article illustrated on page 54, or on this page, including full stamping directions, may be had for 10 cents, postage prepaid. Send check, money order, or stamps by mail to The McCall Company, McCall Building, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.



## Here's A GOOD Hot Water Bottle!

It's the "WEAREVER" No. 40: a very serviceable style! It has no seams to leak or bindings to come loose. It is moulded into one piece—not cemented together. Its rubber is strong and tough, and so durable that this bottle will stand the hardest kind of service for a long time. The Patented Neck Construction adds strength where many hot water bottles are weakest. "WEAREVER" No. 40 is made in six sizes, Nos. 00, 0, 1, 2, 3 and 4; has a smooth, sanitary surface, and is rich maroon in color. Sizes 00 and 0 are also made in blue color. There are various other styles of "WEAREVER" Hot Water Bottles. Ask your druggist to show them to you; also the other articles shown below. All Faultless "WEAREVER" Rubber Goods offer you exceptional value and the finest kind of service.

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## The Ideal Confection

They taste so good and *are* so good you should eat Dromedary Dates every day. Ideal for grown-ups and children—a food, a dainty, a confection.

## Dromedary Dates

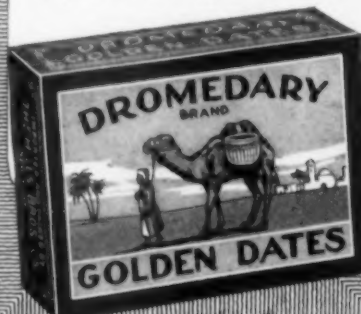
With Dromedary Dates you can make scores of appetizing dishes. Try these muffins for tomorrow's breakfast or lunch.

### —DROMEDARY DATE MUFFINS—

Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter with quarter cupful of sugar; add two well beaten eggs, then one cupful of milk, and two cupfuls of flour alternately, and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder (the flour and baking powder having been sifted together); beat thoroughly and add pinch of salt and one cupful of Dromedary Dates cut fine. Bake in a quick oven.

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# WOOD-CARVING IN THE HOME

By FRIEDA VAN EMDEN

**M**OST of us have visited, at some time or another, in reality or fancy, a little Dutch home, spick and span, and cheery with home-made comforts. We have seen there beautiful hand-carved chair backs, stools, and plate-and-spoon-racks, and marveled, perhaps, at the ingenuity with which the Dutch peasants have handled their tools.

Within the last few years, from the little town of Friesland in northern Holland, this simple art of wood-carving has been handed down to us, until now, like our Friesian sisters, we, too, can combine industry with recreation for the beautifying of our

carve them as perfectly as an expert. Of course, the beginner will not be able to work as skilfully as the Friesians on such hard wood as oak and other tough materials, but a soft gum wood, obtainable here, is ideal for the amateur wood-carver, and may be purchased for small cost at almost any dealer's.

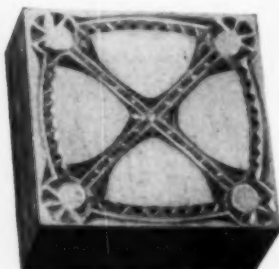
The entire kit of tools consists of two knives, a chisel and a slicer, and a practise-board on which are stamped a series of basic designs. The chisel is used for the actual carving—the downward movement—and the slicer for lifting out the carved pieces and leveling off ragged edges. On the



BOOK-HOLDER DESIGN



ATTRACTIVE TABOURET



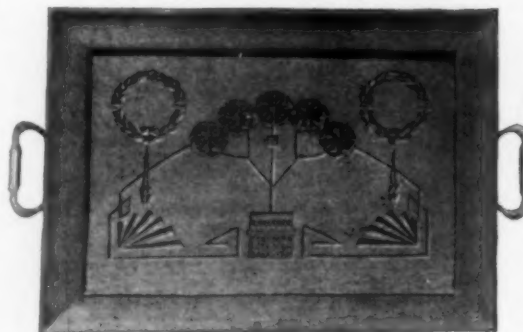
CARVED HANDKERCHIEF BOX



A UNIQUE FRAME

household articles. Trays of all kinds and shapes, tabourets, book-ends, boxes, and foot-stools lend themselves delightfully to such carved decorations, and make acceptable gifts for one's family or friends, at any season.

Probably, the strongest asset of this art of wood-carving is its simplicity. Even a child of ten can soon learn, from cutting out the geometric designs on the practise-board, to apply similar designs on the smooth surface of household articles, such as tie-racks or picture-frames, and



THE EVER-POPULAR TRAY

57). The practise-board shows only six different cuts, but if one learns to apply these designs in a multitude of ways, practically the entire art of carving is mastered. Two practise-boards may have to be used before skill is acquired.

[Concluded on page 57]



# WOOD-CARVING IN THE HOME

[Continued from page 56]

The easiest design to begin with, on the practise-board, is the simple triangle (Fig. 3). Supposing A to be the deepest point of the cut, hold the chisel vertically so that the point rests at A, along the line AB, and press downward steadily, without swerving from the marked line. Remove the chisel carefully, and lay it, next, along the line AC, again with the point at A. Press down firmly, as before, and with the slicer lift out the triangle, leveling it off at CB, and making it slope down to A. The piece should always lift out cleanly cut, never broken. If it doesn't do this, the chisel should be used again, this time pressed more deeply down.

The second row of designs on the board is equally simple. This time, two triangles are cut on a single base (Fig. 4) leaving a raised triangle between them. With two strokes of the slicer cut a little notch on each side of this raised triangle. Always make the first cut away from the projecting point of the triangle so that the wood will not break off.

The third form is the second doubled, so as to leave a raised diamond in the center (Fig. 5). This figure, because of its side incisions, is known as the forget-me-not.

In the fourth form (Fig. 6) no incision is made with the chisel from A to D, but only from A to C and from A to B. Then the point of the slicer is placed at C and guided to D, sloping down toward line AD. Turn the board and slice along line DB. The two inward strokes should meet on AD and the piece be lifted out with the slicer, clearly cut.

The fifth form (Fig. 7) is the hardest and, possibly, the most important one to master. The deepest point is in the center of the triangle at A. Three triangular cuts like those used in the previous exercises adjoin each other with A for common apex. The chisel is used on lines AB, AC, and AD, and the slicer is guided inward and downward from BD, DC, and CB.

All other designs on the practise-board are combinations of the first five forms, and with a little study can be easily worked out as the others. When one has become skilful in handling the tools, almost any household article can be designed and carved by tracing one or more of the practise-board forms on the smooth surface and chiseling and slicing, according to directions.

When an article is finished, it is a good idea to rub it down with yellow beeswax melted in turpentine, to bring out the grain of the wood. Large articles, however, such as tables, stands, and tabourets, look much handsomer if treated with an oak or mahogany stain to match the rest of the furniture.

Of the two stains, perhaps oak is the more satisfactory, as it is nearer the natural color of the gum wood. Acarved serving-tray, polished with this stain, and fitted with a glass top, which is quite the popular fashion this

year, makes an ideal gift for any season.

*Editor's Note.*—If you find that none of your local dealers carry the necessary tools for wood-carving, write us, and we will tell you where they can be secured.



FIG. 1—THE CHISEL SHOULD BE HELD VERTICALLY

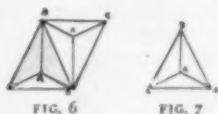
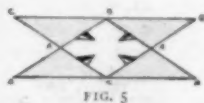
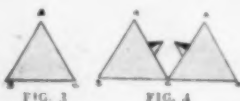


FIG. 2—CORRECT POSITION FOR HOLDING SLICER



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Rust-Proof  
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figures shape healthfully  
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# MATERNAL NURSING

## THE BABY WELFARE DEPARTMENT

By MARY L. READ, Director of the School of Mothercraft and Author of "The Mothercraft Manual"

THE vital value of maternal nursing both to the mother and the baby, make it a matter of primary importance to know how this service can be efficiently rendered by every mother. It has been found, through special studies made in France, in Germany, and in the United States, that about ninety-six mothers in every hundred could nurse their babies at least for a few weeks; and many mothers for nine to twelve months, when the necessary conditions of hygiene and technique are complied with. Too often, a mother has, through ignorance, given no attention to this matter until after the baby comes, and then difficulties that could have been prevented make nursing difficult or impossible.

Nursing ability requires strong, well-poised nerves, control of emotions and appetites, regular habits, wholesome blood, sound digestion, and normal condition of the special organs of nursing. These physical conditions and mental traits result only from natural, simple living and consistent discipline through many years. In a general way, therefore, conditions of living and habits of life, all through childhood and girlhood, are either fitting or unfitting the future mother for this work.

A woman whose training has been weak in any of these essentials must begin at once to correct her defects, as a most important preparation for maternal responsibilities. By outdoor life, deep breathing, increased sleep, avoidance of irritating stimulants, keeping the system free from clogging waste material, by systematic relaxation, and wholesome, peaceful thoughts, she can cultivate well-poised nerves. By these same measures, with intelligent bathing and exercise, and simple, wholesome food, she can improve digestion and the quality of the blood supply. Self-control and regularity in daily living come only through self-discipline. Anatomical defects that would interfere with nursing are rare. Clothing that is not amply loose about the waist and chest, or that is too heating over the bust, interferes with circulation and development. To make nursing at the outset easy for the baby and comfortable for the mother, special simple

daily treatment is necessary for the last few months before the baby comes. There is nothing else the mother can do by way of prenatal preparation, but for most mothers the foregoing will itself be a very ample prescription.

In some mysterious way the milk is distilled from the blood by the nursing glands. To keep up their work, these glands must be stimulated by regular use and by complete, regular exhaustion of their supply. This is why it is so important that the baby should be nursed within from six to twelve hours after birth, and that nursing should follow a regular schedule

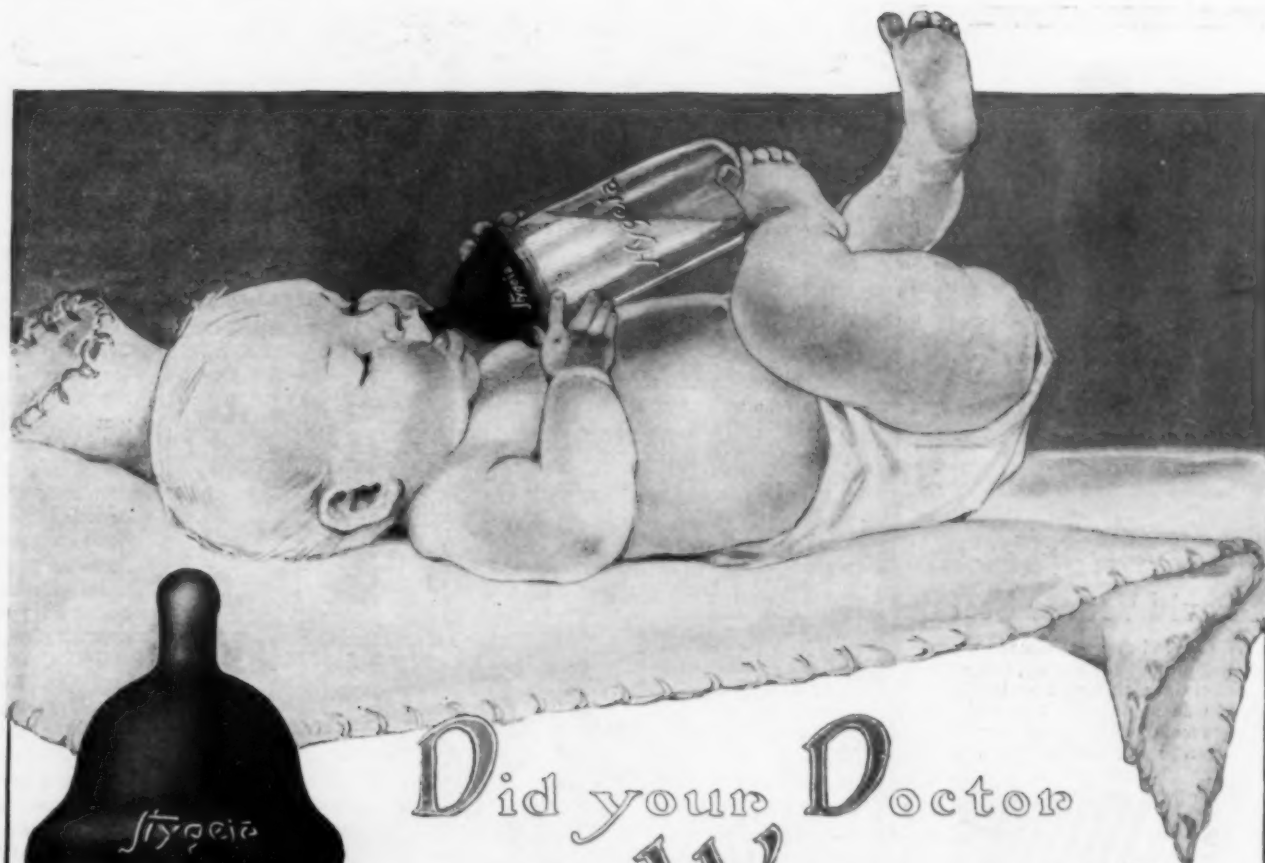


FIRST STAGE IN  
VOCAL TRAINING

of hours. Even when the supply is scant or apparently lacking, the effort should be continued for about ten days, as Nature sometimes responds to persistent efforts. The secretions for the first few days are not food but a mild laxative. During this time, and indeed all through the year, the baby needs to be given cool, boiled, unsweetened water several times during the day, between feeding times. If the baby is unwilling to nurse, he should be given opportunity at the regular intervals until he is hungry enough to work for his food; he will not suffer from fasting, even for several days, provided he is given water every few hours. For a feeble baby, or one with defective lips, the milk should be withdrawn with sterilized fingers or a sterilized breast-pump, and fed through a sterilized medicine dropper or spoon. If the mother suffers from local cracks or soreness, a sterilized shield of rubber and glass should be used. If at any time it is for some reason impossible or inadvisable for the baby to nurse on one occasion or for several days, the milk should be withdrawn as directed, at the regular nursing time. Otherwise, the glands are likely to discontinue their work, and the supply will cease.

To promote a sufficient supply, the nursing mother must continue the program of outdoor life, simple, wholesome food, freedom from bodily poisons, and

[Continued on page 60]



## Did your Doctor Warn you?

In every hospital in the land, in every private confinement, the nurse or doctor should say something like this to every new mother:

Baby's life hangs upon his food-supply. Without question, breast feeding is best. But where that is impossible or where the mother can supply only part of the feeding, as well as in emergencies that may occur at any time, a bottle is the only resource.

Remember, never once should a bottle with a neck be used, because a bottle with a neck is more liable to be unsanitary, unsafe. In sterilizing, the neck prevents a free circulation of boiling water and it needs swabbing inside with a brush—and then the brush in itself becomes another likely source of danger. Mother's most loving care can not guarantee that the bottle is *surgically clean at every feeding*. In fact, not one word can be said in favor of the necked nurser—unless you are willing to put baby's life up against

the few pennies difference in cost between it and the perfectly safe, sanitary Hygeia Nursing Bottle.

The Hygeia is the invention of a physician who nearly lost his own precious baby through the use of a bottle with the neck. The Hygeia is open like a tumbler and as easily cleaned. A servant can be trusted with the task. To protect the contents while in the ice-box, snap one of our air-tight "covers" across the top of the cell after filling. The broad, *non-collapsible* rubber breast is nearest to mother's nursing. The Hygeia is ideal from every standpoint.

Every bottle-baby in the land from the home of the millionaire down to the poorest tenement, should have the advantages of the Hygeia.

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Be sure the name *Hygeia* is on every part of the nursing outfit you purchase—on *box, breast and bottle*. Looks may deceive, and with an imitation Hygeia breast there is special danger due to inferior rubber.

The *Hygeia* is **SAFE** in every part.

Ask For  
**Hygeia** Nursing  
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See Your Seams with Collingsbourne's Byssine.

# MATERNAL NURSING

[Continued from page 58]

the cultivation of a quiet mind, self-control, and regularity of living.

For milk of the requisite composition and quality, the necessary ingredients must be supplied in the mother's food. The additional amount of food required is not large, but it must include minerals (especially lime, phosphorus, and iron), a small quantity of easily-assimilated protein for growth, a little of fat and sugars or starch for energy, some laxative elements, and a minimum of poisonous waste. The additional liquid required daily is about a pint the first week, gradually increasing to a quart, at five months, with about two additional ounces for each month thereafter.

The best foods for the nursing mother are milk, ground cereals well cooked, vegetables (baked, steamed, or served with the liquid in which they are cooked), fruits, eggs, butter, cheese, nuts, and cocoa. The desirable daily quart of milk need not be taken only in its simple form; it may be served in cocoa, broths, custards, or other simply cooked (unboiled) forms. Tea and coffee are detrimental, while cocoa, cereal coffee, and fruit juices are beneficial. Meat is not necessary, its value in the diet being better supplied in milk, cereals, and vegetables; it should be used sparingly because of its toxic waste products. Any food that is very rich, irritating, or difficult for the mother's digestion is likely to disturb the baby's digestion. The prejudice against fruits, vegetables, or fish for the nursing mother is without foundation. Any food that, in an individual case, seems to interfere with the digestion of the mother or the baby should not be further experimented with in that particular case.

Any drugs taken by the mother are likely to be distilled into the milk and

thus imparted to the baby. Therefore, no medicines should be taken by the mother, except at the doctor's direction. There are no drugs that will appreciably increase the quantity of milk. Alcohol taken by the mother would be given to

the baby in the milk, and would be especially harmful to his digestive system. Even beer and malt liquors are harmful, for, although they contain but a small quantity of alcohol, they disturb digestion and cause a deposit of unhealthy fat in the mother; they do not increase the quantity of the milk supply more than would a well-selected diet, and they impoverish the quality, by displacing the quantity of wholesome food.



FRESH AND SWEET FROM HIS NAP

The nursing mother must guard against constipation, as this condition in herself will produce the same condition in the baby. This condition should not be treated by drugs, but by hygiene and diet.

Great emotional disturbances in the mother (such as fear, worry, grief, anger, hatred, great fatigue or excitement) produce poisons in the blood that are conveyed in the milk. These poisons may cause indigestion and very serious illness in the baby. If a mother has given way to any of these, she should not nurse her baby for twenty-four hours, but the baby should be given barley water, and the milk should be withdrawn as previously directed. If the mother has an attack of sore throat, indigestion, or a cold, or sudden fever, nursing should be interrupted until the symptoms disappear. In case of serious illness, such as pneumonia, the advice of a physician, preferably an infant specialist, should be followed. When nursing must be interrupted for more than a day, the simplest substitute is

[Concluded on page 69]

We asked 9 Domestic Science Schools  
this question:

Between *soap* and *washing powder*—which do you find the quicker for washing *greasy* dishes?

We explained that by washing powder we meant a product like Gold Dust.

We were impartial in asking the question, because in addition to Gold Dust—we make such well known soaps as Santa Claus Soap, Sunny Monday Soap and others.

The nine Domestic Science Schools who gave us their opinions are located from New England to the Pacific Coast. The professors sending the answers are all women. They are recognized authorities on the quickest and most efficient ways to do woman's work in the home.



### THE ANSWERS:

*From School No. 1* "Washing powder removes grease from dishes more quickly than soap."

*From School No. 2* "The washing powder is quicker. It unites with the grease and forms soap."

*From School No. 3* "Washing powder is quicker for greasy dishes."

*From School No. 4* "If a dish is not wiped or scraped, probably the washing powder will clean more quickly."

*From School No. 5* "For greasy dishes I feel that washing powder is best—its reaction on grease is much quicker."

*From School No. 6* "The time element is difficult to standardize. When powder is used, a stronger application is more usual, and therefore possibly occupies less time."

*From School No. 7* "Soap." (The only one of the nine who preferred soap.)

*From School No. 8* "I prefer washing powder for any dishes in which fatty foods have been cooked."

*From School No. 9* "Powder works more quickly with very greasy dishes."

We suggest that you order a 5c package or larger package of Gold Dust from your grocer and see how much dishwashing time it saves for *you*. Be sure it's *Gold Dust*. There is no other product quite like Gold Dust—a tablespoonful is all you need to the dishpan of water.

# GOLD DUST

## The Busy Cleaner

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THE ESMOND MILLS, Dept. C, Esmond, Rhode Island



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# THE UP-TO-DATE TRAVELER

WHAT PRISCILLA LEARNED AT BOARDING-SCHOOL

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE



AS spring approached, at Miss Standish's school in Washington, Priscilla Blair made her plans to go home alone for the Easter vacation. The trip meant a journey by rail for a day and a half and one night on the sleeper; but though Priscilla had never traveled alone before, she had no misgivings.

"I am sure my mother wouldn't let me take that long trip alone," said one of the day pupils to her. "I don't believe it is considered quite correct for a girl of our ages to go traveling alone anyway."

"If it isn't," answered Priscilla, who wasn't vexed at all by the remark, "Miss Osborn will know. Let's ask her." And as the class in social dramatics—which was what the course in good conduct was called at Miss Standish's school—occurred that very morning, the two girls did not have very long to wait before they received Miss Osborn's advice.

"Although it is not always the pleasantest thing in the world for a girl to travel alone," said Miss Osborn to the girls when her class met, "there is nothing incorrect in her doing so when it is necessary. As two of you girls have asked me about this, I shall spend the hour this morning in a discussion of travel etiquette."

"Miss Standish has always been willing to have the big girls in the school travel alone, provided they were sensible and were going to be properly met at home, and never has any girl been at all embarrassed as a result of this liberty. If possible a girl should be accompanied. If no member of her family can take the trip with her, it is sometimes possible to arrange to come or go with a friend of the family. Sometimes two girls can plan to go together. But if this is out of the question, the girl may travel alone. Perhaps it is a little odd that it would be quite correct for a girl to spend a night alone in the sleeper, whereas it would not be proper for her to spend a night alone at a large hotel.

"But there are two ways of traveling. One makes it possible for a girl to go the

width and length of the country alone and unannoyed, and the other would expose her to discourtesy and, perhaps, ridicule, from the start. For example, let's suppose that Priscilla is going home for Easter, as I really believe she is. To begin with, she will dress the part of the traveler. That is, she will wear a dark simple street suit and a plain hat. She will perhaps have a heavy coat and a small hand-bag with her. She will avoid a conspicuous abundance of luggage, candy boxes, and flowers, and if she is traveling alone, she will not think of wearing a bunch of violets or orchids, no matter how much she may wish to.

"On entering a railroad station, it is usual to let the railroad porter, if you are not accompanied by your own chauffeur or driver, take your bag to the train, and it is usual to tip him at the rate of ten cents for a piece of luggage. For instance, if he carries a suitcase and a hand-bag, he should be tipped twenty cents, whereas if he were carrying only the bag, ten cents is enough. Ordinarily, any unnecessary luggage should be checked through, on the ticket.

WELL, suppose Priscilla has boarded the train, and found her chair or section. What then? I should say the keynote of traveling correctly is contained in two words—repose and reserve. The ill-bred traveler fusses and fidgets from the beginning of the journey to the end. She takes off her hat and lounges back in her seat, gets innumerable drinks of water, opens and closes the window, takes out a box of candy, smelling salts, and pill bottles, plays solitaire and reads novels, hails every candy or magazine vendor that passes and in general tires herself out and attracts every other traveler's gaze before she has been on the road for two hours.

"The careful traveler," continued Miss Osborn, "does not indulge in eating between meals. She will feel much better and appear much better if she does not munch candies. If she wishes to read,

[Continued on page 63]



## THE UP-TO-DATE TRAVELER

[Continued from page 62]

she brings an interesting book or magazine with her in her bag, but she gets along without the puzzles and the solitaire and the needlework. Sometimes an inconspicuous piece of knitting or crocheting can be worked without attracting attention, but when a girl does this, she should take care not to spread the skeins of wool around to attract people's attention.

PRISCILLA, being well-bred and sensible, will avoid taking day naps and she should never spread about her seat, allowing her hair to become mussed up and her clothes wrinkled and disarranged. We will assume that Priscilla is riding in a so-called parlor-car and that she takes her meals in the dining-car. When Priscilla wishes to go to the dining-car, she takes pains to put all books, and various other possessions in her bag. Her purse and any other valuables she carries with her. She takes a seat in the dining-car and orders what she wishes. Of course, if she is traveling only a short distance, there may be only a buffet service, in which case, she does not leave her day coach, but has whatever she wishes brought to her seat and served at a little folding table. The tip in either case should be ten per cent., or slightly more of the entire bill.

"When night comes, Priscilla should retire fairly early. Before retiring, while the porter is making up her berth, she should go to the dressing-room with her traveling bag, and make any necessary preparations for bed. Where two women are traveling together, or where an older woman travels a great deal, it is most convenient to have a dark, heavy dressing-gown to wear in returning from the dressing-room. But I think Priscilla will find it best to remove her blouse and suit in the dressing-room, wash, arrange her hair in a neat coil, replace her blouse and suit, and return quickly to her berth. Once inside, she should feel perfectly secure, as it is the business of the conductor and porter of the sleeping-car to protect the passengers.

"In the morning, Priscilla will dress hastily in her suit and blouse and go thus to the dressing-room where she will complete her dressing. Before leaving the berth, she should collect all her belongings and place them in her bag so she will not have to get back in the berth after she is dressed.

"Personally, I advise Priscilla not to make any acquaintances on the road. I know it is hard to be silent, but I think it is the safest plan. A young woman who filled the position of Travelers' Aid in one of the big city terminals, once told

[Concluded on page 67]

**SOMETHING NEW—**  
a complete  
**Electric  
Sewing  
Machine**



—no larger than a typewriter  
—can be carried from room to room  
—guaranteed 10 years

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Only**

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## Western Electric Portable Sewing Machine

In designing this wonderfully compact machine every disadvantage of the old-fashioned sewing machine was thrown aside. You don't have to pedal it—a pressure on the foot control starts the motor, regulates the speed and stops motor instantly. You can sew all day without tiring—and at a cost of about one-half cent an hour for current.

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If your lighting company, electrical dealer or department store cannot show you this wonderful machine, send coupon to nearest office.

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Please send me Booklet  
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## Rapid Fireless Cooker

I want you to know how little the High Cost of Living will affect you if you install one of my **RAPID FIRELESS COOKERS**. If you act quickly enough you can take advantage of

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I do everything I can to help you cut down your living expenses. You always make a big saving in getting one of the **RAPID FIRELESS COOKERS**, because you buy direct from my factory. My special offer goes this one better, but you will have to act right away. The cost of materials has soared so high and so great has been the demand for my cookers that I can continue this offer for a short time only.

Every part of the Interior of My Rapid Fireless Cooker Made of Pure Aluminum—the Famous "Wear-Ever" Brand—Complete Outfit Genuine Aluminum Cooking Utensils with Every Rapid.

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It contains one hundred and fifty tested recipes, every one of which delivers a blow to high living cost. It discloses the secrets of preparing the most inexpensive meats, fowl and vegetables with a **RAPID FIRELESS COOKER** in such a way that they are more delicious and nourishing than the highest priced viands under the old fashioned red-hot stove conditions.

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When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

## FOOD FOR THE ADOLESCENT

By ISOBEL BRANDS

**T**HERE was a time, so we learn from history and novels, when to be pallid and ill was the popular pose of a young girl. Recall the many heroines of the early nineteenth century who "fell into a swoon," or whose appetites were "like a bird's." Elaine, Queechy, and Amelia Sedley in Thackeray's *Becky Sharp* spent

In the plastic years, between the ages fourteen and twenty, every growing child needs wholesome food and plenty of exercise. Habits at this time can make or break one's health for life. Of the two, the girl is more susceptible than the boy to unwise living—late hours, little exercise, and wrong food. She is inclined to

### MENUS FOR THE ADOLESCENT

#### BREAKFAST

Banana  
Oatmeal and Top  
Milk  
Buttered Toast  
Cereal Coffee

Stewed Prunes  
Shirred Eggs  
French Toast  
Cocoa

Apple-Sauce  
Uncooked Cereal  
Dropped Egg on  
Toast  
Banana Coffee

#### LUNCHEON

Potato Soup and  
Rusks  
Cheese Sandwich  
Date Pudding

Graham Bread  
Creamed Dried  
Beef  
Stewed Rhubarb  
Gingerbread

Spaghetti with To-  
mato and Cheese  
Lettuce Salad  
Ginger Pudding

#### DINNER OR SUPPER (AT NIGHT)

Hamburg Steak  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Spinach  
Lettuce Salad with  
Oil Dressing  
Lemon Gelatine

Cheese Soufflé  
Baked Potato  
Tomato and  
Cress Salad  
Creamed Onions  
Slice of Maple  
Cake

Broiled White Fish  
Mashed Potato  
Carrots, White  
Turnips  
Orange-, Radish-,  
or Cucumber  
Salad  
Cottage Pudding  
with Hard Sauce

their lives in one long "swooning illness," and were, despite this, looked upon as absolutely normal, because, in those days, feminine and fragile were synonymous words.

To-day, quite the opposite viewpoint is held. To be successful, one must be healthy. We glory in the young woman who can swim and ride, and partake in every outdoor sport. If she is frail, no matter what her station in life may be, she is ruthlessly side-tracked from the rank and file of successful workers. Usually, invalidism among the young people, to-day, is the result of ignorant neglect on the part of their parents, when these same young people were passing through the adolescent period.

put social functions before outdoor sports, and to prefer fudge and rich cakes to substantial muscle- and bone-building foods. If she is allowed to indulge in these things, she will have no means of creating or sustaining the energy needed by her to carry on school studies. Even for the strongest girl, under twenty, the steady grind of work, mental or physical, is nerve-wearing. Energy is being consumed faster than it is supplied unless the right foods are eaten, and even then, sometimes, she may need more food to grow on than she can assimilate.

In such a case, the only step to take is to lessen some of her activities, cut down the dancing, the hops, class parties, and

[Continued on page 65]



## FOOD FOR THE ADOLESCENT

[Continued from page 64]

outside interests, and even lessons, if they are using up her reserve energy, and let the body have as much rest as possible. Remember, through her teens, the adolescent girl has her full height to attain, and also the muscle and fat necessary to give her the roundness and contour of the woman. All too frequently with the school-girl there is not enough nourishment taken to fulfil both ends, and the result is the anaemic, flat-chested appearance, or the nervous break-down so common during adolescence.

**DURING** this period, too, a girl's appetite is likely to be "finicky." Sometimes, she must be coaxed to take the proper amount of nourishment. She should never be allowed to carry out the "no breakfast" idea. She should be made to take something, if only egg-nog and crackers. If her digestion is really delicate, at all times her meals should be dainty, and as varied as possible. Even a new kind of bread, or a vegetable served in a different way, or a novel garnish will make ordinary food seem appetizing.

She will need a large amount of protein—eggs, milk and white meat—to make body tissue, and, at the same time, a big portion of fats, also, which are best taken, at this age in the form of butter and olive or peanut oil instead of gravies and fried foods. Starchy foods are good for creating energy, but they should be served in the most digestible forms. For instance, a cream-of-corn soup will be preferable to a corn-starch pudding with a sweet sauce, just as plain olive oil on a green salad will be better than the same amount of fat given in the form of croquettes or pastry.

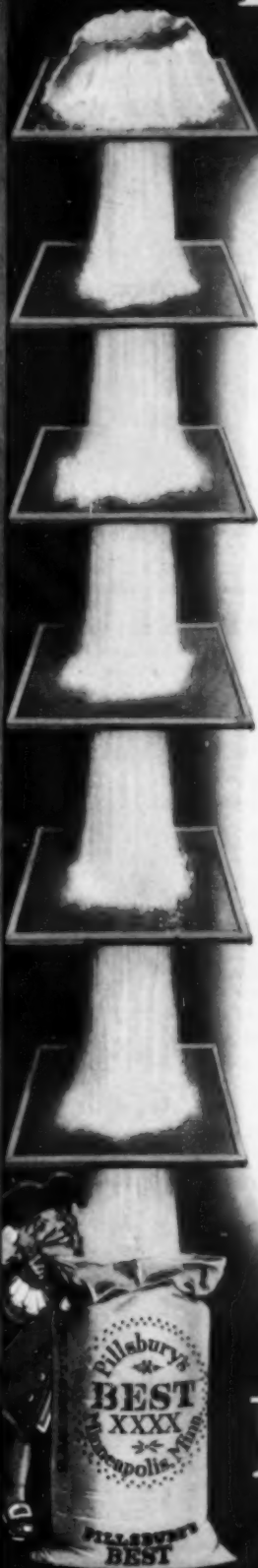
Watery vegetables and fruits should be generously indulged in, because of their valuable mineral salts, especially iron, which purifies the blood and forms bone. Of the vegetables, spinach is the best purifier. Fruits and bulk vegetables will tend to ward off constipation and general clogging of the alimentary canal, which is more serious, at this time, than later on, because it is in these formative years that habits are formed which will later insure health or invalidism.

If the girl of 14 to 20 is still at school, she should take from home each day a well prepared luncheon, supplemented, if possible, by a hot drink carried in a vacuum bottle. Many schools are now seeing to it that hot luncheons are served to pupils at low cost. Many business firms, too, are installing lunch-rooms for their employees. They find that right feeding promotes efficiency in work.

If the girl comes home from school, in the middle of the afternoon, she should

[Concluded on page 66]

# Flour Facts



Every particle of Pillsbury's Best flour is purified by being sifted through beautiful, white, silk bolting-cloth, costing \$5 per yard, so fine and closely woven as to make such a process seem almost impossible.

Grinding and sifting; re-grinding and sifting again and again through finer and finer, soft, silk cloths insures the purity and uniformity of this purest flour.

Few people know of this wonderfully delicate process employed to avoid impurities in Pillsbury's Best flour.

This is a fact worth remembering—

*Because*  
**Pillsbury's**  
**Best**





### "Just Look What's Coming!"

This time it is Nan's party. It is easy to guess "what's coming," for only two things—Jell-O and ice cream—are popular enough with the young folks to produce such evidence of approval as Nan's guests exhibit.

In homes of wealth and culture, where the children's diet is carefully selected, and in homes where mothers with equal care prepare the food for the whole family, the favorite dainty for the young folks is

## JELL-O

There seems to be nothing else that so completely fills every requirement of a perfect dessert for children and grown-ups alike as Jell-O does.

It can be made into a surprisingly great variety of forms for dinners, luncheons and afternoon teas. The most bewitching things which Jell-O "demonstrators" show in their exhibits at food shows and the department stores can be made in perfection by any housewife—even by the young bride who cannot cook.

The new Jell-O Book, just out, describes new Jell-O salads, "whips," knickknacks and dainties of almost unlimited variety. Recipes for every-day salads and desserts are given first place in it, and particularly the new things in fruity Jell-O desserts. A copy will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

Jell-O is put up in seven flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each 10 cents at any grocer's or any general store.

The flavors are pure fruit flavors, of course, and the full strength of the flavors is preserved by the air-tight waxed-paper "Safety Bags" enclosing Jell-O inside the cartons.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,  
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

**10¢**  
a package



## FOOD FOR THE ADOLESCENT

[Continued from page 65]

have a hot drink of milk or cocoa. If she is a very slender girl, the same should be taken each night, before retiring. If her digestion is very poor, she will benefit generally by smaller meals taken more often.

What she should always forego eating are the sweets and sugar starches. Unfortunately, it is fudge and French pastry that she "just loves." The wise mother, knowing that the adolescent girl does not need as much sweet as the young child, should try gradually to cultivate in her a taste for wholesome foods.

It is admitted that one reason why women have not been as resistant to disease as men is because they have not eaten, in their formative years, as much plain, strengthening food. We hardly ever see a boy sit down at a table and order a chocolate éclair and cocoa with whipped cream. He would be more likely to choose ham and eggs, or soup, or even such coarse food as cabbage and dump-lings.

"Nerves," which so many young girls acquire from over-indulgence in sweet and unstable food "fripperies," are really the result of mal- or under-nutrition. For them, there are but two remedies—out-door exercise and plenty of wholesome food. What the growing girl most needs is plain food, with emphasis on protein and starches. If she follows out this diet, with plenty of bulk vegetables and raw fruits, and as few stimulants and as little sugar as is possible, there is no reason why correct eating habits should not be successfully instilled into her early enough to lay the corner-stone for that glorious, nerveless womanhood which is her rightful inheritance.

*Editor's Note.*—If you are interested in getting up the proper kind of balanced meals for your family, we will gladly send you a list of the common foods, giving the amount and kind of nourishment each contains if you will enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

## A VACUUM-CLEANER HINT

By A CONTRIBUTOR

THE vacuum-cleaner, in its idle moments, can be used for drying the hair after a shampoo. A very good drying fan may be improvised by removing the dust-bag from your electric vacuum-cleaner, and setting the machine over a hot-air register. When the current is turned on, the air will be forced through the opening made by the removal of the dust-bag, causing a warm current which will dry the hair very quickly.

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Two Envelopes for each. Postpaid.  
100 Engraved Calling Cards, \$1.00.  
Birth Announcements, \$2.00. Write for samples and forms. Royal Engraving Co. 814-M Walnut St., Phila., Pa.



## THE UP-TO-DATE TRAVELER

[Continued from page 63]

me that the most dangerous persons to deal with when traveling were those who looked the most harmless. If you wish to receive any information or help, ask the conductor or the porter, and do not talk unnecessarily with any of your fellow passengers.

"It would be quite different," Miss Osborn went on to explain, "if Priscilla were traveling with an older woman. However, if the trip is limited to a day or less, persons who travel a good deal would not presume to speak to strangers. It is only on long trans-continental trips that one becomes acquainted with fellow passengers.

"Now there are some little points about short trips that I want to give you, too," went on Miss Osborn. "Here, as in longer traveling, repose and reserve are the keynotes. Sometimes when you are taking a short trip, notice the exact repose with which the woman of obvious good-breeding who seems accustomed to travel carries herself. She is neatly veiled and she simply raises the veil to read. She does not take off her gloves and yet she seems perfectly comfortable. To her the trip seems much shorter than to the woman who fusses and fidgets from beginning to end. If you are taking a fairly short trip, and do not want to patronize the dining-car, it is perfectly correct to partake of a basket lunch; but you should make a regular meal out of it. You should eat at a certain time, open the box, and eat leisurely till you have finished. Then clear away the remains and dispose of them in a neat bundle, which the porter will take for you, or which you may leave on the floor of your section.

"If you are traveling in a day-coach, remember that you are entitled to but half a section. Do not try to keep the double seat by spreading your coat and luggage over it. And one last caution," as the gong sounded at the end of the hour, "be sure that you are extremely considerate regarding windows. Never open one without first asking the permission of the passenger next you, who might feel the air unpleasantly. Courtesy should be always uppermost in your minds, for by it you are judged; and in proportion to the amount of it you show your neighbor, will you, in turn, receive consideration from him. As for a list of special rules, covering the small things, you will find them on the blackboard tomorrow morning if you want to copy them off."

*Editor's Note.—These special rules, Mrs. Duffee will be glad to send you, also, if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. Address Mrs. Duffee, care of the Magazine.*



## The Discovery of Puffed Grains Brought Ideal Foods to Millions

Prof. A. P. Anderson, when he found a way to puff wheat, gave children a better wheat food than they ever had before.

Every expert knew that whole wheat was desirable. It is rich in elements lacking in flour. And rarely a child got enough of them.

But whole wheat, for its purpose, must be wholly digestible. That is the problem Prof. Anderson solved when he discovered this way to explode it.

### He Bubbled the Grains

He sealed up the kernels in guns, and applied a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns, and out came the kernels puffed to eight times normal size.

What happened was this: Inside each food cell a trifle of moisture was changed to steam. When the guns were shot, a hundred million explosions occurred inside each kernel.

Every food cell was blasted, so digestion could act. Thus every element was made available, and every atom fed.

And the grains were made into food confections, flaky, toasted, airy, crisp. So these hygienic foods became the most delightful foods you know.

**Puffed  
Wheat**

**Puffed  
Rice**

**and Corn Puffs**

**Each 15c Except in Far West**

Don't let your children lose the benefits of this great food invention. Don't confine Puffed Grains to breakfast. Serve them for supper in bowls of milk. Douse them with melted butter when children get hungry between meals.

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole-grain foods. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed. They taste like nut meats, bubbled and toasted. But they are in fact the best foods wheat, rice or corn can make.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

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(1500)

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## SOIL FOR THE SPRING GARDEN

By F. F. ROCKWELL

THE old saying that "well begun is half done" is never more truly illustrated than in gardening. In fact, in this work, the proportion of a successful finish that can be credited to a good beginning is probably more than that. Poorly prepared soil is a handicap that no amount of work during the summer can offset. With the garden not prepared as it should be, in the beginning, the gardener is foredoomed to more or less of a failure from the start. Most gardeners, and especially beginners, are more interested in plants than in the soil; but until the handling of the soil is understood, the best results cannot be expected.

The plain, brown dirt in your garden, in which crisp lettuce and juicy tomatoes are to be grown, is not as uninteresting and prosaic as it looks, at first glance. Every cubic foot of it is constantly changing, and teeming with life. If there were any way by which you could see what was going on there, you would find it just as interesting as watching the sprouting of seeds and the growth of plants. Some understanding of what happens in this wonderful soil laboratory you must have, before you can intelligently get the soil ready to produce vegetables for your table, that will make all your friends want to know what varieties you use—when, as a matter of fact, varieties are only of secondary importance.

There are three factors which enter into the preparation of your garden for big and continued yields of high quality of vegetables: the first is the physical condition of the soil; the second, the bacteriological condition; and the third, the chemical contents. The knowledge of these factors forms the A-B-C of gardening.

The physical condition of the soil means its characteristics—that is, whether it is light, heavy, sandy, gravelly, or mostly clay. It includes also the condition it is in, as a result of cultivation, or of neglect: that is, whether it is packed

down hard, or broken up in lumps, or what is called "in good tilth;" deep and finely pulverized, and soft and mealy—the kind you like to work in with your hands, and in which it is a pleasure to use a hoe. No matter how limited your garden experience may have been, you could probably recognize soil that is in good condition physically; how to get it into good condition, is another story.



WHERE GARDENS THRIVE

The earlier in the spring you can begin work on your garden, the better it will be. Of course, you cannot touch it until the frost is out of the ground, and after that, it will be several days, or possibly a couple of weeks—according to the nature and condition of the soil, and climatic conditions—before it will be dry enough to "work." You can tell when it is ready by taking a spade or fork, and turning the surface earth. If it breaks and crumbles readily, when you drop it on the ground, the sooner you can get to work at it, the better. If it has a tendency, however, to remain in a wet, muddy mass, it should be left for a while longer.

THE initial operation is to turn the soil over—to spade it up, or to plow it. Unless your garden is a very small one, it will be cheaper and better to have it plowed; but whether by hand- or by horse-tools, the work should be done very thoroughly. Every square foot of the soil should be turned over and broken up

[Concluded on page 70]



## MATERNAL NURSING

[Continued from page 60]

clean, fresh cow's milk diluted one-half or one-third with boiled, unsweetened water, and given with a spoon.

At a nursing time the mother and baby should be in a quiet place, comfortable and relaxed, free from excitement or interruption. The mother should learn from the doctor or nurse how to hold the baby correctly. Except during the first few days, only one side should be given at a nursing, and this thoroughly emptied. This is one of the most essential conditions for maintaining a good supply. The baby's mouth should not be washed, but after a nursing he should be given a swallow of cool, boiled water to rinse out the mouth. Before and after each nursing, the mother should use a local application of saturated boric acid solution, applied with a piece of sterilized gauze, drying thoroughly with a clean towel. Between nursings a protecting double fold of sterilized gauze or surgeon's lint (changed daily) should be worn. Precautions should be taken against local pressure, chilling, or overheating. These simple hygienic measures will prevent sore mouth for the baby and unnecessary, though common, discomforts for the mother.

For the welfare of the baby it is usually desirable that he should be nursed at least nine months, and if possible, twelve. If the mother is not able to furnish sufficient nourishment, she should not stop any of the regular nursings, as this would further decrease her ability. Every drop of maternal milk is valuable for the baby. She should provide what she can and supplement this at two or three feedings with clean, simply modified cow's milk, following the advice of a physician.

Weaning should normally be done gradually, extending over a period of four to six weeks. Every effort should be made to avoid weaning during the hot weather, because of the greater hazards then to the baby's digestion. At first, one feeding should be substituted for a nursing, then others, one at a time, at intervals of a week, until the baby's digestion gradually adapts itself to other foods and the supply gradually disappears with least discomfort to the mother. Diminishing the liquids in the mother's diet, and administering a dose of salts for two or three days, will usually be effective in stopping the supply. By training the baby to take his daily water supply at first from a spoon, and, later, from a cup, the bottle habit need never be formed.

*Editor's Note.*—Simple rules for dealing with the baby's minor ailments will be sent to anyone on request, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address Mary L. Reed, Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine.

## Our Catalogue of Spring Styles Is Free!

### And a Copy Is Waiting For YOU

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No. 77 M



Our handsome Fashion Catalogue contains 278 pages of beautiful illustrations, showing all the changes in style that have taken place, and it will give you an excellent idea of just what fashionable New York women are going to wear this Spring and Summer. Sit right down and drop us a postal card. Ask for our free Fashion Catalogue No. 77 M. We will send it to you by return mail.

Remember, we pay all mail or express charges on anything you order from us, and we satisfy you or refund your money at once.

### Here Are Two Stylish Spring Suits

**1M15. Handsome Tailored Suit** of beautiful All-wool Velour—a Spring-weight, soft, fleecy material which is very fashionable. The coat is cut with stylish fullness, held at the waist line by a tacked belt of self material. The square cape collar is trimmed with enamel buttons in back and the lapels may be buttoned up at neck. The coat is attractively trimmed on the slashed flared cuffs, the four pockets and around the bottom with parallel rows of tailor stitching. The model is 31 inches long and is richly lined with fancy figured silk. The skirt is shirred at the waist line in back and the shirring is concealed by a belt of the material. It has a panel effect at each side with button-trimmed pockets at the hips. Comes in navy blue, green or the fashionable new gold color. Sizes 32 to 46 bust and 40-inch skirt length, with beated hem. Also to fit misses and small women sizes 32 to 38 bust and 35-inch skirt length, with deep beated hem. **\$25.00**

**1M16. Smart Suit** for Spring and Summer Wear, made of fine All-wool Poplin. The jacket has a yoke both front and back with three stitched box plaits at each side of the front and three box plaits in back. Model has a button-trimmed belt and a panel box plait at lower part in center of back. The collar is of self material and there is a detachable over-collar of Broadcloth with cuffs to match, finished with tailor stitching. The sleeves have detachable cuffs. Note also the two fancy pockets. Jacket is 29 inches long and is lined with fancy figured silk. The skirt is a flared model with plaits at each side and is shirred at the top in back where there is a belt of the material. Skirt fastens at left side. Comes in navy blue, Copenhagen blue, green or the popular new gold color. Sizes 32 to 46 bust measure and skirt length 40 inches. Also to fit misses and small women, sizes 32 to 38 bust measure and 35-inch skirt length finished with deep beated hem. **\$18.98**



**1M15  
SUIT  
\$25.00**

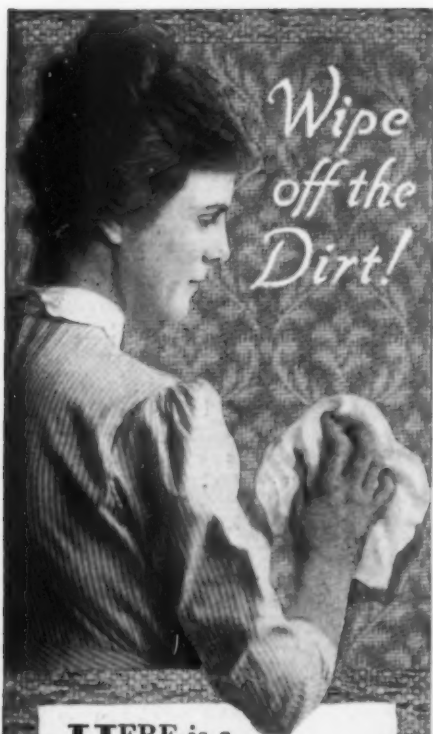


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Present this announcement to your dealer. He will give you free our latest illustrated folder, No. 907, containing working directions for 15 new designs in yokes, edgings and novelties. If he cannot supply you, send us his name and 6c (stamps) and the folder will be sent to you.

Good crocheters demand Kloster Cottons as the material best meeting their requirements.

**Special Offer:** If you are unable to obtain Kloster from your dealer, write to us direct, enclosing 30c for three full-sized trial balls of Kloster Cordounet or Perle—add 6c (stamps) and receive the free instruction folder, No. 907.

The Thread Mills Co.  
219, E. W. Adams St., CHICAGO

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

## SOIL FOR THE SPRING GARDEN

[Continued from page 68]

from four to six inches deep—down to the "sub-soil" which is the layer of hard, uninviting-looking dirt that lies below the surface soil.

**AFTER** your garden has been plowed or spaded up, it will be in a rough and lumpy condition. The next step is to harrow it. If it is too small for horse-tools, go over it with the prong hoe and iron rake, or the rake attachment on your hand wheel-hoe, until it is pulverized as deep down as possible. It may be several weeks or even two months from this time before you will have finished planting, but it is best to go over the whole surface immediately after plowing or spading.

Pulverizing the soil accomplishes two things: it provides a surface which will soak up rain rapidly, and from which, on account of the soil mulch on the top, moisture will not rapidly evaporate; it gives the first crop of weed-seeds a chance to sprout. Whenever you plant after that, only a few minutes' work with an iron rake will be necessary.

As to the bacteriological condition of soil, it has long since been proved that the richness or fertility of any soil depends, to a great extent, upon the presence in it of large numbers of soil bacteria. One of the things which they require is plenty of vegetable matter. This may be supplied by adding manure to the soil; by turning under-sod or some other growing crop to decay in the soil; or by using commercial humus, which is now being used, to a large extent, as a partial substitute for manure.

If you buy commercial fertilizer, the best for your garden should contain four per cent. of nitrogen; eight per cent. of phosphoric acid; and ten per cent. of potash. This year, however, on account of the war, it will probably be impossible to obtain fertilizers with ten per cent. of potash. To make up this deficiency, if it exists for you, use wood ashes.

Most garden soils, especially those that have been used continuously for years, tend to become acid, or "sour," and many kinds of vegetables do not grow well in them. Your garden may be made sweet by the addition of lime. If you use plenty of wood ashes, that will be all that is necessary; but if you cannot secure these, get a bag or two of ground limestone, which costs very little, when you buy your fertilizer. The ground limestone is a fine white powder, which is clean and easy to handle, and has no disagreeable smell. You should use two or three times as much limestone as fertilizer; but it will not be necessary to use it oftener than once in three years, and it can be put on in the fall as well as in the spring.

To give the garden a good dressing of manure, such as market gardeners apply, from one-half to one cord will be required for a garden fifty feet by thirty feet. The earlier you can get it, the better, especially if you can have it stacked up in a square heap in one corner of the garden to ferment before you use it. If the frost is out, it can be spread directly on the ground, even if it will be some time before you have a chance to plow or spade it. If spread on the frozen ground, it will keep the frost in, and delay your getting an early start in the spring. The manure should be spread as evenly as possible, before the plowing or spading is done. It should be turned under carefully, in order that no long straw or lumps remain on the surface to interfere with your planting or cultivating.

Fertilizers, humus, and lime should be applied after plowing or spading, but before the first raking and fining of the soil. If no manure is to be had, both humus and commercial fertilizers should be used in generous quantities. Together they take the place of manure, as one supplies the vegetable matter and the bacteria, and the other the plant food. More fertilizer will be needed with humus alone than with manure. In addition to a good dressing of manure, apply a high grade complete fertilizer at the rate of two pounds for each one hundred square feet of soil. For a thirty- by fifty-foot garden, this would be about thirty pounds. If no manure has been used, double this quantity will be none too much.

**FOR** each one hundred square feet of surface, use ten to twenty pounds of lime. If you have used wood ashes annually, on your garden, no lime will be needed. If you want to determine definitely for yourself whether or not your garden needs lime, get a few pieces of litmus paper at the druggist's; put some soil in a cup; add water until it is thoroughly moist; and then insert a strip of the litmus paper, covering it with the wet soil. If it gradually turns pink, lime is needed; if red, a heavy application of lime is desirable.

The raking and fining of your soil should be done immediately after it is plowed or spaded. A single windy day in March or April may evaporate from the soil enough water to be the equivalent of a good rain, whereas the soil mulch, formed by pulverizing and raking the soil, would have become dust-dry on the surface and acted as a blanket to keep in the moisture below. The longer you put off this work of fixing the soil, the more difficult it will be, for once the ground has hardened and become lumpy, your task will be doubled.



## Olson \$5.25 VACUUM SWEEPER



Insist on 4-wheel  
Brush Drive

### Note These Special Features

**DOUBLE STRENGTH** air suction, so powerful it meets satisfactorily every requirement. Nozzle at extreme front cleans close to walls and corners. Four rubber tired wheels (instead of only two) drive brush, insuring steady, strong action. Brushes raised or lowered to suit carpet nap. Silent, durable, oil-less fibre operators on bellows. Built of steel, nickel plated; beautiful mahogany finish; 6 inches high, 12 inches wide, 19 inches long. Simple and easy to run—a child can operate it. Light, handy, efficient. Lasts a lifetime.

### Money Back If Not Satisfied

You are perfectly safe in ordering from this advertisement without waiting for catalog. We make prompt shipments. We send you the Olson Vacuum Sweeper (express prepaid) for \$5.25. Give the Olson a week's trial; see how it sucks imbedded dirt and dust out of carpets and rugs; if not satisfied, your money back. **Catalog Free on Request.**

Olson Rug Co., Dept. C-41, 40 Laflin St., Chicago

### FOR CARPETS and RUGS

# Olsonite

## RESTORES THE COLORS

### Preserves the Fibre—Raises the Nap

WHEN YOU USE OLSONITE you can restore the colors of your carpets and rugs without taking them off the floor. Olsonite will make them fresh, clean and bright—with colors like new, wool full of life and strength, and nap raised, but softly yielding—with so little labor that you will be astonished and delighted.

Olsonite costs little, only 25 cents to restore the colors of a room-size rug or carpet. It is easy to use. Just brush over the surface of the rug, wipe off—that is all. It brings the colors back to their original beauty in a truly wonderful way.

### Two Sizes: 25c and 50c

Sent to your address, postpaid, on receipt of price. Try it once, and you'll never be without Olsonite. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

**Sample for 10c** We send enough Olsonite to restore the colors of two small rugs, postpaid, for a dime.

### Descriptive Circular Free on Request

Olson Rug Co.,  
Dept. C-41,  
40 Laflin St.,  
Chicago



## SEND YOUR OLD CARPETS, RUGS and OLD CLOTHING, We Will WEAVE NEW RUGS

WRITE TODAY for our free book showing 30 patterns in actual colors. This book tells how your old carpets, old rugs, clothing and rags are first washed, picked or shredded, combed, respun, dyed and then rewoven into beautiful new Olson Velvety Rugs, in plain, fancy or Oriental patterns—any color you want, and any size.

### NEW RUGS AT 1/2 A SAVING OF 1/2

Olson Velvety Rugs rival the high-priced Wiltons, Brussels or any other rugs made in this country. They are reversible, seamless, soft, bright and wear 10 to 20 years.

**Free** Write today for beautiful book showing thirty patterns in actual colors, with prices and full information, including our liberal freight payment offer.

Olson Rug Co.,  
Dept. C-41,  
40 Laflin St.,  
Chicago

Every Order  
Completed  
in 3 Days.



**Our Guarantee** We will allow you to use your new rugs one week—put them on the floors of your home, subject them to every-day hard wear, examine them closely, call in your friends, ask their opinion; then, if you think your rugs are not the best value obtainable for the money, send them back; we will pay you for your old carpets and old clothing.

## COLONIAL RAG RUGS AT LOW PRICES



Dainty and durable, in popular blue, pink and other colorings appropriate to any decorations. Our powerful looms produce uniform, smooth, even weaving.

**Easily Washed** These rugs are so easy to keep clean and fresh looking, and can be used in so many places about the home, that the demand for them is nation wide. Every family can use two to six of these inexpensive rugs.

**Send for Free Catalog** If you are not acquainted with these new and inexpensive floor coverings, you should have our Colonial Rag Rug Catalog. It shows actual colors of the Betsy Ross, Martha Washington, Potomac, Comfort and Mayflower patterns. Write for it today.

Olson Rug Co.,  
Dept. C-41,  
40 Laflin Street,  
Chicago

Olson Rug Co.,  
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Use this coupon, or just write a post card  
Gentlemen: Please send me the  
FREE books marked with an X.  
☐ Rug Weaving ☐ Vacuum Cleaner  
☐ Olsonite ☐ Colonial Rag Rugs

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**PROPER** Shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

WATKINS  
**MULSIFIED  
COCOANUT OIL**  
FOR  
**SHAMPOOING**

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair

fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get **MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL** at any drug store, and a 50 cent bottle should last for months.

If your drugist does not have it, an original bottle will be mailed direct upon receipt of the price.

Splendid for Children.

Get the Genuine Look for this signature

on Every Original Bottle



THE R. L. WATKINS CO. Dept. D Cleveland, Ohio.

## NOVELTIES IN FILET

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

**F**ILET lace with flower or animal motifs promises to be unusually popular this season, and the woman who doesn't see to it that some bit of this work holds a distinct place among her boudoir dainties will be behind the times.

The hairpin bag is pretty enough to dress up one's bureau, or, if it hangs from the wall by the ribbon inserted through its



FIG. 1—HAIRPIN BAG WITH FILET CENTER

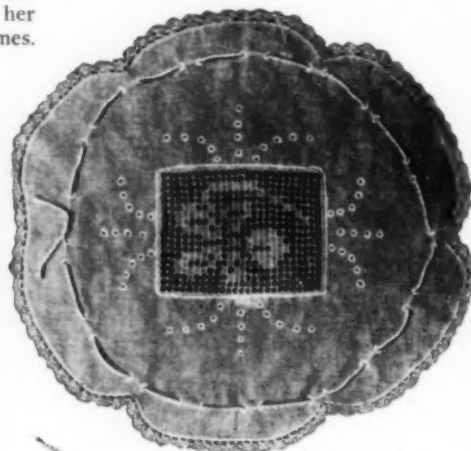


FIG. 2—BOUDOIR CAP WITH FILET CENTER

Filet crochet is not new. Our grandmothers, years and years ago, turned out some very beautiful patterns, but for some reason or other, it didn't really begin to be popular until this century. Now that the working of it has been perfected, however, it is being put to much larger use and done in more elaborate designs.

For the beginner in this work, nothing could be more simple or effective to make than a boudoir cap (Fig. 2) with a violet motif worked in the center medallion (Fig. 4); or a hairpin bag (Fig. 1) with a cherry-blossom motif in the medallion (Fig. 3). The first is made of a piece of pale violet-colored lawn about 19½ by 18 inches. The violet motif is worked in a deeper shade of violet and the cap is adjusted to the head-size with violet ribbon or cord. With a dainty negligee it makes an ideal combination that should appeal to every woman.

rings, to add daintiness enough to complete the attractiveness of the boudoir.

The bag is bound with one-inch pink ribbon, and in addition to its filet medallion is embroidered with eyelets. Both articles are extremely easy to work, and make acceptable gifts for family or friends at any season of the year. As soon as one has mastered the filet stitch, more elaborate articles can be made, such as handbags, baby bonnets, guest towels, doilies, and centerpieces; but for the beginner, the articles here illustrated will prove more satisfactory.

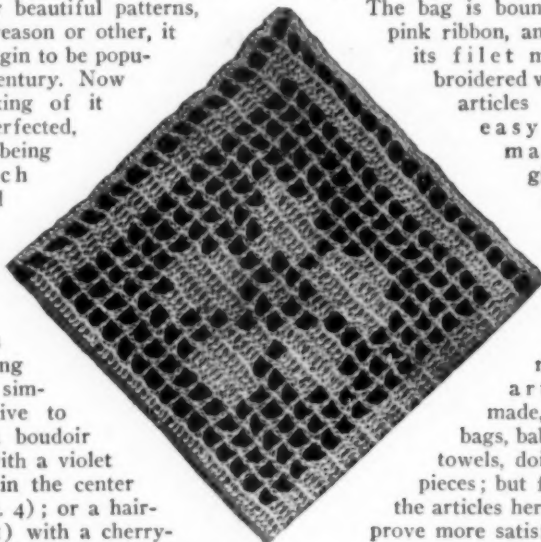


FIG. 3—CHERRY-BLOSSOM MOTIF FOR HAIRPIN BAG

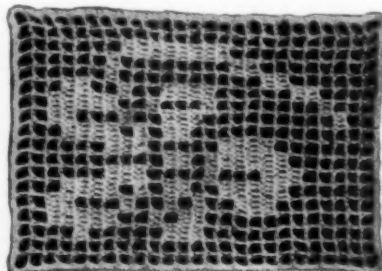


FIG. 4—VIOLET MOTIF FOR BOUDOIR CAP

*Editor's Note.*—Full directions for making the hairpin bag and the boudoir cap, illustrated on this page, including crochet directions for the filet medallion of each, will be sent you on receipt of ten cents sent in stamps to The McCall Company, McCall Building, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

# This Big Institution Will Help You Make Money

## Here is The Way to Money Freedom

Thousands of women are asking themselves every day—"How can I earn some money?" They have a vital need for more money—to meet the increased cost of living—to help support a family—pay off a mortgage or buy a home—to educate their children—to pay doctor's bills—there are many reasons why. We have answered this question for them and, in the past 22 years

## We Have Helped More than 12,000 Women

They have founded growing and prosperous businesses and each month sees them making more money.

By our help one mother of two small children is banking \$50 each month after paying all expenses.

Two sisters, over fifty, with no business train-

ing save ours, bought and paid for a home and ten acre chicken farm in three years.

An ex-school teacher, makes \$1800 a year. Ten church workers together made enough money to pay off the mortgage. Two California women are making a weekly average of \$50 apiece year after year.

## World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

IN SANITARY PACKAGES

Women—today—appreciate the desirability and convenience of selecting the family garments in the privacy of their own homes. They value the saving in buying direct from the mill. World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear are sold in sealed germ-proof packages from the sanitary, well ventilated and modern World's Star Mills. Clean, wholesome Americans manufacture them, and when finished the garments are passed through a complete sterilizing process. Then they are placed in sanitary packages, sealed, and not touched by human hands until the seal is broken in the home.

### The Same Success Awaits You

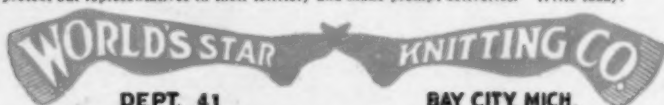
There is no question about this but it is necessary that you write and tell us what your worries are. Our Sales Instructor will explain fully this pleasant and profitable way of making money to take care of your needs. The same success awaits you as all other representatives who are now associated with us. We take all the risk and make it easy for you to start right away.

We should be glad to send our beautiful colored catalogue illustrating and describing the complete lines we manufacture and show you how easy it is to become a World's Star money maker.

We protect our representatives in their territory and make prompt deliveries. Write today.

### Will You Make the Start?

Then—write today—and join the other appointees who are making money. We want representatives in every town in the United States to sell our goods. Somebody in your locality will represent us—so grasp this opportunity at once before some one else secures your exclusive territory.



DEPT. 41

BAY CITY, MICH.

We Have Been in Business Here for Twenty-Two Years



### Some Questions Answered

#### Do I need previous experience?

No. Our most successful representatives started absolutely without previous experience. World's Star Goods are so well known and so thoroughly satisfying that sales are easy. Your next-door neighbors, the people around the corner, every person in your town needs hosiery and underwear. Just start out and show your samples. Sales will follow.

#### How much time should I give to the work?

As much as you can, for every hour you give to the work will pay you well. Many devote their entire time to it. Their profits are from \$1.00 to \$6.00 an hour. If you want a steady, independent income, give all your time. If you only want some extra money, give as much time as you can.

#### Is the work permanent?

Yes. The demand for hosiery and underwear is unceasing, and people who once buy the World's Star kind are rarely satisfied with anything else. You can always go back for second orders. They tell their friends and they become customers—an endless chain, ever growing and increasing profits.

#### Will I like the work?

If you are a red-blooded, vigorous American, yes. As the established local representative of the largest mills of their kind in the world, you will have a recognized standing. You will be admired and respected, and best of all, you will be

#### Financially Independent

### Application Coupon

World's Star Knitting Co., Dept. 41  
Bay City, Michigan

Gentlemen:—Would be pleased to have you send me your free catalog and tell me immediately how I can make some money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Territory desired \_\_\_\_\_

Thomson's  
"Glove-Fitting"  
Model 221  
Price \$2.00

## THOMSON'S "Glove-Fitting" CORSETS

have held a reputation as *standard of the world* for over 60 years.

No other corset maker has "been at it" so many years—no other has had such an accumulation of experience.

As there is a dress style suited to every figure, so there is a "Glove-Fitting" Corset suited to every style.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere—\$1.00 to \$5.00

GEO. C. BATCHELLER & CO.  
New York Chicago San Francisco

## LABLACHE FACE POWDER

### DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS Are on the Market LADIES BEWARE!

Buy LABLACHE FACE POWDER of reliable dealers. Be sure and get the genuine. Women who know frankly say—"I have tried other face powders, but I use Lablache."

The Standard for over forty years. Flesh, White, Pink, Cream. 50c. a box, of Drug-gists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers,  
Dept. E, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

## SOUR MILK RECEIPTS

By JANET LOUISE SPENCER

**OLD-FASHIONED HERMITS.**—Mix one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of butter or beef-drippings, two well beaten eggs, three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, and a little grated nutmeg. When the batter is soft, drop from a spoon on a buttered and floured tin and bake in a moderate oven.

**BROWN BREAD.**—Mix two cupfuls of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, two and one-half cupfuls of Indian meal, one cupful of Graham flour, two-thirds of a cupful of molasses, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir well, and steam three hours in a buttered mold.

**NUT BREAD.**—Mix four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of molasses, one and one-half cupfuls of white flour, one and one-half cupfuls of Graham flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of raisins, and one cupful of chopped nut-meats. Bake one and one-half hours in a slow oven.

**SOUR MILK BISCUITS.**—Mix together two cupfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one cupful of sour milk. Knead lightly on a floured board, roll to one-quarter of an inch in thickness, cut with a biscuit-cutter, place on a greased tin, and bake from twelve to fifteen minutes in a hot oven. This will make twelve biscuits.

**GRIDDLE CAKES.**—Mix two cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two cupfuls of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg, and one tablespoonful of sugar. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot griddle greased with butter. Cook until browned, turn, and cook on the other side. Serve hot with butter or maple syrup.

**PURITAN COOKIES.**—Mix one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of beef-drippings, and flour enough to render the mixture of the right consistency to drop from a spoon. Chill the above mixture thoroughly. Roll a portion on a well floured board to one-half inch in thickness, cut in shape, and bake, on a well greased and floured sheet, in a moderate oven until browned.

[Concluded on page 75]

## A Smooth Fit

in every pair because they are knit to the shape of foot, ankle and leg. No seams to rip or give discomfort. Reinforced at all points of wear.

### BURSON FASHIONED HOSE

are Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized and Art Silk, 25c to 75c

Ask your dealer  
Write for free booklet

BURSON  
KNITTING CO.

73 Mack Street  
Rockford, Ill.

## HAVE ARMS AND FACE HAIR-FREE



With the sheer, transparent garments now in fashion, it is necessary to have the skin entirely free from superfluous hairs, and that they be removed thoroughly without causing the least discoloration, irritation or discomfort. This is done in a very simple, quick and easy manner by simply dissolving them away. Just moisten the hairs to be removed, with

### Sulfo Solution

It leaves no trace of its application, no spot, mark or redness whatever, and does not injure even sensitive and delicate skin.

It takes but a moment or two to use Sulfo Solution. It will free your movements from the fear of many an embarrassment, and enhance your beauty. Apply it to arms, arm-pits, face, shoulders, etc. Sold at \$1.00 a bottle at drug and department stores, or sent on receipt of price by

COOPER PHARMACAL CO., 432 Thompson Bldg., Chicago

### COMPLETE FRIENDSHIP BRACELET 59c RIBBON FREE



### STERLING SILVER WARRANTED HOLLID GOLD

Links Reduced to 8c. each or 2 for 15c. Why not start a Friendship-Maid-Link-BRACELET with one or two links at this reduced price with Bracelet Ribbon FREE or Complete Bracelet at one time? Initials engraved FREE on all Links at SPECIAL PRICE of 60c. State whether HOLLID GOLD, STERLING SILVER, Fancy or Plain desired, and initial. Friendship Jewelry Co., 83 Chambers St., Dept. 36. New York

### FOR IRRITATED THROAT



### BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Used by speakers and singers for 60 years.  
NEW 10c BOX FITS THE POCKET  
Regular Sizes 25c, 50c, \$1. At Druggists.  
JOHN L. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—INCOME ASSURED Large Manufacturers and Importers, Petticoats, Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Gloves and Handkerchiefs, wishes representative in every town. Mill to consumer. Well known, dependable goods. Write today. Exclusive Territory and free samples. Security Co., Dept. A, Westport, N. Y.



## SOUR MILK RECEIPTS

[Continued from page 74]

**MAPLE SUGAR COOKIES.**—Mix together one egg, one cupful of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add enough flour to make of the right consistency to drop from a spoon. Grate maple sugar on each cookie and bake eight minutes in a moderate oven.

**DOUGHNUTS.**—Mix one egg beaten very lightly, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of butter, nutmeg to taste, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of hot lard, one teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Fry in deep fat.

**MONADNOCK GINGERBREAD.**—Mix one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one teaspoonful of ginger, one well beaten egg, and two cupfuls of flour. Bake in a square pan.

**NUT LOAF.**—Mix one-half cupful of brown sugar, one-fourth cupful of molasses, yolks of two eggs, one-half cupful of sour cream, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, a little grated nutmeg, one-half cupful of raisins, seeded and chopped, one-fourth of a cupful of currants, one-fourth of a cupful of broken nut-meats, and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Bake in a moderate oven.

**SPICE CAKE.**—Mix one and one-third cupfuls of brown sugar, two eggs, one cupful of sour cream, two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Beat well for three minutes with a wooden cake-spoon. Bake thirty-five or forty minutes in a well buttered and floured pan.

## OUR MARCH COVER FOR FRAMING

OWING to the nature of our cover this month, it will be impossible to omit the McCall lettering. We believe that our March girl, however, will be so popular with you that you will want to add her to your McCall collection. We have had printed, ready for framing, a limited supply of the March cover, which you may have if you will send, at once, your name, address, and a remittance of five cents.

# New Spring Styles **FREE** Beautiful Catalog

Now Ready

Write for it—TODAY

Illustrating and describing all of New York's most beautiful new Spring Styles—at amazingly low prices that SAVE MONEY—the big, de luxe catalog that you should write for today—now.

Sent free and post-paid. Your name and address on postal will do.

No obligation—just ask for the big Bedell Spring Catalog (6-37).



Cents . . .	\$5.00 to \$30.00	Waists . . .	58c to \$ 9.98
Dresses . .	\$5.00 to \$25.00	Skirts . . .	\$1.00 to \$10.00
Suits . . .	\$8.75 to \$35.00	Petticoats . .	58c to \$ 4.98
Business . .	\$1.98 to \$10.98	Underwear . .	58c to \$ 5.00
House Dresses .	98c to \$ 3.98	Trimmed Hats .	\$1.00 to \$10.00
Women's, Misses' and Children's Shoes			\$1.00 to \$10.00

WHY PAY MORE?

## Smart Tailored Serge Dress Beautiful, Plaited Model \$6<sup>98</sup> Organdie Collar and Cuffs

**Dress No. C-3000.** Graceful, sweeping lines and youthful style characterize this smart new one-piece Spring frock. Made of most durable Serge and given the becoming touch of white in the wide, picot-edged collar and cuffs of white organdie. Lined to waist—has cord finished square yoke and four wide box plaits front and back, extending full length, a slight curve at the waist given by the wide self belt. Front closes with silk cord, loops and self-covered buttons. Sizes 34 to 44; and Misses' 14, 16 and 18. Colors: Black or navy blue. Great bargain. Price—we pay the express—\$6.98.

### Why Bedell Prices Are Always Lowest

Besides our tremendous mail-order business conducted in a huge separate 12 story building of its own, we have great retail stores in New York (two), Newark, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Brooklyn and Pittsburgh—even in all. This multiplies our facilities and results in LOWEST PRICES that amaze and delight every woman.

### WRITE FOR BIG CATALOG

The best New York styles for the least cost—we pay all mail or express charges to your home and guarantee to please you, or money refunded. Ask for free catalog No. 6-37—a postal will do—send it now.

# Bedell

34th Street—Fifth Avenue  
New York City

We Guarantee to Please You or Money Refunded





## When You Order Cold Cream

You should be very careful to get the right kind—"The Kind That Keeps"—for your good appearance depends as much on your skin and complexion as on the clothes you wear. Modern skin hygiene requires the regular use of a good cleansing emollient cream—a cold cream—one that meets the natural and constant needs of the human skin. When you order cold cream, tell your dealer you want

### Daggett & Ramsdell's PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

For more than twenty-five years it has ministered to the daily toilet needs of American women. It has promoted womanly attractiveness and added to the beauty and happiness of thousands. To use it daily is to cultivate skin health; to encourage, develop and protect that greatest of charms—a perfect complexion. After shopping, motoring, golfing, any outdoor activity or a long day about the house, refresh your skin with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. Keeps fingers soft and smooth for sewing, embroidery, and fancy work.

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# KEEPING AHEAD OF GRANDMA

By MONTANYE PERRY

WELL, here I am at Ferncroft, tucked away somewhere in the heart of the Catskills. I really have no definite idea where I am. I only know I've been here now almost four weeks, and I'm able to take long walks, and to drive and row, and to eat a scandalous amount. I've gained fifteen pounds! So, naturally, I have begun to think about things. I'm not exactly worrying. Aunt Mary is keeping house for Ken and the two youngest children; and the two oldest have gone back to college, so I know the whole family are perfectly all right.

But what I want to know is, what's the reason for all this? Why should I need to come to a rest-cure? Why should all these women up here, none of them old, many of them very young, all with prosperous, good husbands, apparently, need a rest-cure?

I asked Ken what he thought about it, when he came up for the last week-end. "Why should I go to pieces so suddenly?" I demanded. "What does the doctor say?"

"He says you are like all American women of your class, doing too much and doing it in the most foolish possible way," he answered, with the tact which distinguishes husbands. Then, as I flared up a little, "Well, it isn't my diagnosis, you know, it's the doctor's."

"I can't account for it," he went on, after I had prodded him a little more—it's hard to get a good, long sentence out of Ken, to say nothing of a paragraph—"but I realize that with our four children there's a lot for you to do, even with Phyllis and Kenneth at college. They're always coming home, or sending for things; and it all makes work. Perhaps we could manage another maid, if we'd retrench a little on—on something else."

"Another maid! Oh, Ken, one is bad enough! Two would double my worries."

"Well, there you are! I'll confess I don't understand the way women manage their business. But I want you to have a fair chance, and I don't want you to be overworked. And, frankly, I don't see why you need be. Think what women used to do—there was grandmother!"

I leaned back, prepared to listen. If Ken ever approaches loquacity, it is on the subject of Grandma.

"You know my mother died, and Grandma took five of us to bring up, after



GRANDMA KNIT ALL OUR STOCKINGS, AND MADE GRANDFATHER'S FINE, WHITE LINEN SHIRTS

having raised eight of her own," he said. "She had a big house, and it was immaculate. She kept us fed up to the limit—never an empty cookie-jar—and she clothed us nicely and taught us our manners and our morals, too."

NOW think what all that meant in those days! That house had to be cleaned with brooms and scrubbing-brushes—no vacuum-cleaners for Grandma! All the hot water was heated on top of the kitchen range. The house was warmed by stoves, and lighted with oil lamps. Grandma made all our suits until we were in long

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## KEEPING AHEAD OF GRANDMA

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trousers. She made the girls' dresses until they were old enough to do it themselves. She knit all our stockings, and made Grandfather's white, linen shirts.

"There was milk and butter to care for, chickens to 'tend to, farm-hands to cook for, no delicatessen, nor even a bakery to help out in emergencies. She had one servant, and was the envy of most of her neighbors, who had none."

"But wasn't life different, simpler, then?" I asked, dazedly, still unconvinced.

of any answer. What are all these things for, if they don't make life easier and simpler? And yet, would any sensible woman try to prove that my life is simpler than Grandma's was? Why, I have hundreds of things to do that Grandma never even heard of!

TAKE the meals, for example. When Grandma's family came down to breakfast, the meal was on the table, gridle-cakes and sausages, probably, with

coffee for the grown-ups and milk for the children, and a big plateful of doughnuts to finish off with. Each person had one plate, one knife, one fork, one spoon, one cup and saucer, or one tumbler.

We have a very simple breakfast: fruit first, of course; then cereals, eggs in some form, toast or muffins; coffee for Ken and me, chocolate for Kenneth and Phyllis, and milk for Robert and Joy. Nothing elaborate about that—but compare our stack of dishes to be washed with the modest pile that went from Grandma's breakfast table.

And when it comes to dinners! What would Grandma say to our soup-plates and fish-plates, dinner-plates, and salad-plates, bread-and-butter-plates, and dessert-plates, and service-plates? Yet we dine very simply. We seldom have both fish and roast, and we do not have dessert after salad, unless there is company, for, as a family, we care little for sweets.

But that "unless there is company" brings up a whole new phase of my subject. How much company did Grandma have? Twice a year, she entertained the minister and his wife. Now and then, some relative came from a distance, and the neighbors were asked to "come to

[Continued on page 78]



GRANDMA NEVER ANSWERED THE 'PHONE AND HEARD: "I'M BRINGING A COUPLE OF MEN TO DINNER"

"Seems to me that it ought to be simpler now. You have hardwood floors, set-tubs, vacuum-cleaners, electricity, steam-heat, running-water, every known device for simplifying your work. You buy a good deal of our clothing ready made. The bread comes from the bakery; the butter comes from the creamery; the clean linen comes from the laundry. What are all these labor-saving schemes for, if they don't make life easier and simpler?"

I was thankful that the dinner bell rang just then. I couldn't seem to think



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## KEEPING AHEAD OF GRANDMA

[Continued from page 77]

tea," in honor of the visitor. Once during the winter, she entertained the Ladies' Aid. Perhaps the older children had an evening party, with "refreshments" passed around by the children themselves.

Folks simply couldn't get together in Grandma's day, as they do now. Why, our little week-end trips would have been long and important journeys then. Fancy Grandma's deciding, suddenly, at the breakfast table, that she would run into Boston that day and do some shopping, and stay in for the theater. Imagine one of Grandma's flock saying casually, "If you don't mind, Mother, I'll ask those two Simmons girls from Chicago to spend Sunday. Those three men from Duluth are coming home with Ken, you know, and we can have a nice little house-party."

Grandfather never demanded dinner parties "for business reasons." Grandma never answered the 'phone and heard, "I'm bringing a couple of men to dinner. Have it nice, will you, dear? I want to pull off a big deal with them." In fact, Grandma never had a 'phone at all. Think of all the nervous strain that saved her!

OH, of course, a 'phone is a great convenience, when the cream gets sour, or a water-pipe bursts. But think of having all your invitations come by letter, with plenty of time to decide whether you wish to accept, or how to decline. Now almost everything comes over the 'phone, and one has to decide many really important things "right off the bat," as Robert would say. Grandma had time to think things out and to decide sensibly.

No wonder she could knit the family stockings! What else did she have to do, in the long winter evenings? And think how long those home-made stockings would wear! I doubt if Grandma's whole family demolished more stockings in a year than Phyllis alone does.

"Why do you have her wear silk ones all the time?" Ken would ask—but no mother of a college girl would ask that question any more than she would ask, "Why do you 'have' her wear pumps in the evening, and dress for dinner every night, and wear a perfectly fresh white waist each morning?"

I insist on my daughters' dressing very simply, but how would their wardrobes compare with those of Grandma's girls? And how would Grandma's own wardrobe compare with mine? Grandma's good black silk answered for every festive occasion and for church. What would Ken say if I put on a good black silk dress with high neck and long sleeves, when his partner invites us to dinner or to the theater? And if Grandma's own wardrobe would look meager

[Concluded on page 79]



## Walked On Knees

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## KEEPING AHEAD OF GRANDMA

[Continued from page 78]

compared with Ken's, how would it look compared with the glories of our college boy's outfit? My shopping must require more time than it took actually to make the few articles needed for Grandma's family; and isn't shopping far more nerve-racking than sitting quietly down at home to knit or sew?

**T**HERE!—at last I have found the real difference between Grandma's life and mine. Her life was balanced. She spent mental energy, nervous energy and physical energy in amounts which were well proportioned.

All the labor-saving devices which Grandma didn't have subtract from my physical labor; and yet, by doing my work for me so easily and quickly, they make it possible for me to add all sorts of new and intricate details to my daily life.

There lies the reason for the bewildering complexity of our modern life; we do things so easily and so rapidly that we have time for more and more and more things. In theory, modern methods of work give us time to rest; in practice, they give us time to invent new duties, and to do them.

Having found out, therefore, the difference between Grandma's problems and mine, what am I going to do about it?

I do not know, in detail. I realize that I cannot go back to Grandma's way. I must live in my own generation.

I must try to simplify my life by a process of elimination. I shall not try to find easier ways to do a thousand things, but try to reduce the thousand things to five hundred.

For instance, I shall go through the house and remove every article that is useless. We have too many draperies, too many pictures, too many jars and jugs and vases. I shall give the discarded articles away. Our rooms will be prettier than they now are, and our daily dusting will be cut in half.

I shall belong to only one club, instead of to three. I shall serve on only two boards of management instead of on seven. Perhaps, by concentrating my energies, I may be of real use, somewhere.

There are a lot of other things simmering in my mind, which I haven't really worked out yet. Simpler meals, fewer dishes—even paper napkins, for breakfast and luncheon; crêpe underwear, which needs absolutely no ironing, for the whole family; crinkly seersucker housedresses and aprons and pajamas, too; and fewer social occasions for Robert and Joy—they really should be in bed early every night.

And I know that, though I shall try to do it in wiser fashion than before my illness, I must continue to keep ahead of Grandma.



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# MOTHER AT THE WHEEL

By FRANCES CHENEY DAWSON

TWO years ago, when we first decided to buy an automobile, our friends and neighbors shook their heads dubiously and censured the undertaking as foolish. Father, they knew, owing to a physical misfortune, could neither drive the car nor look after the machinery or general appearance of it; and they simply took it for granted that I, as housewife and mother, had no time for such responsibilities. Fortunately, for our family, however, the neighbors' opinion carried no weight.

We talked it all over and decided that it was for the best good of us all to be out-of-doors a great deal, for Father to go to business more easily, for us to see more of our friends in distant parts of the city, and for the children to be with me as much as possible. I was to be driver, caretaker, and general manageress of the whole undertaking.

People still ask how we have managed to afford a car when I do my own work and wear such unfashionable clothes, but that is easily answered. At the very start, we decided to give up Mary, our kitchen-helper, devoting her wages of \$20 a month and the cost of her food, \$10, to the purchase and up-keep of a machine. The car we chose was sold to us for about one-half down, and the remainder in monthly interest-bearing instalments, low enough for us to meet conveniently.

Of course, at the time we bought the car, the uppermost thought in my mind was the welfare of the children. Vacation was coming and time would hang heavily on their hands. If we bought a machine, I knew that we would be spending money to apply to something we could all enjoy. Brother was seven, Janet eight plus, and Peter almost ten.

"Are you willing," I asked them, "to help honestly with the housework if I let Mary go, so that we can have an automobile?" They all assented joyously, and while I cannot fail to admit that there have been moments when their enthusiasm for dish-washing and tidying rooms has required bolstering up, on the whole, they

have lived up to their promises splendidly. Perhaps the most important feature of the new régime is the gain in willing and expert household service on the part of all of them, the deliberate self-denial, the cessation of demands for small amounts of spending money, and the cooperation of the entire family.

Already two summer vacations have been covered by our car ownership, and during the intervening winter, we have managed, by getting up a little earlier, to follow much of our summer-task program. I leave the children at the school door on our way down-town. If, however, it is a Saturday or vacation day, and for some reason, I do not wish to have the



OFF FOR A RIDE

children accompany me on every trip, they either spend the forty-five to sixty minutes I am gone in one of the nearby yards, or have a group of playmates in our yard, with the house locked. Oftener, however, we go for long rides on these days and take the neighbors' children with us.

ABOUT twice a week, when I have driven Father down-town, I make a short détour and visit the public market, bringing my supplies home in the machine. Not only do we have a greater variety of fresh vegetables, fruits, and meats in this way, but I buy so much cheaper than at the local store, that, in one week, the difference almost pays for the gasoline. It would take me two hours and a half to go to market on the street cars and return, and I would have to carry my provisions in a cumbersome basket.

As for the pleasure we have derived from our car, we cannot say enough. Instead of a cottage or hotel vacation, in the summer, we have had many week-end trips and all-day rides. Father has taken Saturdays in lieu of a longer holiday, and we have generally carried all supplies, so that the extra cost has been merely for a lodging at night. We have had many pleasant suppers, too, out-of-doors, dur-

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## MOTHER AT THE WHEEL

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ing the summer, in the beautiful woods near us, which are just too far to reach comfortably by walking. In winter, our automobile has been especially appreciated on cold nights when we have driven in it to the theatre or opera, and so avoided having to stand on the cold street corners, waiting for a car. Taking all these things into consideration, it doesn't seem as if we could ever do without the car now.

"But," everyone asks me, "isn't the care of it and the management of the machinery terribly hard on you?"

My answer is "NO." To be sure, as in every other new task, one must become accustomed to the job, and set apart a time for doing it. Daily attention is the secret of prolonging the life of an automobile and saving repair bills. For instance, gasoline may be saved by the knowledge of several small points; and tire cost, we found, can be controlled in two ways, by avoiding experimentation over doubtful roads and by constantly inspecting the inflation. A minor cause of wear on tires is faulty alinement of the front wheels. This is adjusted, however, in a few minutes, by a competent mechanic. When tires are run too soft, without the proper pressure, the inner fabric cracks, and when a blow-out occurs, there is no satisfactory method of repair. The temptation to explore every fascinating by-path in the highway is intensely strong at first, but after one or two lessons, learned through sticking in mud or sand or bumping over washed-out country lanes, one keeps to the state roads with a thankful feeling for the mere privilege of traveling over them.

EVERY morning, I inspect the oil gauge and gasoline tank, fill the radiator with water, and oil the commutator. About once a week, I test all the tires with a pressure gauge, and oil the axle cups. "Free air" is always available down-town, and I never pump up the tires except under painful necessity. Changing a tire is a dirty job, but not half so difficult as it looks. Once a month or oftener, if we have made many long runs, we put grease in the transmission cups and differential. Some cars have electric lights, but ours has only kerosene lamps, which must be frequently filled. We wash and polish the body of the car as often as possible, and every day give it a quick rub to keep the varnish in good condition, the children all helping.

Learning to run the car is no harder than learning to use a typewriter or sewing-machine. Of course, at first, one has a timorous feeling that untold dangerous energy may be let loose by a false movement of the hand, but the sense of direc-

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## Teeth Are Unclean and Unsafe with a Film

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

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## MOTHER AT THE WHEEL

[Continued from page 81]

tion and control comes quickly, and the eye soon learns to judge automatically whether an opening between vehicles is wide enough. No better road rules were ever made than "SAFETY FIRST" and "BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY." Personally, I never speed, and never take needless risks to gain a fraction of time. I yield the right of way rather than run a chance of collision. Naturally, I have my worries, and, like all careful chauffeurs, nearly have heart failure when children on roller skates loom up unexpectedly from around street corners; but, as long as there is no law to prevent their monopolizing the public thoroughfares, the only safe rule is to be ready to stop instantly, as one approaches them. The impudent boy who won't move, the deaf old veteran who does not hear your horn, and the bewildered country woman who flounders wildly in the middle of the crossing are all great nuisances from the motorist's point of view, but they cannot be ignored.

IN the matter of keeping down the running expenses of our car, I have found that a record book is essential. By use of this, I can estimate the accurate cost of maintenance during the year. When a new tire is put on, I note the mileage shown by the speedometer, and am able to figure the cost per mile of that tire when I finally have to replace it. I know, too, exactly how much oil and gasoline I consume. From time to time, it is necessary to measure the miles one is getting out of a gallon of gasoline, in order to calculate the cost of a given drive. Since the rise in the price of gasoline, however, we have been more careful than we were at first. We coast down long hills with the power entirely off, and shut down the gasoline on every moderate slope. Through experience we have learned that braking with any gas on wastes gasoline and ruins the brakes, and that driving with a retarded spark means loss of power and, consequently, wasted gasoline. As a matter of fact, the spark should be advanced as far as it will go without causing a knock in the engine.

The tendency to accumulate carbon in the cylinders is unavoidable, and once in a thousand miles, this carbon should be removed, and the valves resealed. If one watches constantly the "exhaust" smoke, however, and cuts down the proportion of gas to air passing through the carburetor, unnecessary waste can be easily avoided. After all, it is these little precautions that count toward minimizing the necessary "auto" expenditures; and if the mother at the wheel remembers to be cautious, her motoring days may be made as economical as they are happy.

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## CEDAR SCENTS

By IDA R. FARGO

THE breath of the hills and the cedars on them!"

I sniffed and shut my eyes and leaned back in Isabelle's sea-grass rocker.

"If I didn't know I was right up here in your very own little fourth-story room, Isabelle Gray, I would swear I was resting on a pine log in the old huckleberry-patch back of the barn," I went on. "Now confess, what incantations are you up to?"

Maybe my voice sounded a little wistful. I had been in the great city twelve months, and only once during all that while had my work allowed time for a long, lazy trolley trip to the country.

Isabelle looked at me sympathetically for a minute. "Do stop dreaming!" she rapped out briskly. "I won't have a homesick girl on my hands!" Then, transposing the old command, "Shut your mouth and open your eyes—and I'll tell you something to make you wise."

I opened my eyes, but there wasn't a thing to see except a big packing-box with the cover off, yet I detected the scent of cedar.

"What is it, and where?" I demanded, giving a homesick sniff or two. That penetrating, woodsy odor was wholly irresistible. But I felt sure it had something to do with one of Isabelle's many utilitarian purposes.

"Right here," she answered, "and it's a ten-cent bottle of oil of cedar. You see, I can't exactly afford a really-truly cedar chest, so I'm making one."

"Making one!" I sniffed; "I can well believe it, allowing my olfactory sense to be the judge."

I'm pouring the cedar oil along all the inside seams of my box," explained Isabelle, "filling every single tiny crack absolutely full of it. When I've finally lined my box with newspapers, lo! a moth-proof cedar chest will be the result. The odor penetrates the whole thing—and it costs—ten cents."

Isabelle sat back on her heels with a little satisfied air, and jammed the cork down tight into the empty bottle. "Also, it's a big improvement on moth-balls."

And Isabelle didn't know that, at that identical moment, I had my best finery airing, to rid it of a moth-ball atmosphere in time for a dinner party.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" I complained with mock severity.

"Goosie," said Isabelle, "why didn't you ask?"

And, truly, I wished I had. That's why I'm telling you before you ask. I don't want you to spoil a promising evening because your one-and-only gown has rested too close to your moth-ball bag—not when a fleeting, evanescent scent of cedar is next best to violets!

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**LUDEN'S**  
MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

## WHAT MAKES HEALTHY HAIR

COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

By ANNETTE BEACON

PATTY ANN poked her head in the bedroom door.

"Oh, please, Miss Pennington," she began, addressing a figure in negligee, on the *chaise longue* by the sunny window, "I know it's hair-brushing time, and—mayn't I brush it?"

"Of course you may! You're a dear

to propose it, for I don't like to brush my hair, the least bit. The only reason I give it all the conscientious brushings it gets is because I need the hair!"

"Oh, but your hair is so lovely!" sighed Patty Ann, lifting the loosened masses and getting her brush ready for action.

"Yes," said Miss Pennington, quite frankly, "it is! But it ought to be. Once it was as thin, and ugly as you could possibly imagine."

"Oh, Miss Pennington!" "Oh, Patty Ann! Quite truly!"

Patty Ann cast a surreptitious glance at her own slim reflection in the dressing-table mirror.

"Do you think," she said, hair-brush in air, "I could do things with my hair? It's so sort of towlsy, and frumpy—and I comb out handfuls every morning!"

Miss Pennington sat up. "I've just been hoping you'd let me get at you, Patty Ann. You have so many possibilities!"

**L**ET'S compare hair in the mirror, and see what yours needs."

"Yours is so satiny," said Patty Ann, "and mine is so rough and dry."

"And I haven't any prickly ends sticking out, while yours bristles like a

hedgehog—oh, a very good-looking hedgehog, for your hair is a lovely color, Patty Ann—chestnut, with beautiful red lights in it."

"Where?" queried Patty Ann, peering into the mirror.

"Nowhere, just now," answered Miss Pennington. "But after a good shampoo—oh, I know how it will look!"

"You mean it isn't clean!" cried Patty Ann in horrified tones.

"When was your last shampoo?"

"Why—let me see—oh, the day Molly came home—no, I remember I didn't have time. Why, I guess it was for Betty's Christmas party!"

"Seven whole weeks ago—almost eight!"

"Why, I didn't think it was so long," blushed Patty Ann.

"Of course you didn't, but your hair is naturally oily, and it needs to be washed every two weeks."

"Now, let your hair down, and look in the mirror again. You haven't nearly enough, dear! Mine is almost twice as heavy. And yours is of uneven lengths, which makes it look ragged and untidy."

Patty Ann gazed with tragic eyes at her mir-

rored picture, but Miss Pennington pulled her down on the couch, with a gay laugh.

"Nothing to look unhappy about, Patty Ann! Now, listen to me!"

"First, the shampoo. Just to be sure there isn't the least bit of dandruff left on your scalp—for dandruff often comes from not keeping the scalp perfectly

[Continued on page 85]



GIVING THE HAIR AN AIR-FRESHENING



GETTING AFTER THE SPLIT ENDS



## WHAT MAKES HEALTHY HAIR

[Continued from page 84]

clean—we'll give it an oiling to-night before to-morrow morning's shampoo. You come to my room at bedtime with a tiny cup of olive oil, and a fresh tooth-brush.

"But, in the meantime, let's get at these split ends of yours. A hair won't grow after the end splits. Now, hand me the scissors from my sewing-basket—and watch!"

Miss Pennington brushed Patty Ann's hair smoothly, then holding it by the ends, twisted the mass until the result was a tight rope from which broken ends bris-



APPLYING OLIVE OIL WITH A TOOTH-BRUSH

tled in every direction. With the scissors, she ran over the surface of the rope, up and down and crosswise, and little split ends fell on all sides.

"There!" said Miss Pennington. "You can clip split ends for five minutes every night. You must get rid of them if your hair is to grow long, and lie smooth."

"Now, let me tell you some very important things. If you don't eat wholesome food, your arms get scrawny, your cheeks grow wan and haggard, your figure begins to look like—a string bean! It's just so with the hair. If it isn't nourished properly, it grows dry, loses its grip, as it were, and so falls out in handfuls. Whenever there's anything the matter with the hair, the whole body must be looked to. Now, you, Patty Ann, don't eat enough—of the right things. You eat too much candy between meals (which, by the way, accounts for that pimple on your chin), and so your appetite isn't healthy when you reach the table. Lots

[Continued on page 86]

Don't be discouraged!



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will improve your skin

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Resinol Soap not only is delightfully cleansing and refreshing, but its daily use reduces the tendency to pimples, offsets many ill-effects of cosmetics, and gives Nature the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

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## WHAT MAKES HEALTHY HAIR

[Continued from page 85]

of good whole wheat bread and butter, soups, creamy milk, cereals, fruit, vegetables, simple desserts with or without cream, are what you should eat—and meat only once a day. But exercise you must have, because all the impurities of the body must be completely thrown off daily. Water will help here, so drink lots of it. And get nine hours' sleep, every night of your life, if possible—eight at the very least.

"Then, you have to keep the scalp stimulated, if it has grown sluggish—and dry, scanty, thinning hair means it has! The blood must be brought up to nourish the hair, and the little oil cells stimulated to do their work.

"Vigorous exercise helps here, of course, because it sends the blood coursing all through the body—but suppose we give your scalp a little extra attention.

SEE, I slip my finger-tips under your hair, and I press firmly against each side of the scalp. Now I move the skin back and forth. But you see I do not lift my fingers or let them rub across the hair—that is apt to break it. What I am trying to do is to loosen the scalp from the skull, so the flow of the blood will not be checked. Oh, here is an obstinate little spot! It won't move at all. That would soon mean a patch of dead dry hair. You must work on that every night, and indeed your whole scalp is obstinate. It takes effort to loosen it, and that's one big trouble with your hair. Every night you must manipulate your scalp in this way, moving the fingers about from place to place."

"O-O-h! my head feels so nice and warm and tingly!" said Patty Ann.

"Of course it does—the blood is getting to work! The next thing is to brush your hair daily. I do not brush mine at night—except to straighten out tangles and toss it about a bit before braiding loosely. But I'm tired at night, and I'd rather do my beautifying at other times. So, the middle of the morning, or some leisure hour in the afternoon, I loosen my hair and lie in the sun for fifteen minutes, shaking it out and letting air and sunlight freshen and sweeten it. When I can, I do this outdoors."

"Oh, but I couldn't!" interpolated Patty Ann. "Freckles!"

"I'd freckle, too, if I didn't take precautions, but I cut the crown out of a farmer's hat and slip my hair through the opening so it hangs loose and free, while the brim fits close down on my forehead and the back of my neck. That's the best way in the world to dry the hair in summer time, after a shampoo. Outdoor drying is so much better than indoor."

[Concluded on page 87]



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FORT WORTH, TEXAS  
PORTLAND, ORE.



## WHAT MAKES HEALTHY HAIR

[Continued from page 86]

"But what about brushing?" questioned Patty Ann.

"I do that when I'm through with my daily sun-bath. One hundred strokes, with a fairly stiff brush, but wielded rather gently; for the object of brushing is not to take out tangles, but to spread the oil evenly over the hair and thus give it a gloss and prevent dry ends. And I brush up from the neck, up from about the ears, but not up from my forehead, because mine is rather high. Here I part the hair and brush down from each side of the part. And I brush out and up at the ends, to toss the hair a little."

"Should I use a tonic?" queried Patty Ann, importantly, gazing again into the mirror.

"The object of a tonic is to stimulate the scalp, and bring the blood to the surface. Anything which does that will help your hair, unless it has qualities which dry up the oil. Ointments are good rubbed into a dry scalp every few nights—just a tiny bit on the tips of the fingers, applied by massage in the manner I've been showing you. They help to keep the hair from looking dry, but should not be used for oily or healthy hair.

"But that's enough of hair till to-night, Patty Ann!"

When bedtime came, Patty stole into Miss Pennington's room in kimono and slippers, with her toothbrush and oil.

"It's very simple," said Miss Pennington. "First we part your hair from forehead to the nape of the neck. Then we dip the toothbrush in the oil, and lift it quickly before the oil all flows off. Down the part we trail it, brushing the scalp, oh, very gently, as we go, yet thoroughly. Then, just a bit to the left we make a new part and do it again. And so, Patty Ann, we shall go over every inch of it. And there on the dresser is my smartest bathing cap for you to slip on afterward, or your pillows would suffer grievously. You could pin two towels around your head, just as well, but the rubber cap looks prettier, that's all.

"And to-morrow I'll show you not only how to shampoo your hair, but how to make the simplest, most healthful shampoo mixture. And we'll have another beauty talk at hair-brushing time—shall we?"

"Oh, Miss Pennington!" cried Patty Ann, "you're a dear!"

*Editor's Note.* — Miss Pennington's formula for shampoo mixture, and some "do's and don't's" for all kinds of hair will be mailed to any reader addressing Miss Beacon, care of McCall's Magazine, McCall Building, 236-237 West 37th St., New York, N. Y., and inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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**THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 342 Summit St., Toledo, O.**  
Established in 1885. Known around the globe.

# THE THORNY PATH

[Continued from page 29]

Gradually, I stopped leaving calling-cards because it seemed a wasteful, silly performance. Then I made no return calls unless I was interested in the individual. It seemed to be only honest to call on someone because you wanted to, not because they had called on you. I took off my corsets because they had always annoyed me. This necessitated new dresses designed along comfortable, attractive lines. And I sent out no formal invitations worded after the absurd manner, "Mrs. X. requests the pleasure," and so on, but wrote my own friendly notes. In other words, I paid no attention to what had been set down as "correct," and "according to the best social etiquette," or to any fashion whatever.

I happen to live in a fairly good-sized town where most of the people are well enough off to be ambitious to do things nicely. This desire had grown into a slavish following of rules of etiquette and to a snobbish following of things the very rich do. There are many towns just like ours. The doings of rich people formed a continual topic of conversation. I stopped reading and talking about such people, and instead gave that time to things more worth while. Before very long I discovered that I had an interest in people, if not in society people, and I got to reading something about industrial conditions, factory work, and hours and wages and the great changes that have come in these things during the past few years. I mention this because it led to a small triumph for me. At the same club which so ruthlessly criticised me for discarding my wedding-ring, a woman high in clubdom was called to lecture. I talked with her, both before and after the lecture, about my new interests. And during the course of the social time that followed she said:

"If I may not be thought presumptuous, I would suggest that you are fortunate in having among you a woman of rare independence of thought. She is also unusually well informed. I want you, if possible, to join with me in the work that I have described. May I suggest that Mrs. B— would be an excellent leader?"

I was not present when this speech was made, but Mabel was, and she told me that after that a more thunderstruck lot of women she had never seen. For the past six months I had been regarded as somewhat outside the pale of good taste and to hear me praised by a celebrity was a shock. Afterward, several of the women questioned the lecturer as to my "independence" of thought and received new shocks, as the lady admired my discarding conventions and clothes and jewelry I deemed unimportant and unnecessary. They made me a leader in the new

work, and after that I was yielded, very reluctantly, a kind of wondering admiration. That was but human, since to admire what I did made a reflection on their own acts necessary. It was and has been my one triumph. Not any one of the women has any real sympathy with me, not even Mabel, although I do not mind that so much now as I did.

Do not think that I continued to hunt for habits which I might change, after my first six months of experimenting. It was an arduous process and took too much time. After that, I waited until something came along which, though according to custom, annoyed me to death, and then I did as I pleased. Not long ago, I had a rather painful experience. Funerals in our town are elaborate affairs. I have always disapproved of funeral displays. It has always seemed to me that after the spirit has left the body, no one should see it, and that as soon as possible it should be destroyed. This is merely a personal opinion, and I expect no one to accept it.

It happened that one of our leading citizens died, and the funeral arranged was most ornate, with a band procession, children marching, a choir singing, and other ceremonies. When I thought of going to such an affair, my whole being revolted. And I did not go. I wrote to the bereaved relatives, and stayed away. I did not explain my absence, but, as before, the townspeople plied me with questions. There was no way out of it; so I gave my opinion. The family of the deceased person, hearing of this, was so offended that no member of it has spoken to me since. This is but one of the many incidents which make the path of doing as you please, thorny, indeed. And then the path is thorny because it is so solitary. There are few that travel it, because it demands a good deal of thought and courage. Why, even now, when I have been on it for some years, I find myself wondering what I am going to do next to arouse comment, and although I have learned to laugh about it, I don't like it particularly.

The townspeople have come to regard me as a kind of freak from whom a certain amount of entertainment may be expected every year. I don't like that. No woman likes to be considered a freak. Also, it is not wholly enjoyable to know that Mabel and Mark, while somewhat reconciled to my new peculiarities, feel apologetic for me. Fortunately, my husband does not. He has stood by me, perhaps with a good deal of amusement, but certainly with increasing respect for my stand; and this has been a very sweet drop in a bitter draft. The other drop

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## TEN DOLLARS WEEKLY

By ETHEL BAKER

WHEN it became necessary for me to earn pin-money without leaving home, I at once decided that I should have to earn it with my needle, as I was not skilled in any other household accomplishment.

While I was wondering how to proceed, a friend accidentally solved my problem. Finding me making a dainty slip for my baby, she remarked that she was to attend a baby-shower the following day, and as she had no time to make an article for contribution, she offered to pay me to make a slip exactly like the one on which I was working.

I made it at a cost of forty-five cents; the material, one and one-half yards of linen, costing thirty-five cents; and the incidentals, consisting of three-quarters of a yard of narrow ribbon, three-quarters of a yard of heading, and embroidery cotton, costing ten cents.

I feather-stitched the hem of the skirt and shoulder seams and crocheted a plain edge around the neck and sleeves instead of buttonholing them. The crocheted finish was easiest to do, as it required no stamping.

My friend paid me seventy-five cents for the garment and suggested that I make more of them, selling through the Woman's Exchange. I followed her advice, and during the first week I had orders for twelve slips, which gave me a profit of \$3.75, after paying the commission at the Exchange. I bought the material for the slips by the bolt, saving quite a little in that way.

IN two months, I had earned \$32. Then, as the demand for slips began to decline, I sent notes to several mothers in our vicinity, stating that I was prepared to make to order any baby's garment and to remodel baby clothes. I also added that I had for sale a supply of articles for gift purposes, such as hand-made bibs, embroidered talcum-box covers, bonnets, and sacques.

The response to my announcement was very gratifying. I have since set up a Baby Shop in my parlor, calling it Baby's Wardrobe. I devote about six hours a day to work, and as it requires no special equipment beyond a small second-hand show-case to hold the bonnets and other embroidered articles which I keep as samples, my profits now amount to nearly ten dollars weekly.

This work is so simple that any woman can do it, and if there is no Exchange in her town, she can start her first soliciting by writing notes to mothers who, she thinks, would be interested, or later by sending out printed cards to the club members in her community, whose names she can get from club membership lists.



## All Foods Are There 16 Elements in Quaker Oats

Nature makes many foods, some rich in one element, some in another.

But in the oat she combines them all, in just the right proportions.

There are 16 elements in oats. Here science finds the perfectly-balanced food. One could live on oats alone, plus the fat in milk.

Here Nature stores a wealth of vim-food, to energize the user. And here she lavishes exquisite flavor to delight.

So the oat is to people like honey to the bee. Like the nut to the squirrel. It is all-in-all.

# Quaker Oats

*The Superlative Vim-Food*

We get Nature's choicest oats, then discard two-thirds. That's the reason why Quaker Oats are rich in flavor and aroma.

Those big, plump grains—and those alone—are flaked for Quaker Oats.

That's the reason for this luscious flavor which has won the world to

Quaker. It is known to people of every clime.

In cottage and palace, all the world over, this is the favorite brand. Yet asking for it brings it to you without extra price. Don't miss this premier dish.

**10c and 25c per package**  
**Except in Far West and South**

## An Aluminum Cooker for \$1.00

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send \$1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to United States and Canada. We supply only one cooker to a family.

**Address the Quaker Oats Co., 1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago**





*"Joy o' Life"*  
Lady Duff Gordon Model No. 43A 205—\$35.00

*"Garden of Roses"*  
Lady Duff Gordon Model No. 43A 125—\$25.50

*"My Dearest"*  
Lady Duff Gordon Model No. 43A 130—\$32.50



## Three Original New Designs

*By Lady Duff-Gordon*

FROM THE SPRING AND SUMMER PORTFOLIO

"WHEN Spring Comes Dancing over the Little Hills" then my thoughts run away from indoor things and I want to make dresses that look like the flowers, and the sunshine, and the green fields, and the blue sky. I want my girls and my girl-women to be like a garden of glowing blossoms—a blue forget-me-not, a pink rose, a yellow cowslip—so I've brought these to you today, with the warm fragrant heart of summer embodied in each one. They're a joyous little nosegay, gathered from the big garden which the Sears, Roebuck people call their "Portfolio of Lady Duff-Gordon's Original Designs for Spring and Summer" and I'm proud to tell you about it.

The little dresses which I've made for you—"all right out of my heart"—they've taken and pictured so perfectly in a beautiful book which they've made more interesting than a story book could possibly be. The cover illustrates my own whimsical notion. "When Spring Comes Dancing over the Little Hills," and inside the book, beautiful paintings show you, even to the very colors, how some of my little dresses look. It is a glorious book. I want every woman in America to have one and accept it as my greeting to her for the new season.

Spring is just about to unpack her gorgeous wardrobe before our envious eyes but—Mother Nature is not to be the only lady with lovely clothes this season. I've made other plans for you all in this book of mine.

*Lady Duff Gordon*

The three exquisite frocks shown here are from the Spring and Summer Portfolio of Lady Duff-Gordon's Original Designs, ready March First. A copy will be mailed *free* and postpaid to any part of the United States upon receipt of the attached coupon properly filled in.

The Portfolio contains Morning, Afternoon and Evening Frocks, Street Suits and Sport Suits, Separate Blouses and Separate Skirts, Millinery and Corsets—correct dress for all Spring and Summer occasions for misses and women with several special models for stout figures. All are original Lady Duff-Gordon Designs. No single garment or article is priced above Forty-five Dollars. Many of them are much less. If your copy has not been previously reserved, we suggest that you send the attached coupon to our Chicago office at once to avoid unnecessary delay.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.,

*Homan Avenue at Arthington Street, CHICAGO:*

*Please send me, without charge, Lady Duff-Gordon's Spring and Summer Portfolio ready March First.*

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ 8044-M  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



### Have You a Winter Complexion?

"Vaseline" Camphor Ice soothes roughened cheeks and prevents cracked lips and chapped hands. It is the worst enemy of the keen, cold winds that try to ruin your complexion.

"Vaseline" Jelly, with gum camphor, combines two powerful healing agents into a valuable ointment for your skin.

Sold in tin boxes and tubes at drug and department stores everywhere. Avoid substitutes.

New illustrated booklet free on request.

# Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Camphor Ice

Chesebrough Mfg. Company  
(Consolidated)  
5 State Street New York



## Freeman's

### FACE POWDER

Pure as a garden of lilies, with fragrance as lasting and delicate. Does not rub off. Money back if not satisfied. All toilet counters. Sample mailed free.

**25c**  
The Freeman Perfume Co.  
Dept. 59 Cincinnati, O.

When answering ads, mention McCALL'S

# TRAINING YOUR PETS

By F. H. SWEET

ALL domestic animals can so easily be trained to perform tricks if the right methods are used when they are young, that it seems a pity for dog and cat owners not to enlighten themselves a little in "animal pedagogy." Any cat or dog can be trained at command to jump over a stick, walk on his hind-legs, speak for his food and perform any number of more difficult feats.

The successful performance of tricks, however, depends much more upon the owner's patience than on the pet's intelligence. Also, you must realize that more can be obtained by kindness

than by any means of instilling fear.

It is taken for granted that, from the time he shows any intelligence, your dog or cat comes to you as soon as his name is called. This is the first step in the animal's training, after which he is ready for his first trick lesson. As leaping over a stick at command is the simplest exercise for the animal both physically and mentally, it is wise to start with this as the basic lesson.

Procure a pole about three feet long, and place this across two supports just high enough to prevent the animal from stepping over it. Take your position on one side of this pole (the side opposite the animal) with a small piece of meat or biscuit. Induce the animal to approach the pole as near as possible, and then hold the tempting morsel near his nose, but a little in front of it. Now, with a sudden movement, extend your hand beyond the barrier, calling "Hip!" or some other quick exclamation. Eager to get the tempting morsel, he will leap over. This proceeding should be repeated a number of times, after which he should

be rewarded with the bait he has been striving for. After a few repetitions, he will probably leap over at a motion of the hand, and a word of command. He should always be rewarded for obeying. On the other hand, it is well to have a light switch with which to give him a gentle cut should he attempt to run under, which he should never be permitted to do. The height of the barrier may be increased gradually from day to day.

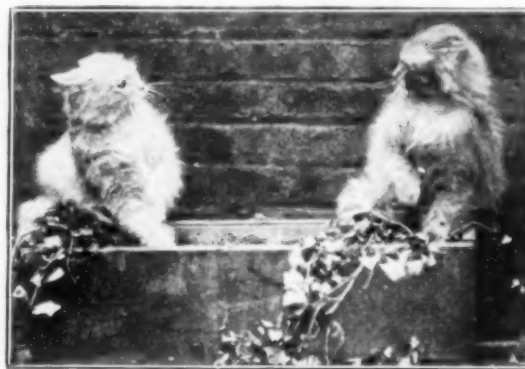
Later, a large hoop may be substituted for the pole, and the size of this gradually lessened until it is scarcely larger than the animal's body. After

a while, he has only to see the hoop, and he will jump through it.

YOU can teach a dog to jump rope, by tying one end of the rope to a post and holding the other in your hand. Let the dog jump over the rope several times, at the word of command, and then begin to move the rope slightly. At the proper moment (which you must calculate), give the word of command, and the animal will leap over the rope. By gradually increasing the impetus, you may soon teach the dog to skip rope quite creditably.

As to training him to walk on his hind-legs, the best method is to hold a small piece of meat just above the dog's nose, saying at the same time, "Up, up!" and holding it always just above his nose until he is standing on his hind-legs. If the dog attempts to jump or strike the food with his paw, give him a gentle cut with the switch and start again. After he has reached the upright position, let him remain there a moment or two; then give him the morsel. Do not keep him too long in this

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WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT



HIS GRACE—  
BEAU  
CRUMMEL



## TRAINING YOUR PETS

[Continued from page 92]

position, especially at first, as it is a very trying one for an animal to maintain. He should always be rewarded after he has stood erect successfully, in this manner. Keep rewarding the animal with little pieces of food when he succeeds, and after a week or so, he will be able to walk about on his hind-legs.

Walking on his hind-legs is only a preliminary to walking on his fore-legs. This, however, is a very striking and professional stunt which should be regarded as a mark of rapid progress.

To teach this trick, provide yourself with a switch about twenty inches in length, and moderately stout. This switch, held in your right hand, you place under the dog's belly, and while you lift up his hind-quarters with it, you place your left hand on his head to keep him from moving away, and to make him retain his reversed position. As the dog rises into position, the switch should be gradually carried along until it supports his hind-feet. This is the process for the first few lessons, until the dog understands what is wanted; after that it is better merely to tap his ankles from in front with your switch, giving, at the same time, whatever order you have accustomed him to in teaching the trick. He will eventually take the position without any help or encouragement from the stick.

When this trick is thoroughly mastered, the walking part may be easily added. Take your position a little in front of your pupil, when he is in the upside-down position, and encourage him to come to you. At the same time, you must keep your switch handy near his toes, which you should tap whenever he shows any signs of placing them on the ground. Later he may be able to walk quite a distance.

To teach a dog to "play dead," it is only necessary to make him lie down on his side, and, by threatening him with your forefinger, keep him from changing his position. Then, at a special word of command, he can be taught to jump up, wagging his tail.

Cats are especially adapted to certain tricks, because of their sureness of foot. Walking the tight-rope may become an easy feat for them if they are taught when young. You must remember, however, that cats have not, as a rule, as much intelligence as dogs, and they require more care and training. They may be taught, however, to climb poles, jump through hoops, ring bells (by pulling a ribbon), turn the handle of a music-box, and many other simple but amusing tricks, if only patience is exercised. It is well to remember that they are passionately fond of fish, and they will do almost anything to obtain a piece as a reward.



Both actresses and society women find nothing so perfect for hair cleansing as

## CANTHROX SHAMPOO

The natural beauty and fluffiness of the hair is brought out to its best advantage when you use Canthrox, the daintily perfumed scalp stimulating hair cleanser which has been the favorite for years because it immediately removes from the hair all dirt and excess oil, and in addition to its cleaning properties is known to have a beneficial effect upon both hair and scalp. If troubled with dandruff, the first shampoo removes most of it and after each succeeding shampoo you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

### 15 Exhilarating Shampoos for 50c at Your Druggist's

This is about three cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready.

**Free Trial Offer** To prove that Canthrox is the most pleasant, the most simple, in all ways the most effective hair wash, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., 212 W. Kinzie St., Dept. 14, Chicago, Illinois



### Famous Beauties of Paris

used X-Bazin 75 years ago. The beauties of Paris and elsewhere today are still using this safe, sure, pleasant application to remove embarrassing hair. Dermatologists and physicians endorse its scientific formula. 50c and \$1 at druggists or by mail. Refuse dangerous substitutes that may disfigure the skin.

**X-BAZIN** DEPILATORY POWDER  
HALL & BUCKEL New York  
225 Washington Street

### This Gingham Slip-On Only 47¢

Simply to get acquainted we offer this serviceable Gingham Slip-On for 47c. It is catalogued at a much higher price. At this price, a wonderful bargain.

### Send for Our Free Catalog of House Dresses

If it isn't the greatest bargain you ever came across, send it back and we'll return your money. That's our guarantee. Made in light blue, tan and steel. Send bust measurement when ordering. Daintily piped with white at neck, sleeve and pocket. Send H.G. today. This offer may not appear again so order more than one. Just life apiece. The Farlow Co., 456 Fourth Ave., N.Y.



When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE



Larkin Co. Dept. MC-317  
Buffalo, New York

Tell me about the Larkin Easy Payment Plan and send the Catalog describing the instrument I have checked. Also name your introductory Factory-to-Family price.

Piano—Player Piano—Symphonola—

Name .....

P. O. ....

State .....

St. or R. D. ....

Address .....

**TODAY**  
MAIL THIS COUPON

This brings to all the interesting details of the Larkin Easy Payment Plan which places in your home soon your choice of three musical instruments at the "special" introductory Factory-to-Family price. Thousands of homes are now happier since owning the Symphonola Piano player by hand, The Symphonola Player Piano played by hand, or without previous practice with music rolls and the Symphonola which plays all Victor and Columbia records. There is a place in your home for a Symphonola or Symphonola.

**Symphonic Pianos  
Symphonola Player Pianos  
Symphonolas**  
On Easy Payments—1 to 4 Years' Time

Two million other customers find it profitable to deal the Larkin Factory-to-Family way. Let us show you how our plan saves you much money on these sweet-toned instruments and how every obstacle to a purchaser is removed by our extremely easy monthly payment plan. From the moment you make your first payment until the last, the Larkin offer protects you. Let us tell you how. Be sure to send the coupon today for the Symphonola or Symphonola catalog.



**Music Lessons  
Sent FREE**

are a marvel of simplicity and completeness, endorsed by the Advertiser and other great authorities.

**Any Instrument or Voice**

Write us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons—if at all, etc., and we will send you six lessons free and prepaid—any of the following Complete Courses: Lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' courses), by the great Wm. H. Sherwood; HARMONY, by Dr. Protheroe and Rosenbecker; VOICE COURSE (with aid of phonograph), by Crampton; PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC, by Frances E. Clark; VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, by equally eminent teachers. We want to prove in this remarkable way what fine lessons they are—SEEING IS BELIEVING. Full particulars sent along with free lessons. Send no money.

**SEIGEL-MYERS SCHOOL OF MUSIC**  
CLARENCE EDDY, Dean

2491 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill.

When answering ads, mention McCALL'S

## PURCHASING FOR THE HOME

By MARION MCCREA

A BACHELOR friend of our family, who is purchasing agent for a large firm in Chicago, gave me an idea recently that has done more than any other to make me an efficient home manager.

During a visit at my home, he took the liberty of criticising my lighting arrangements, asking if I were aware that my living-room could be lighted far more pleasingly, at two-thirds the expense, by the use of a trade-marked equipment which had been placed on the market within the year. He mentioned the name, and I remembered that I had seen it advertised.

"If you had made a businesslike use of that advertisement, you would now be enjoying decreased lighting bills, a more artistic home, and greater eye comfort," he explained, and went on to tell me that he considered it one of the most important parts of his work as purchasing agent to read every advertisement in the leading trade journal of his line. That set me to thinking, and, suddenly, a new idea seized me.

"I'm a purchasing agent myself," I announced proudly. "My line is home management—on thirty-five hundred a year. I have a trade journal, too," and I produced the home magazine to which we had subscribed for years.

He smiled at this. "Get me the latest copy, then," he offered, "and I'll show you how to use it as an up-to-date buying directory."

As a result of the little lesson which ensued, I have formed the habit of going over my magazine in a businesslike way, each month, taking in the gist of each advertisement. I never sit down to this interesting little duty without having at hand post-cards and my fountain pen, so that I won't lazily put off sending inquiries on interesting advertisements.

I MAKE shopping list notations to visit stores in which I can inspect interestingly advertised goods. I have found that I secure the best and quickest attention from salespeople by immediately mentioning a magazine advertisement. I am satisfied that I recently bought the best refrigerator to be had in Chicago, or anywhere else, for the money. When shopping for it, I clipped several of the advertisements from my magazine and used them in examining and asking questions about the different makes.

My friend had told me that, for reference purposes, many purchasing agents keep files and card indexes of advertisements and advertising literature clipped from their trade journals. My little advertisement file began as a boxful of

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WESTMINSTER  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
Atlanta, Ga.  
(Received \$70.00)

## A Plan to Raise Money For Your Church or Your School or Your Society

"McCall's Fund-Raising Plan" has enabled churches of every denomination, schools and societies all over the United States, Canada, the Philippines and Hawaii to raise nearly a hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000.00) during the past three years.

Write at once for free particulars of our SPECIAL FUND-RAISING OFFER FOR FEBRUARY AND MARCH the last two months McCALL'S MAGAZINE subscriptions can be taken at the old price. An opportunity that will never come again.

Address "Fund-Raising Plan"  
Care of THE McCALL COMPANY  
McCall Building  
236-246 West 37th St., New York, N. Y.



Y. W. C. A.  
Detroit, Mich.  
(Received \$237.30)



PUBLIC SCHOOL  
Huntington, Art.  
(Received \$66.00)

## SHEET MUSIC

Until all Europe went to war and foreign music went out of the market, America never realized that our own

### "Century" Edition—10c

is the equal of any sheet music published anywhere at five times the price.

Here are a few random numbers from our "Century" Catalog of 2000 titles.

#### PIANO SOLOS

Album Leaf . . . . .	Grieg	Bridal Chorus . . . . .	Wagner
Hardman's Cottage . . . . .	Heims	Large . . . . .	Mendel
The Fountain . . . . .	Bohm	Lois du Bal . . . . .	Gillet
Convent Bell . . . . .	Loderie	March Militaire . . . . .	Schubert
Mountain Stream . . . . .	Smith	Shepherd's Dream . . . . .	Heins
Return of Spring . . . . .	Moelling	Silver Spray . . . . .	Drumheller
Second Valse . . . . .	Godard	Twilight Reverie . . . . .	Guy

Ask your dealer to show you "Century" Edition and give you a catalog. If he can't, don't take a substitute, but send your order and remittance direct to us, with his name, and we will fill it and send you a complete catalog free.

CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.  
225 W. 40th Street, New York

## Save Half ON PLAYER PIANO ROLLS

Enjoy the best, full-score music yet save 50c to 60c on the dollar, get quicker delivery, and choice of over 2000 selections (classical, popular, etc.). Arrangement of our rolls celebrated. Materials of highest quality.

### 90-Page Catalog FREE

Shows convincingly how to get truly desirable (88-note) player-music at genuine half price.

S. M. Consumers Supply Co., Station H, Buffalo, N. Y.

**LEPAGE'S  
GLUE 10c**  
HAS HUNDREDS OF USES

## PURCHASING FOR THE HOME

[Continued from page 94]

cheap envelopes with titles scribbled on them; but it has since developed into a simple letter-filing box. I now have clip-pings, booklets, and circulars, under heads ranging from "Switches"—to be referred to when I next have need of a new hair switch—to "Ornamental Brick"—against the time when we build our new home.

In a little more than a year my magazine's advertisements have enabled me to dress myself and my children better, and to enjoy more table and other home luxuries than my income ever purchased before.

I have discovered several up-to-date comforts for baby, of which I blush to think I had ever permitted myself to remain ignorant. I have increased my maid's efficiency and good-will to a most noticeable degree, and materially improved the appearance of my home, by installing several comparatively inexpensive household conveniences which neither she nor I had ever tried before.

My collection of receipt books, sent free on request by the magazine's advertisers, is the most up-to-date possible supplement to my big standard cook-book; they are filled with suggestions for interesting new dishes, and help wonderfully in menu-planning.

Speaking from my own experience in the businesslike use of magazine advertising, this is my summed-up advice to home managers:

Give every advertisement at least a glance—it has an interesting idea for women in it, or it wouldn't be there. Have post-cards and a memorandum pad handy while you're doing it, and file away every advertisement—as well as booklets and other "literature" received by writing inquiries to advertisers—in some such way as to have them conveniently at hand for shopping and reference use.

## OUR TWO COLOR INSERTS FOR FRAMING

IN this number, on page 19, you have the first of our series of reproductions of world masterpieces and another color insert on page 20, illustrating Bourdillon's poem. Of course you will want to begin framing the masterpiece series from the start, and as the illustration of the poem is too exquisite not to share a place on your walls along with "Gossip," we have had an extra supply of each reproduction printed, separately, ready for framing, which you may have if you will send, at once, your name, address, and a remittance of ten cents for both or five cents for one of them.



## Burn Oil, Gasoline or Distillate

**HERE** is gas stove convenience for the farm kitchen at less cost than city gas, coal, wood, or ordinary oil stoves.

The Detroit Vapor Stove has no wicks, saving bother, expense and odor. It has no asbestos rings. The burner is heavy grey annealed iron, that cannot warp, sag or burn thru. It takes the kettle as soon as the match is struck. It becomes a glowing red and gives an intense, steady, even blue flame directly under the cooking utensils. And yet because the burner weighs 6½ pounds this intense heat does not shorten its life. It is the most durable stove made for liquid fuels.

It burns oil, gasoline or distillate. This makes it doubly safe and doubly

convenient. It handles even the low grades of these fuels, satisfactorily.

It is easy to operate and easy to keep clean. Permanent baked enamel finish requires no blacking. There are no wicks to make dirt.

It is handsome, looks like a gas stove, has sanitary base, and back-ache preventing height.

Some dealer in your town sells Detroit Vapor Stoves—ask him for a demonstration or write us for free stove book M showing latest styles and sizes selling for \$12 and up.

**The Detroit Vapor Stove Company, Detroit, Mich.**

(55)

**Table Bed** A table by day  
a bed at night

A handsome library table, opening into a completely made full sized bed

**Ta-Bed**

Springs, mattress and bedding fold up automatically into the drawer space; perfect ventilation absolutely sanitary

Write for FREE "Story of the Table that went to Bed"

Ta-Beds range in price from \$32.00 up. Give your dealer's name

United Table-Bed Company, 3667 S. Morgan St. Chicago

An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

**BALDPATE**

Registered in U. S. and Canada

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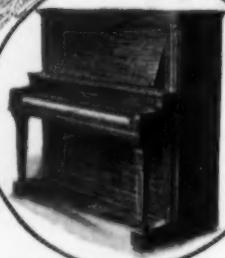
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## SMART ECONOMY

By MAUD ROBINSON TOOMBS

**T**HE best dressed woman I ever knew? She was not a rich woman; she was not even one of my customers, but—she understood what to do without," announced a famous dressmaker, well known in the elite circle of a big Eastern city.

And there you have the riddle of smart economy solved in a few words! Any one can dress well on a lot of money, and badly on a little; but to economize cleverly means guessing right about what you don't want.

For instance, a chiffon and shadow lace waist may charm you by its daintiness, until you stop to think what a string it will be after washing, or how you will have to pay "rent" on it, as long as it lasts, in the shape of cleaner's bills. A blouse of Georgette crêpe, on the other hand, is quite as dressy, and you may launder it as often as you deem necessary.

A rough-weave coat is not economy for the woman who can afford only one winter garment. It may be inexpensive, in the first place; but it is not proper to wear in the evening, or over dressy gowns in the afternoon; and, of course, if a rough weave is not practical, a colored coat is even worse. If you feel you cannot afford silk or velvet, a smooth-finished black cloth is the thing.

The woman with a small income should never buy a silk or velvet tailor-made suit. These cannot be worn the year round like a medium-weight wool, and the following season, they are not suitable for second best, or even rainy-day wear. The year-round proposition applies to one's dressy gowns still more.

"I cannot afford muslins and linens just for summer wear," remarked a friend, who manages admirably on very little. "The one exception to my rule is when they are made up very simply for morning use. Even then, a simple dark

blue wash-silk, with white collars and cuffs, will keep clean longer, will require almost no pressing, and will wear twice as long as it will be all right for the following winter. For the same reason, I have my dressy gowns of voile, crêpe de Chine, washable satin, and Georgette crêpe, when I wish them in pale colors.

These materials are suitable for all four seasons, and—another economical point—they launder perfectly, are rich enough so that they need no trimming, and can be made out of a few yards in the simplest manner."

Dry cleaner's bills work havoc with the average woman's purse. When buying white kid gloves, or white kid shoes, it is wise to ascertain whether they are of the washable variety.

Hats are the hardest obstacles in the way of economy, for

styles change so! Nevertheless, you will notice that the medium-shaped sailor is always worn; and a sailor of taffeta or satin that is not freakish should be adopted in preference to a straw or velvet to wear with one's best gown, particularly when the dress receives comparatively little wear, and the hat, because it matches, is seldom taken out of its box.

**N**OW take the matter of a simple blue serge gown—just a little tailored affair, bound with braid—can anything be smarter? It is suitable for almost every kind of weather because you have your sleeves on a separate net lining; and there are two pairs, one of the material itself, the other of thin Georgette crêpe. This is a frock you may wear to work, to church, to the theater, and when calling or traveling. It is a wonderful investment.

When buying furs, choose your neck-piece with a view to its appearance over

[Concluded on page 97]



SMARTNESS ACHIEVED THROUGH SIMPLICITY

## SMART ECONOMY

[Continued from page 96]

thin dresses. No, the summer fur idea is not ridiculous; it is very practical. It saves buying a summer shoulder-wrap or coat. A smart stole of seal is inexpensive, does not need cleaning like the lighter furs, and will look well with all colors and on all occasions.

If you are practising smart economy, you simply cannot afford clothes for one occasion only, and you must be strong-minded enough to forego all the fluffy extras, the chiffons that rumple and do up badly, the freak belts and ties and scarfs. You have no money to waste on needless accessories. If you do, you will have to go shoddy on the essential things, which, in order to keep their shape and color under hard wear, must be of the first quality.

So make your belts of your dress material, and learn to do your hair snugly without a veil; but never economize on the material of your tailor-made suit, on a shoe shine, or a visit to the cobbler's to have your heels straightened. The reward for smart economy will be that, as you swing down the street, well groomed and smart-looking in your plain, well-cut, all-the-year-round dress or suit, those who see you cannot help thinking: "There goes a well-dressed woman!"

## THE THORNY PATH

[Continued from page 88]

of sweetness has been in the knowledge, as I go on, that I am in the right; that never will women or men achieve any kind of freedom of action until they reserve for themselves the decision as to how they shall execute the niceties of life, as well as the moralities.

"Mother," said Mabel, after an interview in which she had been begging me to wear a cloth suit on a hot day because the affair was a formal one, and I had declined in favor of white dimity (you see, I still have to wage my battles), "Mother, I don't know whether you are like a washerwoman or a duchess. They both do exactly as they like, regardless of appearances."

"I'm like neither," I said. "I'm a middle-class woman, freed from the shackles of convention. By the time you are my age there will be thousands of women like me." That is true. Although I am but one progressive in our little world, there are other women fighting the same battle, and because of us, the next generation of women will have still more.

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## SIXTEEN

[Continued from page 10]

habits, their starchy guests, their serviceable attire; wondered how she was going to put up with them all summer. Let them not attempt, however, to interfere with the understanding she was determined to establish between Drusilla and herself!

Esther, Anne's second daughter, arrived just after dinner, but Anne was busy helping Dru to dress and had scarcely time to greet her. She thought Esther looked ridiculously self-complacent. A raise in salary, she supposed. It took little to please some people.

The newcomer, not received with the customary adoring approval, ran a widening eye over the extravagances strewn about her young sister's room, over the blooming Dru, half-clad in an elaborate negligee, but said nothing. Esther was but a paler shadow of Harriet, anyway; Anne was not afraid of her.

At last, every curl was knowingly arranged, every crisp fold of snowy tulle was in place, and Dru smiled happily, challengingly, into her mirror. Anne yearned to take her daughter into her arms and whisper her love, her anxiety, her overwhelming desire for her happiness; but she was afraid of crushing the white gown, afraid of saying the wrong thing, afraid of startling the girl with her unheard-of intensity. So when Dru, with her usual little air of restraint and composure, said: "Like it, Mother?", Anne, bending aside to pick up fan and gloves and hide the tears that clouded her eyes, merely replied, "All right, I guess," and slipped away, choking. Dru's beauty and excitement, the white gown, everything, made her feel as if she were dressing the girl for her wedding. That day would come, too—a day of good omen, she prayed. With new understanding, she hoped it would come soon.

While Dru still stood before her mirror, drawing long white gloves over her round arms, perking her head this way and that to catch reassuring glimpses of herself at different angles, and singing a gay dance tune under her breath in a voice that rose ever and again in throbbing little bursts eloquent of youth and awakened senses, a call came for Anne from a young neighbor who had a suddenly ailing baby. Impatiently, she called to Esther.

"I should think you might go this once. She's always imagining there's something dreadful the matter with that baby."

"But, Mother, what do I know about children!" chided her daughter, in shocked tones. "I have to get unpacked before Harriet comes."

"Oh, well!" cried the gentle Anne, sharply, catching up a wrap. "I guess it wouldn't hurt you."

[Continued on page 99]

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## SIXTEEN

*[Continued from page 98]*

She was conscious of the charged silence, as her two daughters, from their different occupations, watched her go down stairs.

It was after eight when she could get back. There was a light in the hall, but otherwise the house was dark. As she stepped in, a door opened upstairs, and Esther's sleepy voice called: "Is that you, Harriet?"

"No," said Anne, shortly, very cross and aggrieved with every one in general. People ought to know that a mother's place was with her girl on the night of her first big party—to "see her off."

"What time is it?" Esther persisted. "I'm afraid I must have fallen asleep."

"Nearly half-past eight."

"Oh! Something must have happened!" "Happened?"

"To Harriet. She should have arrived an hour ago!"

"Oh," replied Harriet's mother, carelessly. Then, almost disparagingly: "Huh!"

"But, Mother—"

"I guess Harriet Gregory's old enough to take care of herself."

"Why—" gaspingly. Then, at something in her mother's mere attitude as she stood in the hall below, Esther Gregory, efficient disciplinarian that she was, turned silently and went back into her bedroom. She did not even offer to come out and question further when the telephone bell rang a moment later and her mother answered it.

It was the conscientious Harriet, of course, calling up from the station, lest her timid little mother be alarmed over her non-appearance.

"Mother? This is Harriet."

"Yes."

"Harriet, you know."

A slight pause.

"I thought you might be worried."

"I know."

"I had to take a later train. I'll be right up."

"Yes."

"Mother! I thought this was the night of the Senior reception."

"It is," Anne's voice was calm, but her heart seemed to flutter up into her throat.

"Oh! Isn't Drusilla going?"

An alarm-proof composure seemed to surround Anne. In some odd fashion, she felt forearmed and forewarned, as if she had always expected just this moment. "She has already gone," she replied, evenly.

"But I've just seen her at the station with a youth. Meeting him, I thought. Some out-of-town boy, perhaps; he'd a traveling bag."

*[Continued on page 100]*

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## SIXTEEN

[Continued from page 99]

"Impossible," Anne returned, positive-  
ly. "Dru wouldn't go to the station in  
her party clothes."

"She had on a dark blue dress and a  
little tan hat with a spray of paradise in  
it. I noticed the hat particularly. I could  
hardly believe Dru would have anything  
so very—"

"She has no such hat," lied Anne, in-  
stantly.

"But, Mother! I was quite sure—"

"I tell you I just dressed Dru and saw  
her off—flowers, admirer, and all. It  
must have been some one else; there are  
lots of new girls in town. You'd better  
come home and get unpacked. Esther has  
been worried about you." She hung up  
the receiver.

"Gone?" kept ringing in her head.  
"Already? And not a word!"

She went straight to Dru's room, and,  
without stopping to put on the lights, ran  
searching hands over the bed, then groped  
in the closet. Immediately, her fingers  
rasped on a froth of tulle. Drusilla's  
gown. She snapped on the light. The  
dress flaunted its snowy ballet-like skirt  
before her tear-filled eyes. Dru's pink  
roses, heavy-headed, languished on the  
dresser. Her white silk stockings, stripped  
off by impatient fingers, clung to the rungs  
of a chair; one white buckskin pump  
pointed its slim toe as if for the dance,  
the other turned up a somehow derisive  
heel. A flame-colored wrap flowed from  
bed to floor.

Hastily, feverishly, Anne gathered up  
and concealed the far-flung finery, closed  
and locked the closet door, darkened the  
room. No need to look for the dark-blue  
frock, the gold-colored hat with its tiny,  
costly feather. She knew she would not  
find them.

Then she returned to her own room,  
to face the night's vigil. Some mothers,  
perhaps, would call the police and make  
a fuss, so that every one in the state  
might gloat over Drusilla's picture in the  
morning paper. Set officers of the law on  
the trail of her daughter? Never. Dru-  
silla had gone of her own free will; let  
her return the same way. She would  
know her mother's arms were always open  
to her.

She heard Harriet come in and enter  
the room she shared with Esther; heard  
Ellen go up the back stairs to her attic.  
Unanswering, pretending to be asleep, she  
heard Harriet's authoritative voice call-  
ing at her door in muted tones. Later,  
peering out and listening, she ascertained  
that the sisters' light was out, the whole  
house silent, sleeping. Then, undressing  
at last, she lay down to think—and think  
—and think.

What would the morning bring? A  
telegram from some dingy way-station,

begging forgiveness and rehabilitation?  
How was she to face her older daugh-  
ters? What explanation could she give,  
till some adequate plans could be per-  
fected? There must be no harsh ques-  
tioning, no scandal; everything must be  
made easy—and correct. The young peo-  
ple's youth must be waived, she would  
give them a fashionable wedding, find a  
good berth for the boy. He probably was  
a good enough youth, though ill-advised.  
At any rate, Dru liked him. He was her  
choice.

Yet, through the long hours, she did  
not cease hoping against hope that the  
wayfarers, proving to their sorrow the  
unrelenting nature of the law, would  
creep tremblingly—and safely—back, be-  
fore the return of the revealing daylight.  
She could see them, young faces pale,  
eyes shadowed, shrinking away from  
amused or accusing glances.

The circling lights of automobiles re-  
turning late from the dance, with their  
freight of youth and gaiety, fled over her  
walls and ceiling. One party swept past  
singing, girls' high, sweet voices and boys'  
deep, rich ones, rising and falling on gusts  
of the warm south wind—home to happy,  
sympathetic, successful mothers!

After a long time, she heard the warn-  
ing rattle of the milk teams. Still, she  
told herself, the teams came very early in  
summer; it was not nearly daylight yet.  
But even as she faced the east, the early  
June dawn was breaking. She got up  
then, dressed, and sat by the window.

At last it was time to appear. Sum-  
moning all her spent forces, Anne bathed  
her face and smoothed her hair, regard-  
ing herself critically in the mirror. That,  
then, was the countenance of a mother  
who had failed!

Suddenly it occurred to her that Dru  
might have left a note for her. In her  
confusion and haste, she had forgotten  
to look the night before—on the pillow,  
in the mirror-frame, wherever it was peo-  
ple traditionally left such messages.  
Noiselessly, she opened her door and  
slipped down the hall.

At Dru's door, she stood for an in-  
stant with her hand on the knob, her  
head throbbing dizzily, her eyes smarting  
with unshed tears. Dru's little white-and-  
pink room! It had always been her de-  
spair because of its spirited disorder. Now  
she dreaded its calmness and quiet. Even  
the bed would be smooth and orderly—  
and empty.

She stood motionless on the threshold,  
one hand fluttering to her breast. The  
bed was not empty. A slight figure raised  
the pink coverlet. A round, bare arm was  
flung wide, the hand with its soft, pink  
palm open; and, deep in the pillow, a

[Continued on page 102]



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# SIXTEEN

[Continued from page 100]

tawny head burrowed, from which a mane of tangled curls spread fanwise, waving ever so slightly in the breeze from the open window.

Dru? Was this Dru? Anne stepped nearer, and, with incredulous eyes, scrutinized the flushed cheek, the proud little mouth, which dropped helplessly now in sleep. Wearily, too, Anne thought. There was a faint bluish shadow under the thick lashes. A deep sigh lifted the round bosom.

Anne's arms went out involuntarily, in a sudden passion of tenderness. Her Dru! Her baby! Had some one hurt her? She was ready to champion her against the world.

Drawing back breathlessly, she slipped out and closed the door behind her. For a moment, she leaned against the panels, trembling; then, mastering herself, hurried down stairs.

Not till the usual minute did she call Dru, casually, naturally, though the imperious Harriet looked as if she'd like to pass comments, did she but dare. And Dru's voice, clouded with sleep, answered readily, "Yes, Mother," just as always.

"We won't wait," Anne told the older girls. "Dru was up late."

At the table, then, she poured their coffee and regarded them critically, resentfully. If they had only been like other young girls—human—she wouldn't have made all these dreadful mistakes in handling Dru; would have understood all the girl's driving need of love, petting, admiration, adventure. Reared as she had been, and wedded at twenty to a middle-aged man like Horace, what could she have known?

Drusilla came in; last, as ever, but radiant. She greeted her sisters with formal hand-shakes, and, Anne fancied, a demure air of condescension—of reserve, too. Even Harriet would hesitate to interrogate her. Anne understood, and approved. What did they know, Anne wondered contemptuously. School-teachers! They had never been kissed—not even by a Horace.

Dru's appetite remained good, she was glad to observe. "Strawberries! Oh, beauties!" And: "Griddlecakes? Yes, heaps."

At last Esther and Harriet left, comparing watches and schedules of summer study. Now. She and Dru must have this thing out. There would be things to face—people. She must know all there was to know.

"Dru, dear." Her voice held a new, thrillingly intimate note. Like a caress, it bridged the distance between them.

The girl's clear eyes met hers. "You're wondering about the dance, Mother. I didn't go. I went to see Alan off instead."

"Off?"

Dru nodded, with a shy smile.

"What time did you get back?"

"Before nine. You'd gone to bed. I didn't want to let the girls know I'd given up the dance—for Alan." She gave an embarrassed little laugh. "So I just slipped in through the kitchen and told Ellen she could lock up." Dru's smile became engaging, confiding.

"Oh!" breathed Anne, shaken by the undreamed-of relief.

"He telephoned he'd an offer of something good for the summer, but he'd have to be on hand to-day. So we thought—he thought—" Her eyes dropped self-consciously. "Anyway, it would be silly to miss the chance of a good position just for a high-school party."

"Very." Anne managed to agree.

"Of course, I was all dressed—and everything, but I said: 'Go ahead. I'll come down and see you off on the eight-twenty.'"

"I see," encouraged Anne, nodding intently.

"I thought I owed him that much—a good chum like Alan." Anne gasped. "And, anyway, I didn't feel like going to the dance all alone. So I changed, and slipped down to the station. At first, I thought I might dress again, and go on afterward, but"—falteringly—"some things Alan said—Mother!" For Anne's head had dropped on her hand—"You're not sick?" In a moment, Dru was kneeling at Anne's side, with ready arms about her. "What is it?—Mother!"

"Oh, my dear!" cried Anne, trembling between laughter and tears. "I'm afraid I haven't been a good mother to you!"

"You! Mother darling! Why, you've been the best, the dearest, always!" cried Dru, loyally, straining Anne tight—tighter than she'd ever been held before. "And lately you've been just too dear for anything!" Dru hid her face on her mother's shoulder. "Mother!" she whispered into Anne's hair. "I guess I have been a crazy girl—and a lot of trouble to you. I don't know what came over me, really I don't—keeping it all to myself, and acting so. But it just seemed as if I couldn't tell. I was afraid you wouldn't understand."

"I do understand, Dru, dear." Anne swallowed hard and mopped her eyes happily. "You need never feel that way again—about anything. I'll understand better than you do yourself. And Alan—do you—did he—?"

Dru giggled nervously. "It seems crazy now, I know, but Alan did ask me to marry him. He wanted to run away." Anne managed to look amazed. "Imagine! And I let him kiss me—and all."

[Concluded on page 103]

## SIXTEEN

[Continued from page 102]

"Drusilla!"

"Actually! I must have been crazy," blushing hotly. "That's all I can say."

"Do you care for him?"

"I like him, but not—" Dru threw out her little hands with sudden volubility. "Why, I knew right off it wasn't the real thing—when he kissed me, I mean. It's too soon, of course, and he's not the right one—though I did think he was mighty nice, at first." Dru's little head went up, proudly. "He'll be a bigger man. Alan'll always be just a boy, I guess."

"And yet you—" groped the scandalized Anne.

"I know." Dru ducked her head down again. "Wasn't it dreadful of me? But, somehow, I just couldn't help it—help trying it, I mean."

"Trying it?"

Dru began to giggle again. "You know, to see if I could do it. All the girls have beaux, nearly, from the time they're twelve or thirteen. You know they do. So I began to wonder if I was never going to have even one like Harriet and Esther. And one day you told Betty's mother that none of your girls would ever marry. I heard you tell her. And I was wild. Furious!"

Anne gasped again. That, then—that was at the root of the trouble.

"So I looked at Betty, and then at myself, and I just made up my mind—to see—what I could do!"

They looked at each other for a long moment, then burst out laughing. Anne could hardly stop, so unsettling was the reaction.

"So now," Dru resumed, suddenly sage again, "I think I'd better let Harriet tutor me, and I'll take the examinations in the fall."

"Good! Harriet will love it." Anne kissed her daughter heartily, a good, hard smack of a kiss. Then she got up suddenly. "I don't suppose, if you remember not to wear your dark blue dress for a month or so, it will matter," she told Dru, enigmatically. "Every one has a dark blue dress. But I'm afraid I'll have to put that little tan hat of yours into the fire."

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# THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 15]

"How about silver ornaments—flasks?" Barclay's eyes never left the Japanese. "I bought one, curiously shaped, with a chrysanthemum pattern traced upon it, and believed it to be the only one of its kind. And yet, I have seen two of these flasks within two weeks."

"We no have silver flasks in Nippon," replied Takasaki quietly. "We have saki bottles—you mean those? No, then you no buy silver flask in Nippon." Takasaki's tone of finality caused Ethel to stare at the two men, and she grew aware of an undercurrent of antagonism between them; and, like the born diplomat that she was, instantly plunged into the conversation.

"I should love to own some real Japanese jewelry," she said. "I imagine it must be very beautiful."

"We no have jewelry," announced Takasaki, smiling at her enthusiasm. "Only coat ornaments, neck charms, but no rings—"

"Then this must be Chinese." As he spoke, Barclay drew a ring from his little finger, and passed it to the Japanese, who carried it to the window to inspect it in the sunshine.

"What a beautiful piece of jade," exclaimed Ethel peeping over his shoulder. "It is so green, and what a unique setting!"

The jade, cut almost square, was set high in solid gold, and a dragon, heavily carved in the gold, was coiled around the jade, its head and claws overlapping the brilliant green stone.

"The ring is made by hand," volunteered Takasaki, after a brief silence, and turning it over and over. "Chinese curio—"

"And if I am not mistaken, a woman's ring," supplemented Barclay. "It is very small, and barely fits my little finger."

"Has it no legend?" asked Ethel.

"It was perhaps worn by the high-born many, many years ago," said Takasaki. "In Nippon they have what you call"—he thought a moment for the word he wanted—"tradition, which says that jade, for the woman wearer, is a token of love's loyalty."

"And for the man?" asked Barclay, accepting the ring and slipping it on his little finger.

"For the man"—again Takasaki paused, and his face was unsmiling—"it signifies betrayal and death."

"What a very gloomy outlook," laughed Barclay, inspecting the ring on his finger. "I am glad your tradition is more kind to the woman, and grants her"—his eyes sought Ethel—"love's loyalty."

"We Nipponese are loyal to our Gods, our country, and our women," Takasaki remarked seriously. "Betrayal merits death."

"Quite so." Barclay stooped over to pick up Ethel's fur muff, and she missed seeing his expression. "Let me carry those books, Miss Ogden?" putting out a hand toward a small pile of them on the table.

"Thank you, but the books stay here for Mr. Takasaki." Then, smiling at their host, "you will write that composition before the next lesson."

"Yes." They moved toward the hall and Barclay dropped behind for a second. "My wife," Takasaki turned about and waited for Barclay to catch up with them, "will be at next lesson." Then turning to Barclay, "When next you come to Nippon, Mr. Barclay, don't only look at curios."

Ethel darted a quick look at the two men—her quick ear had caught a hint of menace in Takasaki's monotonous voice, but his expression was devoid of meaning. Barclay's cheery smile reassured her.

"I'll follow your advice, Mr. Takasaki," replied Barclay, passing out of the front door held open by the attentive servant, "but I hardly expect to visit Japan again. Good morning." And the door closed behind him.

On reaching the Ogden residence, Ethel went at once to Walter Ogden's "den" on the second floor.

"Claiming the privilege of cousinship, I am coming in, too," announced Barclay from the doorway. "I feel sure I can help you get rid of those letters," pointing to several lying on a desk.

"Come in," replied Ethel, seating herself and sorting writing-paper and pens. "But, oh, please don't talk."

Barclay did not need the injunction; to sit and look at Ethel had become a matter of habit and happiness with him, and he watched her deft fingers cover page after page, with a never-flagging interest, and the intensity of his regard brought an added light to her eyes.

"What are you searching for?" asked Barclay, breaking his long silence.

"Cousin Jane's seal." Ethel laid the sealing-wax down on the desk, and searched diligently among her papers. "How provoking! The notes are all written, and I cannot send them off until they are sealed—Cousin Jane's latest fad," she added in explanation. "And the invitations must be sent out this morning."

"Use this." Barclay, drawing his chair nearer, removed his Chinese ring, and laid it in Ethel's hand.

"Oh, won't I ruin the stone?"

"I think not; the dealer said it could be used as a seal."

Ethel again examined the ring. "I think he was wrong," she announced. "I would be afraid to ruin this beautiful jade."

[Continued on page 106]



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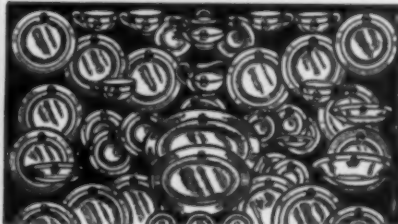
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## THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 104]

"You admire it then?" eagerly.

"Very much, it is unique," proffering it back again; and Barclay held the ring against the whiteness of her hand.

"It will be becoming to you," he said, and before she guessed his intention, he had slipped it on her finger. "Ah, I was right; don't remove it."

Ethel laughed unsteadily. "I never accept presents of value from acquaintances."

Barclay drew back as if struck. "Acquaintances?" he repeated. "Ah, no, never. Say friends, Ethel"—and neither noticed the use of her first name.

"Well, friends." Ethel's voice shook a trifle, and she strove to change the conversation. "Your ring is too large."

"But it can be made smaller," quickly. "See, it is too tight for me," indicating his little finger, and the redness of the skin where the ring had been.

Ethel leaned forward and glanced at the strong, slender fingers spread wide before her. "You have the hand of a surgeon," she remarked. "Why have you stopped wearing the ring on your right hand?"

"How can you tell that?" And Barclay scrutinized her keenly.

"By the worn circle around the little finger of your right hand."

Barclay bent nearer. "If that is an indication, I must find out how many rings you are accustomed to wear," he announced, and Ethel laughed softly.

"I never wear rings," spreading her fingers. "See, no marks."

"But you will wear mine," insistently; and then as her face paled, he added more lightly, "just on humanitarian grounds if on no other."

"I don't catch your meaning," in puzzled surprise.

"Hasn't Takasaki just told us that jade is unlucky for a man?"

"Well, if it's to ward off the evil eye," laughed Ethel, "I may consent to keep it, I suppose."

"I have your word for it?" with quick impetuosity.

"Yes," blushing, as her eyes met his.

Barclay drew a long breath. "For the woman wearer it betokens love's loyalty," he quoted, and his hands imprisoned hers. "Loyalty," faltered Ethel, her eyes on the ring.

"And love," he supplemented steadily, though his heart was beating almost to suffocation. "Ethel, my darling—"

A heavy step in the adjoining room and the banging of a door brought Ethel to her feet, and snatching her hands from Barclay's detaining clasp, she slipped from the room, just as her cousin, Walter Ogden, entered by the other door.

[To be continued in the April McCALL'S]



Gift 275-M

These Attractive Offers Are Not Good After March 31, 1917—Stock Limited—Prices Going Up—Act Quickly



## LATCHSTRINGS AJAR

[Continued from page 23]

dispensing brown bread and buttermilk. Then, later on, came the problem of getting her hay cut. Her two-acre mowing was ripe, and if Mrs. Nancy was to have any fodder that winter, she must get in the grass. But all the men were busy on bigger jobs, and no one had any time to help her out.

"That's all right," said Jean; "I'll do it myself. Hurrah! Votes for women!"

So she bought a boy's-size scythe and set to work. Now, mowing grass looks easy. It is a poetic and beautiful occupation. There is rhythm and grace in every motion; there is music in the ringing of the whetstone on the blade. But disillusion is rapid and complete. You simply trip the knife in the ground, knock it against stones, and drag it through the grass instead of making a good clean sweep. The scythe gets heavier with every stroke, and your arms begin to ache, and you discover unsuspected muscles in your back and shoulders. It wouldn't matter so sadly if you could only get results, but when half the grass is only scalped, and the rest of it doesn't break at all, it really is discouraging. By nightfall Jean was all one large and general ache. Besides that, she had some truly noble blisters on both hands. And what was worse, she had accomplished mighty little to boast of.

"It looks like that shirt did—sort of chewed," she sighed, and tumbled into bed, too tired for supper.

She slept late next morning, and when she dragged herself out of bed, sore and lame in every part of her, she had to rub her eyes to make them believe what they saw. All the grass was cut! Cut, and lying in smooth, even piles. All of it. Even the patch she had hacked at was trimmed over. Now who—? Ah, there he was, just climbing over the wall at the lower end.

"As if he didn't have enough to do without cutting my hay!" Jean stormed, "I'll—I'll get even with you, Jock Saunders! You wait."

She jumped into her clothes, swallowed a bit of breakfast, and set to work, keeping all the while a covert watch till she saw the object of her efforts go off down the road. Then she filled a basket, and set out for the house next door.

What a wreck the old place was! The plaster was hanging from the walls in sheets, there were holes in the ceiling where you could look up through larger holes in the roof, and see the sky. The walls were leaning all awry, and one was even braced with poles to hold it up. Saunders had camped in an ell that was tighter than the rest, but far from tight, at that. A rusty little stove, a rickety old bed, a table, and a chair without a

[Continued on page 108]

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# LATCHSTRINGS AJAR

[Continued from page 107]

back, were its furnishings. On the table was a sock with a needle stuck in it, abandoned after a vain attempt to bridge too big a gap.

Jean had a glorious time putting that room to rights. You wouldn't have known it for the same place when she had finished. Especially when the table was set, with a whole boiled dinner well covered to keep it warm, and a whopping big loaf of graham bread, and an apple pie, and a jug of milk, and a great lovely purple thistle—very Scotch—stuck in a bottle for a centerpiece. Jean stood back and surveyed the effect with pride. Oh, that sock! She snatched it up and mended it and its mate, keeping an eye out for possible interruptions. That done, she ran home through the fields, feeling for once quite easy in her mind about her neighbor's welfare. "I guess we're even, neighbor Jock!" she exulted.

At the Grange that fall she heard that he was doing well with his crops. He had grown more corn to the acre than any one else in town, and though it had been a bad year for potatoes, his had done well. Jean wondered how soon he would be sending home for his girl. She hoped he would begin to fix his house up pretty soon. He apparently didn't realize what a New England winter would be like.

But it was not very long before he found out. The air had been heavy all day, and toward night the wind had a sinister, rising note that boded worse to come. Jean banked the fire in the living-room, and went to bed early. But she could not sleep for the noise of the storm outside, which was steadily louder. Two or three times she got up in the cold, and groped her way to the window which looked at her neighbor's house, but it was too dark to see anything. In the room below, she could hear Larry whining uneasily.

The wind rose fast. By midnight, it was a raging northeaster that took the Blue House in its arms and rocked it like a cradle. Jean got up and dressed. There was trouble brewing, and she might be needed; so better dress and be ready. She stirred up the fire and hung a kettle of water on the crane above it. A woman's first instinct in time of stress seems always to heat water.

For hours after that, she paced back and forth from hearth to window, and window to hearth. Outside it was growing—you could not say lighter, but at least, less dark. She could make out against the sky the black hulk of the house next door. There was a small moon behind the rack of clouds which parted now and then to let down a pale glimmer. Once she saw some boards fly off the roof of the neighbor's house, black against the silver wash of light.

Eventually, the thing for which she had been waiting, unconsciously waiting, happened. There was a mad, whirling crash of storm that shook the Blue House like a rat, and beat the fire low on the hearth. There was another roaring crash, and another, and then a sudden, breathless silence. The moon poured out serenely through the clouds, the trees were still. Jean opened the window, to see more surely. It was some time before she realized that there was nothing to see. The house next door had disappeared.

When she got over to the ruins, she had a lantern and the dog, but never remembered lighting the one or calling the other. She was swinging the lantern and crying desperately against the storm, "Jock, Jock!" The wind had risen again, and was boasting furiously about the wreckage it had made. Skirting the main part of the house, Jean came to where the ell had been. The roof seemed to have settled down into it, and flattened out as the walls collapsed. She knelt close down by it and called, with her heart in her voice, "Jock, oh Jock, are you there?" and held her breath lest she miss the answer.

"No, lassie," said a quiet voice at her side, "I'm out here, safe as yourself."

Jean struggled to her feet, and they stood staring at each other in the wavering light of her lantern, while the storm jostled past unheeded. "Safe as yourself, lassie," he repeated mechanically. Then, just discovering it! "But you're shaking like a leaf! Are you so cold?"

"I'm not cold," Jean said through clattering teeth.

Jock took her lantern and steadied her with a strong arm about her shoulder. "We'll go in to the fire," he said; "there's nothing to stay here for."

Jean obeyed, stumbling along by his side, and when they were safely indoors she wanted, more than anything else, to slip away by herself and have a good cry. But young Saunders appeared to see no need of this. He held her close, and patted her shoulder, and whispered all sorts of breathless, incoherent things in her ear. They were such wonderful things that she quite forgot her fears, and listened quietly. But then he stopped talking and kissed her.

This brought them to their senses. It was high time, too. The kettle was boiling, and the fire needed another log. While he mended it, Jean, with averted face, busied herself making the tea. When it was ready, "Come, sit by the fire," she said, "and drink your tea."

Jock had gone to the window, where there was now light enough to see the spot in the landscape where his house had

[Concluded on page 109]

## LATCHSTRINGS AJAR

[Continued from page 108]

been. He came back, took the cup from her, and put his own strong hands in hers, instead. She honestly tried to draw away, but there must have been something in the way she looked up just then that gainsaid her effort, for he murmured very humbly, "Dear, I didn't know you cared," as if it were a miracle from heaven.

"I—I didn't know I did—before," she faltered.

Then she hung her head, and whispered something about "a girl in Scotland," which made him laugh aloud.

"Jeanie lass, there never was a girl in Scotland! You have been in my heart since the first sight I had of you, that night you let me in to sit by the fire. But how could I ask you to marry me—a feckless chap with only the clothes on his back and some run-out land—lame, and poor, and foreign to you, with not even a roof that would hold out the rain—and now I haven't even the leaky roof to offer. But, Jeanie, if you're caring, for all that, dear—"

"Oh, put down the tea!" cried Jean. She was laughing and crying and being variously foolish, but one thing was perfectly clear, even to her. The tea was in the way.

## FROM THE WORLD'S GALLERIES

[Continued from page 18]

which come under this category, are "Gossip," by Carl Marr; "Forging the Shaft," by John F. Weir; "End of the Game," by F. B. Meyer; and "Yankee Doodle," by A. W. Willard.

The reproduction of "Gossip," on page nineteen, which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, is also a typical genre painting, since it tells a story. Carl Marr, the artist, is an American, born in Milwaukee in 1858, although he went to Munich, Germany, as a young student, attracted there by the special privileges, such as free easel room in the art schools, instruction under the masters, half rates for the theaters and the railroads, that that far-seeing city offered to an artist.

Among his paintings, in addition to "Gossip," "The Flagellants," "The Landscape Painter," "The Star of Life," have attracted particular attention. "Gossip" is quite the simplest painting, in thought, which the artist has produced, but it tells its story of the village woman well. The colors are soft, the feeling gentle, and yet they portray the genuine strength of the artist's deeper subjects. Finally, the picture expresses all the simplicity and mellowness—with the resultant strength—which is so typical of the big masterpieces of modern painting.

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## THE CHURCH THAT WAKED UP

[Continued from page 17]

And while all this was being done, an energetic committee had managed the co-operation of town and state for a public library; another, by application to the State Conservation Committee, had stocked a stream with twenty million fish; still another had secured from the railroad company a yearly appropriation for the care of the station and the beautifying of its grounds.

Success begets confidence. One completed task leads to another. Time came when the members of the neighborhood association began to say with increasing frequency, "We need a better building!" The pastor-leader looked thoughtful, and let the desire grow to a demand.

"I believe we could put up a good house and furnish it," he said when he felt his parishioners had arrived at the fighting-point. "Every one would give his share, and there we would be! But bear in mind the running expense of such a house as you want would be a lot more than they are in the old barn. Steam heat, modern furnishings, baths, bowling-alleys, all mean expense for upkeep. We'd be obliged to have a building superintendent, a housekeeper, maybe a clerk or two. Where's all this money to come from? We've got to think out something we can do to bring the house an income."

There were a few wealthy men who would have helped out in this time of need, but the wise leader shook his head.

"We're a self-supporting, self-respecting group of neighbors, not a charity community," he said.

He thought over the matter for some time. Calling on a friend in a neighboring town, he saw a little motion-picture theater emptying its crowd to the sidewalk after the evening performance.

"They do get the people!" sighed the friend. "Poor surroundings, poor air, poor pictures, but every one goes. Your village will be having one next!"

Mr. Eastman stopped short for a full minute. In that minute a great idea was born and grew to maturity. "Of course, our village will have one," he declared. "And our show will have good surroundings, good air, and good pictures, for it's going to be in our new Neighborhood House. That's where our income is coming from!"

So the new home was built, with its comfortable reading and social rooms, its rooms for club and committee meetings, its bowling-alleys, its gymnasium, baths, and auditorium. Every one in the community helped in one way or another to further its erection. Those who could not give money, gave labor; and even the tiniest children were ever ready to be of help.

[Concluded on page 111]

## The Sidway Keeps My Spine Straight



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**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** Dept. L-26 CHICAGO





## THE CHURCH THAT WAKED UP

[Continued from page 110]

In the auditorium, now, three times a week, a program of the finest films which can be secured is given. Children pay ten cents admission, grown-ups fifteen, and every seat is filled. Thus, at one stroke, the cheap, harmful pictures are kept out of the village, and the work of the Neighborhood House is financed.

The visitor in Locust Valley to-day alights at an attractive station with artistic surroundings, and drives over miles of splendid roadway, bordered by magnificent trees. He passes the pretty lake and never dreams that it was once a noisome swamp. If he wishes a dip in the salt water, the splendid new bathing-pavilion awaits him. He may enjoy the manifold activities of the new neighborhood, then step inside the old barn which was the association's first home, and see the men of the neighborhood building garden furniture and bird houses which are widely known for their beauty and excellence.

If his visit happens to be on Sunday morning, he may go into a church filled to the very doors with men, women and children who enthusiastically follow this pastor with a "man-sized job." Long ago, with true Christian spirit, and understanding, the neighboring church joined its energies with this one.

The saloons? Some of them remain. The millenium has not arrived, even in Locust Valley. But the temperance sentiment grows steadily. The young folks are too busy with wholesome work and play to spend their time in the saloon, and the older folk are gradually following the trend of the new and flourishing times.

While other rural communities were saying "there are not enough of us to do this or that," Locust Valley's three hundred families took hold all together, and did it!

"Pulling together—that's the secret!" says the pastor-leader.

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**TOMATO BOUILLON WITH WHIPPED CREAM.**—Slice four ripe tomatoes, cover them with water, add a pinch of soda, and stew until soft. Strain and add one pint of chicken stock. Season with salt and pepper, a few grains of paprika, and a tablespoonful of butter. Serve with a tablespoonful of whipped cream on each cup.

**RAGOUT.**—Cut a piece of round-steak into two-inch squares, and brown with sliced onions, diced carrots, diced potatoes and a bit of turnip. In this case, season highly and add a teaspoonful of brown sugar to blend the flavors.

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Spring days are chilly days—a Rubens Shirt is never more needed than in March and April, the months of coughs and colds.

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## INNER GRACE

[Continued from page 26]

And as they said good-by there in the queer little hall, where the chandelier of purple grapes glowed warm on the hot evening, her face was joyous with attainment and eager in anticipation of a bright to-morrow.

### II.

Laura Brooks had not thought of failure; so when it came, absolute, complete, the girl was not prepared for the suffering which followed. Unfortunately, after a brief run of two weeks, "The Great American Play" proved only a mediocre creation of a very young dramatist.

It was all over so soon—the excitement of rehearsals, and leading ladies, and interviews, and first nights.

"How quickly the world forgets," she said bitterly, as she passed a flaming billboard where already the men were pasting enthusiastic announcements over "The Great American Play" and the name of its author. Already people had ceased to care what she thought of suffrage or present-day drama; and her poor little past, which had been dug up as a small boy unearths a snail shell, now held no more interest than other obscure lives.

If they had just given her more time—she could have learned the philosophy of failure then. She would have come down from those rosy heights and would have patiently taken up her life again, and there would have been no bitterness.

One lesson, Laura told herself, she had learned: never again should disappointment find her so unprepared. She would expect nothing of life hereafter. She would cultivate a dead-and-alive attitude that might be uninteresting, but would save her such suffering as this.

In those first awful days through which she had to live, the girl was smitten with a feeling that she had deceived her public; that she had tricked people into believing in her play like any cheap promoter of tawdry wares.

In that time of readjustment, of trying to realize true values, John Gray came often to the dingy little apartment on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. He seemed to know so well all she had lived through; it was almost, at times, as if it were his play, not hers, they were discussing. He never offered sympathy or assured her that the production was miscast. He did not intimate that in the dialogue there were "so many good lines." She couldn't have stood that. He did not hint at a silver lining in her cloud. She had endured so much all-for-the-best philosophy that a silver lining set her teeth on edge. He did not comment on her return to the Beauty Column of the Daily nor question the giving up of a

[Continued on page 113]

## Here Are Five OPPORTUNITIES For McCALL Readers \$

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Give your subscription to our Subscription Agent or Newsdealer or McCall Pattern Merchant in your town —or

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## LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. **Henry G. Lotz, 313 Third Ave., N. Y. City**



## INNER GRACE

[Continued from page 112]

western trip which she had planned for early autumn. He accepted everything with silent understanding more comforting than any language.

"If he knows the human heart like that," she commented to herself, "no wonder he can write poetry." And she fell to pondering what the critics meant when they said her work lacked vitality.

Often in these days of beginning again, Laura wandered down to the river. There in the long evenings she felt the charm of sky and hills and river, the world-old refreshers of tired souls.

One evening in early October she sat watching the sunset, as houses were brightening on the New Jersey shore. There was something inexplicably sacred in this hour, when women were putting lights in the windows, watching for a home coming. Sometimes, like to-night, when the sky was pink and lavender, she could not look at it all without tears—homesick tears that come at sunset into the eyes of working women.

Her dreams were routed by a deep, cheery voice.

"I hoped to find you here," John Gray said, as he came bounding down the hill toward her.

He was so like an overgrown boy, with his intense joy in life, his sane, untainted optimism.

"I have something for you," he said, as he took a seat beside her. "It couldn't keep until to-morrow. Here's the first copy off the press," and he laid a little book in her hand.

"A very new book?" she inquired.

"By a very new author," he answered.

She looked at the small volume he had given her. It was bound in black leather, with the title and a figure in gold to relieve its somberness, a neat, well-bred little book, possessing an air of simplicity characteristic of all the poet's gifts.

He looked eagerly into her face. "I want to know what you think," he said. "It really matters—very much." The earnest expression in the young man's eyes made Laura look again at the title. Then she realized that this was his book; these were his poems; his dream had come true.

She opened the book joyously as a child, and there, in front of her, were the simple songs she had heard before—verses he had written in the office, on the street cars, late at night in his own den, when the day's work was over and his little hour was his own. He told of lilac hedges and growing things, of the sand-dunes of his boyhood, of the great men he had loved, of the divine mysteries of daily life.

[Continued on page 114]

# Burpee's Seeds Grow



## Burpee's Sweet Peas

are a revelation of beauty and daintiness. They are today the most popular Sweet Peas in cultivation.

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**For 25c** we will mail one regular 10-cent packet (40 to 50 seeds) each of **CHERUB** rich cream, edged bright rose; **KING WHITE**, the finest pure white; **MARGARET ATLEE**, best cream-pink; **ROSABELLE**, a large deep rose; **WEDGWOOD**, a lovely light blue. Also one large packet (90 to 100 seeds) of the **BURPEE BLEND OF SUPERB SPENCERS FOR 1917**. The finest mixture of Spencers ever offered.

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**For 50c** we will mail both collections named above, and a 15-cent packet of **ROSY MORN**, the new early-flowering Spencer introduced in 1917.

**For \$1.00** we will mail both collections as offered above and six of the Best "Newer Spencers" named on page 203 of Burpee's Annual 1917, also one 15-cent packet of **Royal Purple**, the finest variety in this color, and one packet of **The President**, the sensational Irish Novelty, as offered on page 117—making in all **Twenty True Spencers for \$1.00**. These are all neatly packed in a paste-board box. In ordering it is sufficient to write for **Burpee's Dollar Box of Spencers for 1917**.

### Burpee's Annual for 1917

The **Leading American Seed Catalog** is bigger, brighter and better than ever before. We have added twenty-two pages, making in all 204 pages, and best of all, you will find thirty Burpee's Specialties illustrated in color. Burpee's Annual is mailed free upon request. A post card will bring it. Write for your copy today and mention McCall's Magazine.

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To get our beautiful Spring catalogue to as many lovers of flowers as possible, we will mail you one packet each of **Rainbow Mixed Sweet Peas, Shirley Poppy and Dianthus Single; Tomato, Bonfire; Lettuce, All-heart;** and our catalogue included, if you will send us your name and address and **TEN cents** in stamps or coin to cover mailing.

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Everblooming Sweet William, a startling novelty, blooming in 60 days from seed, continuing all the season, and every season being hardy. Flowers large, colors exquisite—pkt. 10 cts.

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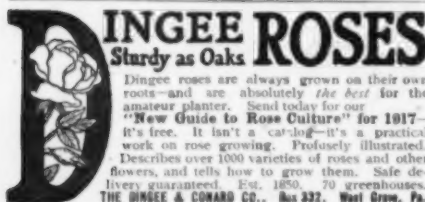
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**THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 332, West Grove, Pa.**

## INNER GRACE

[Continued from page 113]

"Your dream has come true," she said; "this is a real success. I am sure the public will find you."

She had not intended to linger on the last word; it was one of those expressions which wantonly reveal so much that we would withhold.

"It may find me very stupid," he said modestly.

"No—you'll be recognized—to-morrow, to-day. And I—I am already forgotten." Her voice grew suddenly tired. "I've gone down with the others of my kind, ridiculed to-day, forgotten to-morrow. But dear old John, you—you won't misunderstand. I'm so glad you are to have what—wasn't for me."

"That's splendid of you, but we can't tell, you know. The reviewers have only just begun."

"And you're not afraid?"

"I'm not afraid." There was an air of quiet assurance, simple, sincere, unwavering, as if he had taken account of himself and was not ashamed.

The girl who had given ten years to writing and had not attained wondered at the poet.

"All the while I was dreaming of a play," she said, "you were writing what really counted—hidden away in your little corner among the printing presses. I'm so proud of you—to have this issued by the best publisher in New York. But I can't help wondering why—why you succeeded and I failed."

He would have reassured her, but she checked him.

"You know what I mean," she continued. "We've both worked; we've both been encouraged by critics. We've had, it would seem, an equal chance."

John Gray turned slowly and looked into her eyes.

"These are from my heart," he said, and as he spoke, he touched the leaves, and the little book lay with its dedication before her.

"To L. B." She read it twice before she realized.

"It isn't mine?" she faltered.

"Yes," said the poet. "I hoped you—wouldn't mind."

"But—but I don't deserve it," she stammered.

And then the medieval in him rose valiantly. "I wrote them," he said, "that is, I held the pen. But it was all really you."

She could not speak for the happiness that pounded at her throat—his book of poems dedicated to her!

"I—I couldn't do it myself," she said.

"Nor I," he answered. "But—but there isn't a line that wasn't a part of me. If—if they're worth anything, I guess

[Concluded on page 115]

## 10 Sample Pkts. of Flower SEEDS FREE



1 Pkt. Asters, McGregor's Mixed  
1 Pkt. Fancy Fancies, Gorgeous  
1 Pkt. Sun Cypress, Burnt Bush  
1 Pkt. Peony Poppies, Double  
1 Pkt. Snapdragon, Giant Fl'd  
1 Pkt. Glove Pinks, Spicy Sweet  
1 Pkt. Alyssum, Always Blooms  
1 Pkt. Mignonette, Old Favorite  
1 Pkt. Candytuft, All Colors  
1 Pkt. Petunia, Free Flowering

Send 10c to pay packing, postage, etc., and we will mail these 10 pkts. selected seeds with full instructions, in a 20c premium envelope which gives you more than the seed.

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120-egg capacity—finest California redwood—centralized heat plant—saves oil—makes biggest hatches—Incubator and Brooder, both for \$15. Write today.

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PREPAID

**64 BREEDS** Valuable New Poultry Book Free—106 pages. Fine pure-bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Choice, hardy, Northern raised. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. 24th year in business. Write today for Free Book.  
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Has many colored plates of fowls true to life; tells all about chickens, incubators, poultry houses, etc. Price 15 cents. Money back if not satisfied.

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**Poultry Book** Latest and best yet! 144 pages, 115 beautiful pictures, hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information. Describes busy Poultry Farm handling 50 pure-bred varieties. Tells how to choose fowls, eggs, incubators, sprouters. This book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents.  
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Freight Paid Both \$10

Hot water; double walls; copper tank; best construction. Write for free catalog.

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Write for Foy's Big Book FREE—an encyclopedia of poultry information—written by a man who knows. Leading varieties of poultry and pigeons in natural colors. Low prices on fowls and eggs.

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of fine bred poultry for 1917; 67 breeds illustrated and described; information on poultry, how to make hens lay, grow chicks—all facts. Low price on stock and hatching eggs. Incubators and brooders. 25 years in business. This book only 10 cts. Send today.

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**Egg-o-hatch** applied to eggs during incubation strengthens the chick and weakens the shell. It supplies free oxygen, absorbs the carbon dioxide and rots the shell. Makes better hatches of stronger chicks. Booklet free. Sample, treats 100 eggs, 10 cents. Package, treats 600 eggs, 50 cents, postpaid.  
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**FREE CHICK BOOK** tells how to Save Baby Chicks from dying of White Diarrhea by giving a simple home solution. It's free. **E. J. REEFER, Poultry Expert, 206 Reeder Building, Kansas City, Mo.**

**WE PAY \$80 A MONTH SALARY** and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed poultry and duck pens.  
**BIGLER COMPANY, X 316, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS**

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Reliable and Full of Life  
**SPECIAL OFFER**

Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

**PRIZE COLLECTION** Radish, 17 Varieties, worth 15c; Lettuce, 12 kinds, worth 15c; Tomatoes, 11 the finest, worth 25c; Turnip, 7 splendid, worth 15c; Onions, 5 best varieties, worth 15c; 10 Spring Flowering Bulbs, worth 25c—65 varieties in all; worth \$1.00.

**GUARANTEED TO PLEASE.**  
Write today; mention this paper.  
**SEND 10 CENTS**  
to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my big instructive, beautiful Seed and Plant Book, tells all about Buckbee's "Full of Life" Seeds, Plants, etc.

**H.W. BUCKBEE**  
Rockford Seed Farms  
Farm 7 Rockford, Ill.

### The Storrs & Harrison Co.'s Seed and Plant Annual

For 63 years this Annual has been the friend of the gardener who looked for the choice novelties and standard varieties of

## SEEDS, PLANTS, BULBS

The 1917 edition contains 192 pages about Flowers, Vegetables, Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Roses, that are sold direct to the gardener, delivery guaranteed. Send now for this book, which is worth much, but is sent free.

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### Do You Love FLOWERS?

FREE my select 1917 Flower List. Send a dime and addresses of 3 flower growers and I will include art study of NASTURTIUMS IN NATURAL COLORS for framing, a Surprise Packet of 20 kinds of choice flower seeds mixed, and coupon good for 10c on a 50c order. My methods eliminate high-cost prices. Try me.

**MISS EMMA V. WHITE, Seedwoman**  
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## Women's Clubs

always take the lead in civic improvement, clean-up campaigns, children's gardening, city beautiful work, etc. Is your club doing anything along this line? If not, let us help you to get started. A postal card will bring you helpful information and suggestions.

**THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER MISSION**  
5703 Detroit Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

### Tomato Perfection at Last

Our Improved Excelior Tomato is the largest, sturdiest, most prolific home-garden variety. Rich, red fruits ripen early and till frost. Meat solid, delicious, nearly seedless. While they last we will send full-size packet for 10c. Our beautiful 1917 catalog of Pure and Sure Seeds, etc., is FREE. Write TODAY.

**ST. LOUIS SEED CO., 411-L St. Louis, Mo.**

## CUT YOUR LIVING COST

OUR CATALOGUE WILL TELL YOU HOW

It will help you grow a hundred dollars' worth of vegetables on small plot; truthfully illustrates and describes the best in seeds, plants and everything for garden-making; 128 pages; has beautiful lithographed cover, and contains a 25c cash coupon which can be used as part payment on your first order. Mailed Free. Write today.

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## ROSES NEW CASTLE

Is the title of the greatest book on the culture of roses ever published; gives expert experience of a lifetime. Tells how to grow America's most famous collection of high grade own-root rose plants. Explains how to properly express charges anywhere in the U.S. Sent FREE. Write today.

**HESTER BROS. CO., Box 212, New Castle, Ind.**

## INNER GRACE

[Continued from page 114]

that's it. So much of life I have wanted to share—first with you, dear, and then with the world."

The river had lost its color and its loneliness. It was a mass of shining lights now—transformed by passing boats into a happy fairyland.

"My poet," she said, "I begin to understand. I wanted to write a play—to do the smart thing—to wield my public like puppets—to pull the strings and make them laugh and cry. Above all, I wanted a name—and money."

"What a poet must learn to do without," he said, half sadly.

"You know how I've worked," she said, "slavishly, doggedly."

"I know," he said, "and you're going to succeed."

"I've done everything but feel; and my punishment is just. I deserve to fail."

"It's only the first time," the poet said. "You have years and years ahead. 'Oh—to be young in lilac time,'" he quoted. "Perhaps—perhaps I can help you; if I only could, as you've helped me."

"You can, dear poet," she said. "You help me to feel." And she sat there very happy, with the poet's dedication in her hand.

## UTILIZING HAM

By OUR CONTRIBUTORS

**MAKE** a paste of flour and water. Roll out thin and entirely cover the ham with it, and bake in a moderate oven six hours. When cooked, remove the crust, and it will be found that the ham is much sweeter and nicer than if boiled in the usual way.

Put one pound of round-steak and one-half pound of lean ham through a chopper. Add one-half pound of bread-crumbs and sufficient powdered dried herbs to suit taste. Season with pepper, salt, and ground allspice. Add two beaten eggs, and form into a thick, short roll. Wrap in buttered paper, and tie in a floured cloth. Steam or boil for two hours. When cooked, drain thoroughly, and put away till cold; then cut in half-inch slices for serving.

Wash a ham with baking-soda and water and place it in a baking-pan, skin-side down. Mix a saltspoonful each of black pepper, cloves, cinnamon, celery-seed, and two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion and spread over the ham. Then make a paste of one-half cupful of water and one cupful of flour. Roll it into a thin sheet, and cover the flesh-side of the ham with it. Bake four hours, basting frequently.

## MAULE'S SEEDS

Once Grown Always Grown

**HAVE** lovely flowers long after frost—by planting Maule's Early Blooming Giant Fancy Cosmos this spring. This variety frequently produces blooms 6 inches across. Send 10c. for a big selection of all colors of cosmos.

**The Maule Seed Book**  
176 pages of flower and garden bargains and gardening information Free

A postal brings it. Maule's Seeds are tested for vigor and growing power. They come to you fresh.

**WM. HENRY MAULE, Inc.**  
2118 Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.

## A WOMAN FLORIST

6 Hardy Everblooming  
Roses 25c

On their own roots  
ALL WILL BLOOM  
THIS SUMMER

Sent to any address postpaid; guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

### GEM ROSE COLLECTION

Rose Brown, Creamy White.  
Rosa Gold, Rosy Crimson.  
Clothilde Soupert, White and Pink.  
Snowflake, Pure White.  
Radiance, Brilliant Carmine.  
Free, Red, Brightest Pink.

### SPECIAL BARGAINS

6 Carnations, the "Divine Flower," all colors, 25c.  
6 Prize-Winning Chrysanthemums, - - - 25c.  
6 Beautiful Coleus, - - - 25c.  
3 Flowering Canes, - - - 25c.  
Choice Double Dahlias, - - - 25c.  
23 Choice Hardy Iris, - - - 25c.  
10 Lovely Gladioli, - - - 25c.  
10 Superb Pansy Plants, - - - 25c.  
15 Pkts. Flower Seeds, all different, 25c.

Any Five Collections for One Dollar, Post-Paid. Guarantee satisfaction. Once a customer, always one. Catalog Free.

**MISS ELLA V. BAINES, Box 41 Springfield, Ohio**

## Nasturtiums

Bloom all season. Grow well in poorest soil. Make beautiful borders. Have long graceful stems and variety of colors. Ideal for cutting.

### Sweet Peas

Are everybody's favorite. Rich, striking colors. Bloom early. Delightfully fragrant.

**For 10c** We will send 2 pkts. of nasturtiums and 3 pkts. of sweet peas. Sure to please.

**FREE, 112-Page Catalog**  
Offers strictly high-grade seeds, bulbs, etc., at fair prices. Gives cultural directions. Write today.

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## JAPANESE ROSE BUSHES

### Five for 10c.

**The Wonder of the World**  
Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we guarantee it to be so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the winter as well as in the ground in summer.

**Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with our guarantee by mail, only Ten Cents.

**Japan Seed Co. Box 228 South Norwalk, Conn.**





### Happiness

Because sound teeth, kept white and clean, make happiness by preventing countless illnesses, the wise mother takes her children to the dentist twice a year and, at an early age, teaches them the three times a day use of

## Dr. Lyon's For The Teeth Powder ~ Cream

Prepared by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

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523 West 27th St. New York City

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A full-sized packet of Burbank's Shasta, New Double Delicata, New Snowball, New Orange, New Blue.  
Ask for new 1917 catalogue. All for 10c  
Miss Mary E. Martin, 246 Jericho Road, Floral Park, N. Y.

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(Red Dorothy Perkins) Hubbard Medal Winner, Crimson maroon rambler grown on own roots. WE OFFER: One 2-year-old, sturdy field-grown Excelsa, a 92-page Floral Guide and five coupons, all postpaid for 10c and names and addresses of 5 rose-lovers. Send today!

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Rose Specialists—Backed by 40 years' experience.

**DAHLIAS** 12 Different Varieties 12 prepaid to any part of the United States for \$1.00.  
J. K. ALEXANDER, "The Dahlia King"  
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Catalog Free

**ORNAMENTAL FENCE**  
40 designs—all at hand—costs less than wood, more durable. We can save you money. Write for free catalog and list of prices.  
**KOKOMO FENCE MACH. CO.**  
440 North Street, Kokomo, Ind.



## OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

**WHEN CLEANING HOUSE.**—A stick with a notch in the end of it is a great help to the housekeeper in taking pictures from the walls. The picture wire slips right into the notch and saves the necessity of the housewife's climbing up and down.—W. L. H. Warner, New York.

**TO STONE RAISINS.**—The quickest and easiest way to stone raisins is to place them on a tin plate and heat them thoroughly in a hot oven. The heat makes the raisins split easily, and then the stones can be removed.—Mrs. R. C., Shamokin, Pennsylvania.

**TO CLEAN A RUSTY STOVE.**—A very rusty stove may be polished to look like new if, before attempting to polish it, one goes over the surface with a soft rag dipped in vinegar. A second application is often advisable to be put on, after the first one dries. After this, a dry polish should be rubbed on; then however rusty the stove may have been, it will look like new.—L. G. C., Boston, Mass.

**TO KEEP MEAT-CHOPPERS SECURE.**—Before fastening the meat-chopper to the table, place a piece of sandpaper large enough to go under both clamps, with the rough side up, on the table. When the chopper is screwed on tight, the sandpaper will prevent the clamps from slipping.—R. K., Galesville, Wisconsin.

**A POP CORN HINT.**—The next time you pop corn, moisten the grains before dropping them into the popper. Do this by putting a few drops of water into the saucer containing the corn kernels and stirring until all the grains are damp. You will find that this preliminary preparation will assure more thorough popping, and that the flakes will be more plump and tender.—J. G., Norwood, Ohio.

**TO KEEP WOOL BLANKETS SOFT.**—When washing wool blankets, never rinse them in clear water. To maintain their original softness, rinse them in warm

water into which has been dissolved just enough soap to make the water soft.—Mrs. J. C., Fairburg, Illinois.

**A BOILED RICE HINT.**—When boiling rice, if one will add a teaspoonful of lemon-juice to the water, the kernels will be much whiter and the flavor of the rice greatly improved.—Mrs. W. H. H., Caliente, California.

**SALTING NUTS.**—When salting nuts of any kind, try dipping them in the whites of eggs instead of oil or butter. The nuts will be more wholesome and free from grease. Beat the whites of the eggs just enough to break them up. Stir in the nuts and sprinkle them well with salt.—G. C. F., Indianapolis, Indiana.

**TO KEEP GRAPE JUICE FROM FERMENTING.**—If grape juice is bought in such large quantities that it cannot be used up at one time, it may be kept indefinitely by laying the bottle on its side or upside down. The idea is to let the liquid cover the cork so that it will keep the stopper expanded. In this way no air can enter to cause fermentation.—L. G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

**A RHUBARB HINT.**—Now that rhubarb is in the market again, housewives will be glad to receive a new hint for preparing it. To lessen the acid taste in rhubarb and to economize in the sugar required to sweeten it, let it stand a few moments in boiling soda-water after the stalks are cut up. About a teaspoonful of soda to one quart of water is sufficient.—Mrs. G. E. W., Port Orchard, Washington.

**Editor's Note.**—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope will be returned.



# COLGATE'S CASHMERE BOUQUET



*—then Grandmother  
told this story:*

"Many years ago I first discovered the charming fragrance and luxury of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

"This daily reminder of my mother's dainty housekeeping has been from that day to this a constant companion to me.

"It was the soap she always used for her face, her hands, and bath.

"She even buried it among the linen, and nestled it in the bureau drawer with the handkerchiefs and gloves.

"Cashmere Bouquet was the first soap your mother knew and to it she was always faithful.

"To me a home is incomplete without the fragrance of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet."

\* \* \*

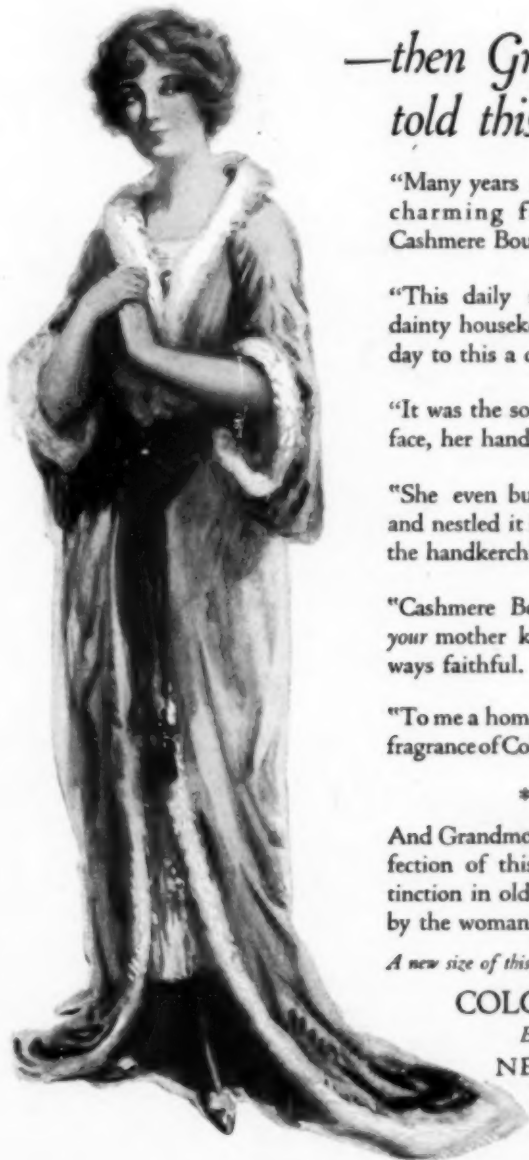
And Grandmother spoke truly—the perfection of this soap which won its distinction in older days is still appreciated by the woman of today.

*A new size of this famous toilet soap at 10c a cake*

**COLGATE & CO.**

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## FOUR CAKES

Each time the sand runs through the hour-glass 14,400 cakes of PALMOLIVE are produced. Four cakes a second—240 cakes a minute—14,400 cakes an hour—for every working day.

—This is the enormous manufacturing volume required by the popularity of PALMOLIVE SOAP!

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A luxury and a necessity combined; the modern perfection of a luxury ages old; this is the combination that requires *four cakes a second* to supply the millions that demand PALMOLIVE SOAP

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PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO—the olive oil shampoo—is as essential for proper care of the hair as is PALMOLIVE for the bath and toilet. You will find it wherever the PALMOLIVE line is sold, price 50 cents a bottle.

Week-end Package will be mailed for 25 cents in stamps. Contains seven Palmolive specialties in attractive case.

NOTE:—Two new articles have been added to the Palmolive line—Palmolive rouge and lip-rouge. Price 50 and 25 cents each, at your dealer's.

